WINONA ECHOES

CONTAINING ADDRESSES

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ISSUED FOR THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE BY THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, IND.

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AT THE

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL

BIBLE CONFERENCE

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OPENING REMARKS

By REV. S. C. DICKEY, D.D.

For sixteen consecutive years it has been my duty and privilege to stand here and speak the opening words of the Winona Bible Conference. Those of you who have been here in other years will bear me out in the statement that I have always used this opportunity in the interests of the larger work of the whole church. I have never failed to point to the fact that Winona Bible Conference stands for faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures and that our speakers and people meet on the common ground of the belief in the absolute deity of Jesus Christ, and this I reaffirm today with the prayer that our successors may never swerve from the true evangelical faith of our fathers. As I have stood here from time to time I have tried to live over the years of my own pastorates and have tried to estimate the value of our Bible Conference in its wonderful impress for good upon the ministry and the lay workers in attendance, and also upon those who read the reports of the addresses and our accounts of this great gathering. It goes without saying that we all believe in the practical usefulness of this Conference and that we all recognize that we are assembled here, not only in an individual capacity, but in a representative way and that we have come here to receive inspiration for the work committed to our hands.

In behalf of Winona Assembly I welcome you as representatives of the great church of Jesus Christ, the most potent force in all the world today. This morning I am impressed with the thought that I should emphasize the work of Winona Assembly. It has been our custom to make prominent the spiritual and to keep in the background the machinery or the organization under whose auspices we are enabled to meet. You will spend much of your time while here in prayer and in study, and we earnestly ask while you ever keep in mind the great work of the church in all its phases, that you will not forget Winona, the institution which makes it possible for you to assemble here. My message must be brief and I content myself with the request that while here you study the needs and the possibilities of the great work which we have all learned to call Winona. We have just closed the most successful Assembly season in our history, both in the point of attendance and of interest in the work. Personally and officially, I have never experienced such a spirit of thoughtful helpfulness on the part of Winonians as this year. We can truthfully say the people have had a mind to work.

In my own mind, this year of 1910 will always stand out as the year of restored confidence. For the year 1909 is written in the minds and hearts of our directors as one of doubt. Last year we faced the results of the panic and many men of business were driven to cover and our appeals for help for Winona were met with frank stories of doubt and trouble connected with business concerns of individual friends. Winona had failed to complete a great enterprise in which $2,200,000 was involved. I refer to our interurban railway of

68 miles from Goshen to Peru. With blanched faces we looked each upon the other and wondered if, after all, we were to meet disaster, and the blighting of our fond hopes of Winona's future. Today, by reason of herculean work, and the generosity of such men as Mr. H. J. Heinz of Pittsburg, Mr. J. M. Studebaker of South Bend, Mr. Leeson of Elwood, Mr. Excell of Chicago, Mr. Matchett of Bourbon, Messrs. Holliday, Day and Barnes of Indianapolis, Messrs. Yarnelle, Hackett and Worden of Fort Wayne, Beyer Brothers of Rochester, Warsaw and Kendallville, Mr. W. D. Frazer, of Warsaw and many other directors and friends, the railroad was completed and financial calamity avoided. No one now doubts that Winona is to go forward by leaps and bounds and to carry out the plans which have been laid. But I wish to point out that there is great danger in this recognition of the fact of restored confidence. Danger lest we fold our hands and say: "Winona will go forward without our help." The truth is that the Winona friends of great number and less financial ability were never more needed than today and we were never put to the test as now. We are grateful for the men of financial ability upon our board who have so loyally helped us, but these very men have been compelled to say: "We cannot help Winona Assembly proper at present. You must look to new friends for financial assistance." Lest some one get the wrong impression let me state that one of our friends this last week has stated to me that if I could secure certain financial assistance he would donate in cash $5,000.

Brethren, we rejoice in the plan adopted by our board not to make a public personal appeal for funds for the Bible Conference, but it is due you to know the facts in regard to the financial condition of the Bible Conference. Including the registration fees to date and the advance subscriptions we enter the conference with about $4,000 in hand. It will be necessary to raise more than a like amount in order to pay the expenses of the Conference. Without a single exception in the last fifteen years we have closed the conference with a large deficit. We have labored strenuously and have made personal appeals from the platform and yet today about $34,000 of Winona's indebtedness is due to the deficits of the last fifteen Bible Conferences. Some of the pastors of prominent churches have not only suggested that we appeal to fifty of the large churches for an annual gift of $100 each, but in several instances those suggesting the plan have pledged their church for the above amount. Yesterday at the stockholders' meeting it was unanimously voted to continue the present plan of supporting the Bible Conference by voluntary gifts and not by gate fees. In this decision I heartily concur, but earnestly ask you to pray and work in order that this year there may be no deficit.

Let me further say that in accordance with a suggestion of Dr. Jowett's we have established a preacher's hour, at which addresses will be delivered to ministers only, and I join Dr. Jowett in the hope and belief that this will prove a most helpful feature of the Conference.

In closing let me say that it is my earnest desire to emphasize the devotional hour and to urge that as far as possible we plan to be present at the 6:30 hour led by Major Cole, noted evangelist, beloved of us all. May the spirit of prayer and generosity towards our Master and the spirit of brotherly love characterize our Conference of 1910.

"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN"

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

Let me read again from the two passages I read before these words: "And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus? And they told Him all things whatsoever they had done and whatsoever things they had not done and He saith unto them, come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." And in the 11th of Matthew, commencing with the 27th verse, "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father. No one knoweth the Son save the Father, neither doth any know the Father save the Son, and He to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him."

"Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest? Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

The first of these two passages constitutes for us this morning the introduction to our meditation, and the second of the two passages is the message in itself, that I fain would bring to you today. "Come ye yourselves apart," and if I may amend the text for present purposes, and alter the next phrase, not into a "desert place," but into the blossoming garden of God, that ye may rest a while.

That, I take it, is the great underlying purpose of this and all similar gatherings. Workers for God from many places and from many and differing circumstances are assembled together for a period of rest in the deepest and truest sense of that very much misunderstood word. We are not here that we would escape from any burden He has given us to bear, from any cross He has called us to carry, from all that love-service which He in great and infinite grace has appointed to us, but we are here in order that we may presently return stronger for the carrying of the burden and the cross, better equipped for all the service His will appoints, and we have gathered together with this as the deepest desire of our hearts that we may find our way into that rest out of which all true and prevailing service must proceed.

If this be so, how important it is, beloved, that at the very commencement of these days especially devoted to the study of the word of God and conference together concerning the work of God, that we should understand what the nature of that rest is, that we should attempt in these very earliest hours of our conference to find our way into the deeper secrets of the true life of rest. And for that purpose I bring you back to words with which we are all so familiar.

I suppose that this text of mine from Matthew could be recited without any thought or hesitancy by this whole assembly. We are perfectly familiar with it. I have been preaching from this text for three and thirty years and I propose to continue to do so.

Now, why is it that these words make so profound appeal into the

heart of many? In a brief moment let us recognize the fact of this appeal. There is no period in life in the life of any one individual in which the irresistible and fascinating charm of these words is not felt. I go back and we go back in memory for a passing moment to those days of childhood long ago. Is it not true that then these words of our Lord "Come unto me and rest" appealed to us, not that we understand their heighth and depth, not that we had encompassed their length and breadth of meaning, but there was in them something that wooed and won our hearts as children, and we loved them. I think I come very near the mark if I say these words were among the first committed to memory by the vast majority of those gathered here this morning. I think perhaps it is because in them there is something like the sweetness of a mother's lullabye. "Come unto me all that are weary and heavy laden." And when we left the days of childhood and come to the years of weeping, years in which we dreamed dreams and saw visions and built air castles, remember that without a dream a deed is not accomplished, remember unless there be the building of the castle in the air no cottage upon the earth will ever be built; but when we come to those days we loved these words for a new reason. There is in them the touch of the heroic, the suggestion of the yoke and the carrying of the burden, and the doing of that which demanded heroism, and the word remains with us and we love them. For some of us those days of youth are gone, never to come back.

We are in the midst of the stress and strain of life. The burdens are at their heaviest, the battle is at its thickest. We never loved them as we love them today. The very suggestion that lies within them of the burden bearing and the place of resting bids us return, to come over and in the midst of the strain and stress of life do we find from them some of infinite comfort and help, and may I not say this morning that I am speaking to mothers and fathers in Israel whose early pilgrimage will soon be over and presently some sweet day and night at His great and gracious will you will pillow your head upon the self-same words and fall asleep, to waken into His likeness in everlasting rest.

Now, why is it that these words make so constant an appeal? You may illustrate if you will in an entirely different way. There is an illustration of the perpetual and powerful appeal of these words that you cannot translate the music out of them Whatever language you translate them into they carry ever their force of appeal into that language.

It is freely said that among all the words that ever leaped from the lips of Jesus, nothing ever made profounder or more widespread or lasting appeal to human nature as such than these words of Christ, and the first answer that comes is to be found in the fact of the simplicity of these words. There is a simplicity that makes an appeal for a moment and passes, the simplicity of superificality makes no lasting appeal to humanity, for with all its fault and failing humanity has a reasonably straight and accurate judgment in the presence of the words that men speak or write. But the simplicity, the sublimity, is the fact (if I may so put it) that when our Lord uttered these words He was speaking out of the depth, that is. He was not dealing with things upon the surface.

Deep calleth unto deep. I go so far this morning as to say if I were asked for the one supreme and final proof to these in all the New Testament,

of the deity of our Lord, I should lay my hand upon that verse and quote it. Mark the audacity of it. He stood confronting men of all classes and all orders and He flung His challenge out into the midst of human sorrow and suffering, and human need, and said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." No more daring thing was ever uttered in the listening or hearing part of man. The claim He uttered is to be found in the fact that for these nineteen centuries whosoever has responded to the call has found the rest He promised.

May we, therefore, try this morning to look once more at these old and familiar words, to listen to them anew, and discover some of the reasons of the appeal, that by the good grace of God we may enter into a profounder apprehension and experience of that rest which is ours in Him.

Now there are three things that I want you to notice. Let me first state them and then attempt to deal with them and to illustrate them. I find in these words of the Lord, first, a conception of human nature. I find in them, secondly, a contrast as between human life and a one set of conditions, human life and another set of conditions. I find in them, finally, a call, a voice calling me from one set of conditions into another, all of which is very nebulous and not having much clearness. But let us get the points fastened upon our minds and then proceed to look. A conception, a contrast and a call.

You will see at once, beloved, I am not proposing to deal the whole while with the call itself, with the things which we are most familiar. I want, first of all, to discover the underlying conception of human nature that is revealed in this call of Jesus. I want to find out what this thing is that Christ really said, and what this thing is that Christ really meant. Herein is revealed not patently, but incidentally, (answering investigation) that revelation becomes a conception of humanity which our Lord held and which I hold is essential to an understanding of our own need, and the finding of our own way into rest this morning.

Then there is a contrast here that is far more patent. It is impossible to read the text without discovering the contrast suggestion and the call is the first thing, but it is the last thing in our morning consideration. Now that we may find the conception to which I refer I am going to violate all the orders of sermon-making and preaching (and my apology is to the platform) by taking "secondly" first. Then I will come back to firstly and then take secondly again, so I shall be some time getting through, for only as I see the contrast can I discover the conception that lies behind this word of Christ. The contrast is perfectly self-evident. You find it by putting together the opening words of the great invitation of Jesus and the closing words. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden" —"my yoke is easy and my burden is light." The contrast is patent, every child here can see it. Ye that labor and are heavy laden. My yoke is easy, my burden is light. Do you see the contrast? Very well, I am coming back to it.

Now, having seen the contrast, and left out the heart of the text for a while, take those opening and closing words that reveal the contrast. Look with me for something that is common to both. Now see again, "Ye that labor and are heavy laden," and the other when Jesus said, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." He did not mean that finally, but first. He was speaking out of His own es-

sential experience of human nature of His own yoke, of His own burden. It is a word of experience which Jesus said in the midst of the multitudes of men and women. My yoke, the yoke I am wearing is easy, the burden I am bearing is light. Mark the contrast, heavy laden, men and women, and one man says, "my burden is light." What is the common quantity in the contrasted conditions? Let me put it bluntly. It it that of a burden. These men and women are heavy laden. This one man is carrying a light burden. Cancel the adjectives and leave the substantive and you have discovered that which is common to both. "Heavy," we cancel it; "light," we cancel it; what is left? A burden—a burden, and immediately we are touching the very heart and center of this great word of Christ. I submit to you, therefore, that the conception of human nature upon which our Lord bases His call to rest is this: That every human being, every person, carries a burden. I am quite conscious that we haven't gone far enough to make that luminous yet. When our Lord used this word "burden" here He was not referring to a burden of sorrow, of tribulation or trial or temptation, to all those things that constitute the discipline of life. I hope you do not think I am spoiling the text. Let us get through before you form a judgment. If you came in here this morning burdened with sorrow, sin or shame, or grief of any kind, and you felt the text was for you, so it is ultimately, for our Lord begins to deal with all these things down in the depths of a man's life, and this word here is not a word that refers to the commonest of sorrow. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Not light was the burden of His sorrow. What then is this burden?

Now let me try and illuminate this passage by another passage of Scripture, which, in some sense, has no connection with this, but which I borrow for the interpretation of this.

In the Galatian letter Paul said two things that seem to be contradictory. "Bear ye one another's burden and so fulfill the law of Christ." Secondly, "Every man shall bear his own burden." You see the apparent contradiction. "Bear one another's burden—every man shall bear his own burden," and yet the spiritual intelligence of this assembly knows very well there was no contradiction there, that the apostle was referring to two entirely different matters in these statements so near together.

You will remember that the word he used in the second case is different from that which he used in the first; and if you will pardon my doing so I will mention it. What is the difference between the words? The one is the burden of sorrow—"Bear ye one another's burdens"—thank God, we can bear each other's burdens of sorrow—but the other is not the burden of sorrow.

What, then, is it? Burden of responsibility! The burden of responsibility! Every man must bear his own burden of responsibility. Yes; but suffer me another moment and grant me your patience; still we haven't touched the heart of this thing to understand it. What do you mean by the burden of responsibility, some one will say to me. I do not mean any special responsibility set upon a man for a time. The deep, inner sense of the life that ministers, that masters all the external and incidental activities of the life, that is repsonsibility, that is the burden. I submit to you there is no human being or person within this auditorium today but that the whole of that person's life is finally conditioned by an underlying conception of life, an

underlying aim, desire, impulse, motive. The trouble with half the world today is this: That men and women do not sit down and try and find out what the central spring of their own lives' activity really is. I have sometimes heard men and women tell children that they have no right to ask why. Some of them are here, I think, this morning. I mean the unwise men and women. I charge you never again tell your boy he is never to ask why. I won't discuss that now, save to say this: That it is his business to ask why and it is your business to tell him why, that is if you are his father—I never lecture mothers on those things, only fathers.

"Why" is the supreme question of all questions, and if I could halt the restless, splendid youth of this age and make them ask this year "why?" then I would get them down to the deepest thing in their life.

Why do I rise up early and sit up late? Why do I plan and toil and work? Let me get right down, find out why, and if you will do that with sufficient honesty and insistence of purpose, at least you will get to an underlying thought in your own life.

The master passion of your life, the thing that drives (and there is not a man or woman in this house that doesn't know it is true), the difference between sanity and insanity lies there. The insane person, of whom let us speak with pity, lacks just that, a burden, a cohesive conception, a master principle that knows, and makes and drives, that is the essential lack. The sane man, whether he be a Christian or not for the moment, has, down in the deep of him, a conception, a goal, toward which he is running, an aim that masters all he is doing. A very dear friend of mine said to me some time ago, "I don't think I agree with you," (and you know, brethren, when a man doesn't agree with you the burden of proof is on him, and not on you). I said to him immediately, "Very well, if you don't agree with me, give me an instance." And he said to me, "Look at So-and-So," and he mentioned a young fellow we had known in our boyhood days, full of brilliant promise. He said, "Look at him; he has drifted through life and is now forty years of age. You know the story," said he. "He has never done anything, simply for the lack of some purpose and master passion, such as you describe." My answer was, "My dear fellow, the man you quote proves my case, not yours." "What, then," said he, "is the master passion?" "This," said I. "His master passion through life has been to do nothing." It is an ignoble passion, but there are many men who have it, and if they can dodge the responsibility they will do it. It is the master passion that makes the idler upon your highway, but it is there and in every human life there is such a passion, and O God, if but in this first hour of our Bible Conference, we could go back into our own lives and discover that, we would be half way to victory.

The burden. Let us go a step forward and take a contrast of the text in the light of that conception. Said Christ to the men and women among whom He stood, you are heavy laden, my burden is light. Let us try and find out His burden and try and find out their burden, because we are seeking for rest.

What then was the burden which He declared to be a light burden? His burden. Then, brethren, for the purpose of this meditation, remember (with all reverence I am going to ask that question in the presence of my Lord's humanity) I wish to speak of Him for the moment in that human na-

ture which always comes before the mind when we use that designation of Him which was common among the first and early disciples, "Jesus of Nazareth." What was His burden? Behold Him as a man alone and ask, what was the burden of His life? What was His master passion? What was the aim towards which He was ever moving? The impulse that made and drove Him through all the days. What was the burden that He said was light? And I believe the answer is already within your heart. I will state it by citation from the ancient prophecies concerning Him before He came. "In the volume of the Book it is written of Me, I come to do Thy will, O my God." There was His burden. You say, was not the passion of His heart, the passion to save men. No, no. Don't put that first, or you will miss the meaning of salvation and misinterpret the method of salvation. What was the deepest thing? The will of God, the call of God, that was the deepest passion in the heart of this man of Nazareth. You know the story so well I need not state it, but kindly give, if you will, some of the chords of the music, and let me give you the chord of the dominant, the first recorded words. "Wist ye not." The words of a boy. "Wist ye not. Mother, didn't you know that I must be about my Father's business, be in my Father's house?" I care not how you translate the latter portion, it is "I must" that I am talking about. It is "I must" that tells the secret of the man. The boy said, "I must be about my Father's business." No more of Him for eighteen years, hidden away in Nazareth, doing His Father's business. I catch up some of the notes of the music. "I must work the works of Him that sent me." Presently, "I have finished the work Thou hast given me to do." "I do nothing of myself; what my Father gives me, that I speak." "I do always the things that please Him."

Brethren, we must not tarry illustrating, but we grasp that the master passion in the life of Jesus was doing the will of God. Take your gospel as it was before and open them anywhere you like, put your hand down anywhere you please, you will find Jesus. What is He doing? He is talking now. Turn over again, put your hand down here. What is He doing now? He is gathering the children about Him—"It is not your Father's will that one of these little ones should perish. Turn over somewhere else. What is He doing now? He is showing the disciples the flowers, the gorgeous lilies of Palestine. Why is He calling attention to the flowers? Because "My Father clothes them." You never can find Him half a yard away from that as the Master passion of His life. On every journey, in every word, in every activity it was always this: The will of God, and while the harmonies are many and varied, sometimes clashing, into a minor or in the major music of a great anthem, all the while the chord runs through the "will of God."

Here is the amazing thing: "My burden is light." Is that an amazing thing? Well, is it not? Isn't that the thing that men do not believe? I won't stay to speak of the world outside—let me come into the inside—into the church. Isn't it true that the church doesn't believe it, that we have never been fully persuaded of this thing? We think that the will of God is light. It was Frances Havergal who said: "There is always a sigh of regret in resignation." Some of our finest hymns reveal it.

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough
way,
O teach me (See what hard work it is.)

Teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'"

I am not criticising that hymn. We need it. The hymns are the expression of human experience; but Christ could never have sung it. He knew nothing of resignation to the will of God, he delighted in it, and yet we think it is hard work. And yet, brethren, do we really think so? Go a little deeper, let the hush of it all be upon us for a moment. Never mind preacher and sermon, get hold of the fact. Do we not know in the deepest of us, if we but dare do it, the will of God is the easiest thing in all life? I would rather try to please God for any given day than any man I ever met in my life, the kindest man and the most gentle man. God is so patient, God is more reasonable. He knows the inner mystery of my being better, and His love for me is more tender than that of any man could possibly be. I am glad the psalmist wrote, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity," for if he had written, "Blessed is the man to whom his deacons imputeth not iniquity, or blessed is the man whose neighbors impute not iniquity," how bad it would be.

My burden is light. By way of contrast, for a moment look to the other side, and I do not suggest going back to that multitude. Let us try and find the burden that is too heavy to be borne. What is it? Now for a moment of quiet investigation. What is the burden of my life? Will you ask that for yourself, not to tell me, God help you. No! I will be father confessor to no man; I hate the business. Let us get down and find out—let us ask this question why; ask in your own life, why? About all that work you have been doing; about all those plans you have been making; whether it be in your business or in the work of the church. Now, in the quietness, some man is saying: "Now, if I am pressed like that, I must confess that my master passion for years has been that of amassing wealth. All my thinking, my planning, my toil has been towards the amassing of wealth." I am not criticising it, simply asking you to name it. Write that down there, as what some man declares to be his burden. Here's another man who says: "That's not my burden; I care nothing for wealth, but give me pleasure. I will work hard for pleasure for a day; let me have the sunlight of laughter and the merriment." I only ask you to name it, and may that Holy Spirit, who is a Spirit of Truth, give us great honesty for the next five minutes. Here's another man says: "I care nothing for wealth or pleasure, but give me fame; I cannot live unless my name is known." Some one else will say: "I care for none of these things; all I ask for is to be let alone, just for men to take their hands off me and leave me alone." I hope I have not been unfair to you in supposing there are some of you who have said these are the things that constitute the master passion of life.

Let me lead you a little deeper. Why do you want wealth? "Well, for the power it gives me." Say that again: "For the power it gives me." For whom, then, do you want wealth? "For myself." Now, you have named your burden, and never before. In case there may be another man here who says he is trying to amass a burden for some one else and not for himself, I don't mean him—he is too rare. I am after the man I know.

Take pleasure. For whom do you want it? "For myself." For whom are you asking fame or ease? For yourself. All of which leads me to this declaration, that human nature is only capable of carrying one or the other of two burdens; either a

man is self-centered or he is God-centered. We have very many different shades and divisions in our society, but in this auditorium this morning the line of fire, blazing sharp and awful between us, is the men and women who are self-centered and the men and women who are God-centered. There is no neutral path. We are all on one side or the other, and sometimes it is healthy for us in a Bible conference to forget the minor matters, such as family connection and church relationship.

The self-centered man is a weary man, he is heavy-laden, and I think that is what the world does not believe. We dreamed it at school, that when once we escaped school and went out and had our own way, then life would be worth living. How often have we sighed for those days when another loving heart planned for us and told us what to do, and we have at least come to the consciousness and conviction of this fact, that the self-centered life is never satisfied and at rest. The God-centered and the self-centered burdens, God or self, the one heavy laden and the other carrying the light burden, such is the contrast.

Finally, then, in a word, where am I living? I don't know how my brethren feel here who are evangelists or teachers, but I am going through an experience of this kind recently, that I never invite men to Christ without going all over the matter again myself. I shall make no answer in public to the inquiry, but I prosecute the inquiry, O soul of mine, not in the presence of my fellow, but as in the presence of God. Where art thou standing on this vital question, this fundamental matter of life? It is where every preacher and every worker must stand at the very threshold of the Conference if the result of coming apart to rest awhile be true rest. We must begin by finding out where we are. Sometimes I am so tempted to imagine that these words of Jesus are full of wooing winsomness, and we love them, my brethren. He never said words that search and burn more powerfully than these. We say we like a text like "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," but we do not like a text that says deny yourself and come after Me, and make the will of God the central motive of your life. If any man will come, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.

My last words are to be spoken to those in this presence who are saying: "Well, in the presence of this word of Jesus, we are conscious that we are among the heavy laden, and we fain would find rest." How shall we find it? Take your text back again as it came to you at first. Come unto me, only remember, I beseech you. I commit this to you for your thought when the morning hour is over. Remember Jesus did not begin that way; He did not begin by saying, "Come unto me." You must at least introduce the call of Jesus by the great affirmation and claim that preceded. "All authority has been delivered to me of my Father, and no one knoweth the Son but the Father, and no one knoweth the Father but the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him."

"Come unto me." What is rest? Fellowship with God; communion with God, based upon knowledge of God. How can I get into that rest? "Come unto me." I am the Son. I alone and the Father and no man knoweth the Father save the Son and that other man to whom the Son will reveal Him. To whom will the Son reveal the Father? The Lord will reveal the Father to all that come unto Him. I am so thankful He said,

"Come unto me." I do love those words. There is no room for the middle man there. I am glad He did not say, come into the church and I will give you rest. Suppose he had, and I landed in New York—which church would I have gone to? O, you know, of course; but then how about this other man? I am not going to follow that out, but think it out. "Come unto me." No room for the priest; no room for the preacher. Do you believe that? We are terribly in danger today of making priests out of preachers, and before you really get into communion with Christ you have got to take men and shove them out alone; I can only get to Him alone; not through priests or preachers. We are to speak to Him now, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet. Closer is He than breathing; nearer is He than hands or feet.

This word and I am done. My brethren, I want to put this word to it; it is an important one. It only needs stating in this Christian assembly. The disciples who heard Him, say they never found their rest while He was still with them. Come unto me and I will give you rest, but, oh, how restless they were to the end. You know the story. But there came a day when He trod the way to the cross and in that awe-inspiring mastery of Calvary road so mightily that no mighty man has ever been able to say the least thing about it. He poured the Holy Spirit out by His coming and ministering; He came to men and men came to Him, as they had never known Him before and then they found their rest. We never get to Him but by the way of the cross, and the way of the resurrection, and the way of the outpoured Spirit. But listen once again; you are not staying with the men who first heard it; we are gathered this morning on the other side of Pentecost, and all the great work accomplished. In this auditorium at this moment that Holy Spirit is as surely present as in that upper room of old, and at this moment, if I will but be at the end of myself, and yield myself to Him, and come into fellowship with Him through the spirit's ministry, shall find rest, and whatever other messages we may have during these days, and whatever truths are waiting to be brought home to our hearts, this is fundamental: that if we are to enter into rest, we must enter into a perfect and final and absolute abandonment of ourselves to the will of God, as we yield ourselves to His Christ and our Savior.

MISSIONARY WORK IN LOGGING CAMPS

By F. E. HIGGINS

It is not my purpose to preach to you tonight, nor is it my purpose to teach. You have much better preachers and teachers than I can ever hope to be. I am before you for the purpose of telling you of a branch of Home Missionary work and I thank God for this privilege of talking to you at this time.

I refer to the Missionary work in the Logging Camps in our great Northwest, and the one thought that comes to me, as I speak on this work, is the marvelous providence of God, or in other words, how I was lead to give my life to this work.

Fifteen years ago while I was pastor at Barnum, Minn., one beautiful spring morning, some friends invited me to go with them to see the drive, the men floating the logs down the river that were cut the winter before. After a long, hard day's journey, we came to a point on Kettle river where a large flat boat, called the Wanagan, was fastened to the shore, and upon which several men were busy preparing the evening meal. In a short time the horn blew and the men came from various parts of the river, and as they seated themselves around a large fire that had been built, tin cups, tin plates, iron knives and forks were given to them and their food was brought to them in large baskets and pails and they soon showed appetites seldom found elsewhere than on the drive. I have always been jealous of my reputation as an eater, but I never saw the time I could put food away as those men on the river did.

After the meal, very much to my surprise, several of those men asked me to preach to them. I said: "Why, men, I didn't come out here to preach, I came out here to see the drive." "That may be," they said, "but we want you to preach, now that you are with us." As I looked at that crew of men I would have said, there is the last crew of men that would ever ask a preacher to hold a religious service. Notice they did not ask for a lecture or talk, they said, "Preach," indicating by the term that they wanted to hear something of the story of Jesus Christ.

I took a large log for my platform, the men gathered near, some on the grass, others on logs and stumps. We sung songs, such as, "Nearer, My God," "At the Cross," and "Jesus Lover of My Soul," repeated some scripture, offered prayer, then gave them a short gospel talk. I will never forget that first meeting on the bank of the Kettle river, that beautiful spring evening. It seemed as though all nature had joined with us in that meeting. There was not a sound to break the stillness of the night air; only my voice and the water as it rippled on by us. When the meeting was over many of the men took me by the hand and told me how they enjoyed the meeting. They explained to me how they had been up in the woods all winter long, many of them year after year; how some of them had even remained over the period from the time the winter camps broke, till the drive commenced, as they had no better

place to go, and they said if some one like you would come out and visit us, we would appreciate it and we feel sure it would do good. The next morning before I left I saw men wade across the river to their armpits; yes, I saw one man swim, that they might take me by the hand and make me promise to come again, which I did. So at different times that spring I put a pack on my back and went over the trail to where the crew were working, for each week they were drifting further down the Kettle, towards the great Father of Waters.

I have always felt that if a missionary is going to do the most effective work, he must be as much as possible one of his people. So I did not go on the river in the garb of a preacher, but with my corked shoes, woolen shirt and slouch hat. No one would ever have taken me for a preacher, as I tramped over the trail. I was no sooner in camp than the men dared me to ride a log. I knew I could not do this, but it would never do to take a dare like that. I knew I could swim and therefore had no occasion to be afraid of the water. I tried the log, but it turned and so did the preacher. The men said I closed the hole behind me several times that day, but when night overtook us I had an occasion to stand around the fire and dry myself with the rest of the men. They are in the river most all day, keeping the logs moving in the water. I have seen the men in the river in the early spring when they had to keep pushing to one side, the huge cakes of ice as they came floating down from the north, and yet it is more healthy for the men than later when the weather is warmer. Each evening as we sat around our fire, we sung some songs and held a gospel meeting. Each meeting was more interesting than the one before. The last time I was with them that spring, I made them promise to come and see me when they came to town and invited them to come to church. They promised, but I must say I was doubtful, for I did not think those men would go to church. But one Sunday in July, just as I was about to commence my morning service, down there at the door, stood three of those men. There they were just as they had come off the drive the day before, their big corked shoes, the overalls stagged off just below the knees, the woolen shirt wide open at the breast, and the slouch hat carelessly thrown on the back of the head. I at once went to the door, took them by the hands, and told them how glad I was to see them, when one of them looked up and said, "Pilot, is there any danger of this plaster falling off?" I assured them that all was safe. The result was, they came again and brought others, and those who had families let the children come to the Sabbath School, proving to me that it paid many times over to visit that army of men in the forest, who people were saying up to that time could not be reached with the gospel. The summer passed by, and during the fall months the men commenced going to their winter camps. Many of them made me promise to come again and visit them. I deemed it a great privilege to visit the logging camps, for while I had been raised in the woods, and had seen considerable logging, I had never seen it done on the large scale it is done in the West. It was interesting to see those long log buildings where the men sleep, a door in each end, a large stove in the middle, in which they could put several large cordwood sticks at once, on both sides, the long tiers of rude bunks, two or three high, with a little hay and blankets. Another long log building with board tables, covered with

oil cloth, running the full length of the building; in the corner were two large ranges, here the cook and his helpers prepare the food for over a hundred men. The large barns where the horses were kept, the blacksmith shop, the filer's shop, giving it the appearance of a rude village, right in the heart of the forest. The splendid ice roads leading to the landing, the wonderful way in which the men conjured the forest, it was all interesting, but I was no sooner in camp than the men requested me to preach for them. That night we held our first meeting in the old log camp. The lights must be turned out at nine o'clock, as the men must rise so early in the morning, but the proprietor said, "Not tonight, Shanty Boss; the boys want to sing more." Later, as they commenced crawling into their bunks, many said, "We never saw it in this fashion." The inevitable corncob pipe had not been used so much, the cards were laid aside, the questionable story had not been told, and the next day, while on the landing a number of men from another camp invited me to come and preach for them, and so interested did I become that winter in going from camp to camp that on one occasion I failed to reach my little Mission Church for Sabbath, when a delegation was out looking for the lost preacher. When they told me that they had no service on Sunday, I told them: "This was no honor to me, that if I had been their minister for six months and that they could not conduct services one Sunday without me, it spoke very poorly for my work." "Oh, but," they said, "your young wife is terribly nervous over this." I said, "That is a family affair; I will have to settle that when I get home." Shortly after this I was warned by some of the brethren of the Duluth Presbytery (of which I was a member, and under which I was studying for ordinaton) that unless I paid less attention to lumberjacks and more to my missionary field, my ordination might be many years off. But already there were such impressions made on my life that this was not going to effect my plans, and one day that spring a team came to my door with some of the men, saying they wanted me to go with them to a homesteader's shack; that one of their number was sick and that they had brought him in from camp and he was asking for me. We went to his home. There I found his wife and children in much need of sympathy and help. The doctor told us he must be taken to a hospital where an operation could be performed. We placed him in a sleigh, took him to the station, there we put him on a cot and I accompanied him to the hospital in the city of Duluth. After a hurried examinaton the doctor told me there was no hope for him. I broke the news to him, and after telling me what he wanted me to tell his family, said, "Thank God, Mr. Higgins, you came to camp." I asked him what he meant, when he said, "After hearing you preach that night I crawled into my bunk, I pretended I was fixing the blankets, but for the first time in twenty years I was on my knees asking God to make a better man of me." He said, "I am not afraid to die, but I want to do something before I go. I want to turn your attention to those poor fellows in the camps. Go back again to them, preach to them as you did that night, tell them of Jesus Christ and His love. You will think, perhaps, they are hard to reach, but they have great hearts and as soon as they learn to know you they will trust you." As he talked I could see him grow weaker and soon I drew the sheet over his face, for he was gone. I stepped out to the corrider to call his brother

over the phone and while waiting for him to come, if ever it was made plain for a person what his life's work should be, it was made plain to me that night. I never had any doubt concerning my call to the ministry and as clear as that call was, while yet a mere boy, it was no more clear than the call that day to go back to the forest. Up to that time, like many other young men, I was building my air castles. I would not give much for a young man who does not have dreams of the future. Some day I was going to be a pastor of a fine church and enjoy all the luxuries that I dreamed went with big churches, but that day all those air castles vanished away and I could not help but think of those last words, "Go back to the camp." Then I thought of my life as a boy, how I had been raised in the forest; after all, had not God in his marvelous way fitted me for just this field. You will please pardon me for telling you a short chapter of my life. I do this to show why I believe that God has not only called me to give my life to this work, but as a boy prepared for it.

At the age of six years my father died in the city of Toronto, where we lived. Two years later my mother married a splendid Christian gentleman. I wish to God every boy had as good a father as I have a step-father. I have seldom if ever known a person that has lead such a beautiful Christian life. We moved from the city back to a new country. Here my step-father built a house of logs. There were nine camps of Indians around our log cabin. From the age of nine to twelve I roamed with the Indians, shot with bow and arrow, caught the speckled trout and learned the Indian language, little realizing how useful that language and acquaintance with the Indians would be to me in after years.

At twelve I was old enough to help the folks on the farm; each winter I worked with my father in the woods. Here I learned to swing the axe, pull the saw and drive the oxen. In the summer I wrestled with the old mettle beamed plow or drove the oxen for father; here I also learned to swing the scythe and bind the grain. At eighteen I was converted, but before this I thought I would like to be a preacher. As a child, I prayed for the Lord to make a preacher of me. I suppose it was because our humble home in the forest was the home of the preachers, as they traveled through that country on their circuit. Many times, after hearing a sermon that pleased me, I would go to the stumpy field, take one stump for my pulpit and all the rest were my audience and I preached some of the finest sermons, at least that stumps ever heard. On one occasion my father and our neighbor were going to hear one of those sermons. They hid behind a couple of the stumps, and when I was nicely started they put their chins on the top of the stumps. When I saw the stumps had heads on them, I took to the brush. At twenty years old I went to the city of Toronto, and commenced going to school. Thinking over these things that day in the hospital, I said, "Yes, your place is in the woods," and I there promised God if it was His will I would give my life to this work. But when I told my wife and friends, they shook their heads. They said I would simply be throwing my life away, that those men would not appreciate such a sacrifice. Six years passed by before the way was opened up for me to go fully into this work, but these were not lost. I was struggling with

the problems of theology, church history, momoletics and other subjects, preparing for my ordination. On Sundays I was on my mission field, most of the week I was among boys of the forest. Finally I was ordained by the Duluth Presbytery and I at once arranged to give all of my time to this great and needy field.

The Parish of the Pines.

Where the winter's chill is deep and still,
Where summer days are long,
Where sighing breezes and branches fill
The air with sob and song,
There lies a parish of the Lord.
No wall or street confines,
There waits the coming of the Lord—
The Parish of the Pines.
No tower uplifts its gilded spire,
Above a house of prayer;
No organ tower or swaying choir
Makes sweetest music there;
For 'tis a vineyard choked with weeds
And lush with tangled vines;
Yet much it lacks and much it needs—
The Parish of the Pines.
Yet word of God is word of God
In camp or pulpit told,
And men of forest and of sod
Await the story old.
'Tis time to hew away the sin
That now the soul confines,
And let a little sunshine in
The Parish of the Pines.

Let us look at this field; in Minnesota we can start at Duluth and go west over two hundred miles, till we strike prairie land, then we can start at Brainard and go over two hundred miles through the great timber belt, till you strike the Rainey river or Canadian boundary. Here, in the northeastern part of our great state, it is estimated that there are over twenty thousand men toiling in the forest. Then over in northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan, where they tell us the timber is all cut, there were at least ten thousand men in each of these states. Then we can go west to western Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California and we find not less than twenty thousand and as high as fifty thousand in each of these states. I have traveled over a large part of this field and as far as I can learn, the church has entirely overlooked it, and the sad part is, conditions are growing worse for these poor men.

Twenty years ago the men logged by river; that is, they went far up the river, far away from civilization, but those years they were far from the temptation of civilization. They were in the woods all winter; many of them remained to come down on the drive in the spring time. They were down but a short time when they again returned to their home in the forest. They were then spoken of as the hardy, brave, good-hearted men of the forest.

But of late years they log more by rail. When a certain tract of timber is to be cut, a railroad is run through the forest, long before even the road is finished. Small towns, consisting of log buildings and tar papered shacks spring up, as it were in a night, the majority of which are saloons, gambling halls, and other places of sin. I knew of one town in the northern part of Minnesota, before there were a thousand people, there were forty-six saloons, twenty gambling places and five large brothels, right in the center of the village. You could go north along the railroad twelve miles and come to another small town, the stumps yet stood in the streets, no church, no school house, but several saloons. A mile and a half farther another town with six saloons, five miles farther another town with fifteen saloons, eight miles farther twenty-five more saloons.

These towns were all of the wide-open policy. Sunday was often their biggest day. Many times when one of these saloons was opened the mayor, councilmen and county attorney were invited to make a speech, the band played, in fact the opening of a saloon those days, in that community, was looked upon as a great event, and upon one occasion, when one of the largest saloons and gambling halls that was in northern Minnesota was opened, invitations were sent to many of the ladies of the town to attend in the afternoon. My wife, with others, received a beautifully printed invitation to attend. I mention this, to show the condition of public sentiment that would allow such things to take place, and when a few of us dared to declare war on this wide-open policy a cry went up we would ruin the town, that it was a town supported by lumberjacks, and if they could not have gambling and drinking, that they would go to other towns. I then went to many of the camps with a petition for the men to sign, asking the authorities to enforce the law and over ninety per cent. of all I was able to reach gladly signed the petition. Many of the town's people said it was not the preacher's place to be stirring up such a fuss, and some even refused to any longer support the church. I then said I would resign my position as pastor and become the pastor of the men in the woods, my church would be the logging camps. How some of the people laughed. They said I would be lost, I would no longer be heard of, I would be harder to find than a needle in a hay stack. But I went to a different camp every day; night after night for months I raised my voice against this wide-open policy. Gradually we saw the public opinion turning in our favor. The gambling was closed, the brothels driven out, and, thank God, the government of the United States of late has stepped in and closed all of the saloons in many towns. But best of all, public opinion is now aroused and better government is demanded by the people, and last winter as I traveled from camp to camp I met thousands of woodmen and all I spoke to rejoiced that the change had taken place.

Many people want to know how the work is carried on. We divide the camp region into different circuits over which we place a missionary. The circuit may have twelve, fifteen or perhaps twenty camps; each of these camps may have from sixty to one hundred and twenty men. The missionary holds meetings almost every night during the week. He with a pack on his back travels to other camps, always sure there are a number of the boys glad to see him and do what they can to make him feel at home. In the evening when the supper is over and the horses are taken care of the meeting is commenced in the long low log building where the men sleep, known as the Bunk Shanty. The hymn books are given out. After some singing, the scripture is read, prayer is offered, then a gospel talk. The meeting must be over before nine o'clock, as the lights are then put out for the night, the men must be up early in the morning long before day. Some ask, "Are there ever any disturbance in the meeting?" Very seldom, and if there is, it is by some one that does not understand our purpose. In the early days when I first commenced going to the camps, there were those who misunderstood me. Some thought I was trying to proselyte, others thought I was after their money. The only conception many of the men had of a preacher was that he was after money, and when I learned how

they had been treated, I was not surprised, for I found many thought it was easy to get money from the lumberjacks. The Sisters of Charity go through the camps two and three times a year, taking collections for different causes, then an agent selling hospital tickets. Now here I wish to say, this is the best cause the lumberjack has. Shame on the Protestant church, that all these years the Catholic church has done this work alone, and we must speak in the highest terms of their excellent work. The jewelry man to sell jewelry, the tailor to sell clothes, the cripple to take a collection to buy himself a cork limb, which he seldom ever buys, and in the past, what I call a tramp preacher, always taking up a collection. I was not surprised, learning these facts, when the men thought I was after their money, but when I held meetings and did not take up any collection, many of them would ask what this meant, and when I explained to them that I had given up my church to be their pastor, they could not understand it. In the spring, twenty of these camps gave me $513 and said: "Come again; we are willing to do our little, when a man shows he is on the square." So only once a year do we ask the men to give an offering for the work, then they can't feel we are after their money.

One night I was just commencing my meeting, when away down at the other end of the camp two Frenchmen were going to grind their axes. The grinding stone is generally kept in one end of the sleeping shanty. I told them I was about to begin my meeting and wished them to enjoy it with the rest of us. I knew by their answer they were bent on having trouble. After singing a couple of hymns, I asked them to please not grind during prayer but they ground their axe. Before commencing to preach I went down to where they were to speak to them, laid my hand on the shoulder of the man who was turning the stone. At once we were in each other's grip. I grabbed for the under-hold, and soon had my man up against the door. I heard a rush and then a voice from behind calling out: "Stand back, they must fight it out. I will brain the first man with this heavy handle that dares to interfere." By the door stood a half barrel of water which the men drank from, and by this stood a full barrel of water from which the men took water to wash. My man jerked sideways, and head first he went into the barrel. The man with the peavy said, "My God, Pilot, you are not going to drown him?" When I let go of him, he fell on the floor, I sprung back saying, "Oh, I hope I have not hurt him," when the man with the peavy handle said, "Hurt a Frenchman with water? Well, I guess not. Just go ahead, Pilot, with your meeting, we will tend to him." They rolled him on the floor, threw him up in a blanket, and made the greatest fun of the whole affair. When I expressed sorrow for him, they laughed, saying, "He would not be sorry for you." After the meeting they wanted to talk about it, but I told them I was ashamed of the whole affair. I realized I had made a mistake. I had crossed the French trail and some time I might be going through the forest all alone and no man with a peavy handle to show fair play, and that night in my dreams the trees of the forest seemed to be filled with Frenchmen. The next morning I was aroused from my slumber by a hand on my shoulder; I looked up and there was my Frenchman. I thought at once there was more trouble for me, but to my surprise he said he was sorry for what

happened the night before. We took each other by the hand and for several winters as long as we met we were warm friends. But I was not surprised when later I was told that a certain Frenchman said he would thrash that Pilot the first time he would put in an appearance in the camp where he was, and when I heard who it was, I knew by reputation he could do it. Some months later I came to the camp where this man was. The proprietor told me he had always encouraged my work, but on account of this man, who seemed bound to have trouble, I had better not try to hold meetings in his camp. At first I thought of moving to another camp to avoid trouble, but on second thought, I said this is the first camp on this line, and word has gone along the line what is going to happen if I pass by. The men will say I am a coward, and if there is one thing more than another that a lumberjack despises, it is a coward. So explaining this to the proprietor I said I would go and hold a meeting, it would be better to take a thrashing than to be called a coward. I went to the bunk house and announced I was present and asked the men what time we would commence our meeting. Some called out eight o'clock. At that hour I took my hymn books and Bible and started for the camp. I had never seen my man, but I knew him as I was giving out the hymn books. No sooner had I given out the first hymn than he came up to the old board table and flung the hymn book down before me. I paid no attention to this; then he picked it up and threw it down again. He standing on the opposite side of the table, we stared at each other. You could have heard a pin drop, as all the men felt sure a row would start. I called out, "Men, let us sing 'At the Cross' and let us sing it as we have never done before." He turned and kicked over a bench, went to the water barrel, took a cup of water, drank part of it and flung the cup and the rest of the water across the camp, climbed into his top bunk, and tried to talk to his bunk partner, the partner trying to keep him quiet. We got through singing, offered prayer, read the scripture and gave a short gospel talk; after which, I said, "I am feeling tired tonight, men; I have had a long tramp through the forest today; some of you please gather up the books and bring them to the office." I knew better than to hang around that camp after the meeting was over. The next day I was on the works with the man. His language was something terrible, some of the men hung their heads with shame, others said, "Don't pay any attention to that man, Pilot, he is just crazy." I answered, "Never mind, boys, he is simply giving the preacher a benefit." But when I left that camp many of the men said that preacher is no coward. Whenever the man was spoken of I said kind words about him, for I knew everything I would say would be carried back to him, but it is wonderful how God leads us. I was dreading going back to that camp on my next round. One Sunday evening after holding three meetings during the day I drove into Teastrike, a small town, put my dog team in the barn. Everything was wide open; many of the men were in from the many camps surrounding the town, they had been drinking and gambling all day. I thought I would look at my dogs before laying down for the night. On going to the barn I passed an icehouse; several cakes of ice were out in front of it. It was now between ten and eleven o'clock at night and about twenty below zero, and here

was the form of a man laying among the cakes of ice. Of course I thought he was frozen to death. I rushed back to the saloon for help; the first man I met was the one I least expected—old Joe. He had his lantern over his arm starting for camp after a day of debauchery. I asked him to come with me, which he did; we pulled our man out of the ice pile and took him into the saloon. I laid him on my fur coat on the sawdust floor. I found he was still alive and after some rubbing he came to his senses. I told the saloon keeper to take care of him, and not to hurry him out to the woods, that he had a close call and I would stand all expenses. The saloon was filled with men, many of them were already laid out, some on the floor, others in the snake room. In one corner of the room the roulette wheel was being played, over farther the poker table and near by the faro table. The counter was lined with men; in fact, the place was a living hell. Old Joe had seated himself on the corner of the bar; there he sat, his limbs dangling over, looking at the old man while I was working over him, but not saying a word. A few days later I was again in the camp, where I dreaded to go. You can imagine my surprise to find old Joe one of my best listeners. What could it mean? As soon as the services were over he said: "Pilot, I want to see you. How is our man we pulled out of the ice-pile?" "Oh," I said, "he has gone back to work." "Well, Pilot, you settled me that night."

In my astonishment I said: "Why, Joe, what do you mean?" He said: "I mean this; last night, coming home through the forest, I said to myself: 'If that is what missionaries are doing, pulling old drunken lumberjacks out of ice piles, paying their bills and saving their lives, it is time that the lumberjacks were helping the missionary, and I am going to help,' " and while we took each other by the hand over a hundred men clapped their hands, for they knew we were friends. That night as I walked up to the old office I looked up to the starry heavens and thanked God he had shown me a new way of conquering men. I am in another camp; the men say, see yonder top bunk, with the gunny sacks sewed together for curtains? The old man that occupies that bunk keeps himself from all the rest of us; go and speak to him, try and get him to take part in the meeting. I go over, pull the curtain apart and offer him a hymn book and ask him to take part in the service. He lets a roar out of him, and all the men laugh at me. I say, never mind boys, we will go on with our meeting. I am back in that camp again two weeks later; the men want me to again try the old man, but I receive the same reception. I noticed he has a little dog that sleeps with him and the men tell me that is all the companion he seems to have. The next day I am in the works visiting the men; I meet the foreman whom we call the "push." We all have our peculiar names in the woods. The man who takes care of the bunk house, cuts wood, keeps the fires going, orders the men to bed and calls out, "Roll Out" early in the morning is called the "bull cook" or "shanty boss." The top loader is called the "sky hooker"; your hat is the "skypiece"; the cook, the "dough-puncher"; if they don't like him, he is the "stomach robber"; the men that help the cook in the kitchen are "cookies"; the clerk is called the "bloke that makes the stroke," or the "ink splasher." Often, when the men call for their time, they will simply say,

"Are you the guy that splashes ink? Then sprinkle me out a walk." In other words, "Make out my time." The preacher is the "skypilot." If he is not liked, he is the "wind jammer." A few years ago a number of the men were waiting in a logging office for the train when one of them noticed a roll of papers addressed "Rev. Frank Higgins." He called his partner, who by the way was also primed with squirrel whisky, and said: "Say, Bill, is that our Frank, the Sky Pilot?" Bill, with a look of disgust, shook his head and said: "H—l, our Frank is no Rev., he is a Christian."

I asked the push about the old man; he told me he was the "road monkey" and was working down on the main "stem," the logging road leading to the landing. It was very cold, over twenty below zero, when I came to where the old man was working. I said, "Good morning." He just grunted. I then said, "It is pretty cold." "No colder than it ought to be." "You are working very hard." "No harder than I ought to work; if other people would work and quit bumming the country it would be better for them." He never looked up. I was about to leave and count my efforts a failure, when his little dog came out of the brush. "Hello, you have a nice little dog." He looked up for the first time, and said: "Yes, and that is my only friend." I knew I had at last struck a responsive chord, the love for the animal. I at once called my two St. Bernards, my team that I so dearly loved, and said: "What do you think of these, how would you trade, how old is your dog, how long have you had him, what breed is he?" anything to keep up a conversation. "I know how you love your dog; why, money would hardly buy these of mine. We have traveled many miles through these forests, some days they have taken me forty miles at a stretch, and when we have been overtaken by night we have lain down by the fire, company for each other, waiting for daylight. Yes, I know you love your little dog, but you did not mean it when you said he was your only friend. I have a wife and a little girl." I notice there are tears in the old man's eyes. "What have I said; I did not mean to hurt your feelings." "It's all right, Mr. Higgins," and as he turned his head away, he said: "Once I had a wife and children," and it seems to me I had never heard such a sad story. That morning we became close friends, and ever after he was one of the first to welcome me in the camp.

But another branch of this work is furnishing the men with reading matter. Some years we distribute over five tons of magazines and religious papers, and how the men appreciate them. Those that can't read have others read to them; some read the pictures; several of the men learned to read in camp. One young man said to me after a meeting in which I was telling of my experience as a boy in the forest: "If you could start so late in life, I can, too, and I am going to." I got him first-readers and a young man in camp taught him to read. Today, instead of squandering his money, he holds a good position and has money in the bank. Other young men who a few years ago were in the ditch, despised by all who knew them, are today my helpers, lifting men to a higher and more noble life. The one great obstacle to be overcome in this work is the right kind of men to be used as missionaries—more than once my work has been hurt by unwise men. Even theological students and ordained ministers are not always the ones that can do this work. One day as I was seated in a camp, passing the time looking over an old paper, I came

across an article telling about General Booth in his early days in the army. On one occasion, while addressing a large audience in London, telling of his plans for the future of the Army, how he hoped to have it in every country and in every city and every town and village, one of his hearers called out, "But, General, where will you get your workers?" In an instant he answered, "From among those who are converted." I dropped the paper, and said it is an answer to my prayers. If God has raised up such wonderful men in the ranks of the Army, He can raise up men from among the lumberjacks. And He has, for some of my best men today are men who have spent the greater part of their lives in the woods, and I have faith to believe God will continue to raise up men in the woods who will be a power for good.

Another branch of our work is caring for the sick. As I have mentioned before, the Catholic church has its splendid hospitals in many of the small towns, as well as the cities. When I or any of my helpers are in the towns, we visit these hospitals, sometimes taking reading matter or reading to them, other times carrying fruits or writing letters. It may be the last letter to some loved one. One morning I came home from the woods when my wife told me there was an urgent call for me at the hospital. Upon going over I found it was my dear friend, Nill McDonald, a four-horse teamster. I tried at first to cheer him up; told him how thankful he should be for such good care as the Sisters were giving him, and promised to do all I could for him. He thanked me, but said, "It is no use, Pilot, the jig is up; tell me, do you think I can make the grade?" I well knew what grade he was speaking about. I had seen him in the forest drive the four horses, and many times he had succeeded in landing his heavy load at the landing. At the foot of the grades an extra team of horses are put on ahead; this is called "the team of leaders." I told him he would need help outside himself, when he said, "You mean I will need another team of leaders?" "Yes," I said, "and thank God, my boy, you have the greatest of all leaders, Jesus Christ." I read the story of the Prodigal Son and God's love for the lost world as we have it in St. John, 3d chapter, and kneel down by his cot in prayer. When I arose from my knees there was not a dry eye in the ward. I told him I would come again, but later when I came back I saw a screen around the cot in the corner. I knew what it meant. I stepped around on tiptoes; there was the Sister with her beads and book standing by his side. I saw the lips move, and bent over and took him by the hand. He spoke his last words, "Tell the boys I have made the grade." In a few moments he was gone. I drew the sheet over his face and said to the men, as they lay on their various cots, "Boys, we will all have to some day make that grade."

And so we go from town to town, from camp to camp, telling the simple story of the blessed gospel. The one sad thing is, we are only touching the border of this field. We need more funds and more men that the noble men of the forest who have been so long neglected may have a gospel.

SOCIALISM A PERIL TO THE CHURCH

By J. WESLEY HILL, D.D.

"Fading as a leaf," is the pathetic inscription on the forehead of national atheism.

"What greater calamity," wrote Emerson, "can befall a nation than loss of worship?"

God's word declares that "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God."

The highway of history is strewn with the wrecks of nations which have forgotten God!

Anything, therefore, that threatens the religious foundation of the state imperils the entire superstructure, and must, in the nature of things, culminate in the overthrow of government and in the destruction of national ideas, ideals and institutions.

The same effect is inevitable in relation to individual and social life.

If society, in ancient Greece and Rome, was honeycombed with iniquity, if it reeked with those abominations depicted by Tactitus and Juvenal; if rotting to the very core, bereft of virtue, integrity, and decency, it finally sank into the very desolation of degredation, there is but one explanation of such individual and collective decay, viz., disregard for the spiritual, loss of faith in the supernatural, violation of the principles of religion and utter contempt and indifference to the demands of religion!

Therefore, in the discussion of Socialism, its relation to religion cannot be overlooked. Nor dare we be deceived by its loud profession of indifference to religion, or its attempt to evade responsibility at this vital point by relegating religion to the individual and reducing it to a matter of "private opinion."

As a rule, Socialist platforms indicate no antagonism to religion.

The reason for this apparent toleration is not, however, stated in these platforms. For these, non-Socialists of an inquiring mind are obliged to seek elsewhere. In seeking elsewhere it is soon discovered that the entire Socialistic propaganda is religionless!

This conclusion is emphasized by the most incontrovertible facts of the Socialistic literature.

"A Reading of Socialism and Positive Science," a book written by Enrico Ferri, an international figure in Socialism, clearly shows the tendency of Socialism in relation to the religious question.

On page 31, appears the following: "It is because Socialism knows and foresees that religious beliefs must waste away. It is for that reason that Socialism does not feel the necessity of fighting specifically the same religious beliefs which are destined to disappear."

That is, because Socialists believe that religion is destined to dissolution, they do not consider it worthy of their opposition, and so no positive opposition is offered.

Just what interest Socialists have in this wasting away process, will be apparent, the more closely the spirit of Socialism is investigated and analyzed.

Again, Prof. Ferri declares, on page 31, "Socialism knows that the ab-

sence or lessening of the belief in God is one of the most powerful factors in its extension."

Says Prof Robert Flint, the great British authority on Socialism, "Socialism is antagonistic to Christianity, inasmuch as it assumes that man's chief need is merely a happy social life on earth." "Socialism," page 450.

Edward B. Aveling, one of the great atheistic leaders of Europe, the very best authority on Atheism, declares, "Marx was an avowed atheist, and those who desire to know the scientific reasons for the materialism of Marx, Engels, Babel, Liebknecht, Lafargue and Adler, in a word, of all the founders and teachers of scientific Socialism, should read the whole of the introduction written by Frederick Engels in 1892 to my translation of his "Socialism, Scientific and Utopian."

In this work, the materialistic basis of history is promulgated, which has for its complementary principle the absolute denial of creative power.

August Babel, although an avowed atheist, recognizing the necessity of different tactics than those employed by many of his colleagues, declared that while he favored "The dethronement of religion," he "found that progress toward this ideal lay in the capture of the public power."

Again, in "Woman; Past, Present and Future," page 146, Babel says, "Socialism must eventuate in the dethronement of religion. But this will disappear by itself, without any violent attack."

And here is the testimony of George D. Herron, who writes in a letter to "The Advance." "Every appeal to men to become Socialists in the name of Christianity must result in the corruption and betrayal of Socialism in the end, and in the use of the movement for private ends. Christianity stands today for the lowest and basest in life. The church sounds the lowest not in human life. It is most degrading of all our institutions and the most brutalizing in its effects on common life."

"The church is simply organized Christianity. For Socialism to use it, to make terms with it, or to let it make approaches to the Socialist movement is for Socialism to take Judas to its bosom. There is not an instance in sixteen centuries, in which the church has not betrayed every movement for human emacipation it has touched."

This, at the hands of George D. Herron, the deposed Congregational minister, who deserted his wife and family and was at once accepted by the Socialists as one of their trusted leaders.

Surely, Socialism is an appropriate refuge for such a refugee from virtue, a cloak beneath which this highwayman, this betrayer of sacred honor, this assailant of the sanctity of the marriage relation, may hide from public scorn and contempt.

It will be remembered that after this man Herron deserted his wife and took another, on the free-love basis, the Socialists of New York City attempted to rehabilitate his dismantled character by arranging a banquet in his honor.

In order to give special dignity to the occasion, such distinguished men as Judge Gaynor, Dr. Hillis, and Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, were invited to be present. These men, however, could not be inveigled into such a recognition of high-handed iniquity.

Dr. Hillis, in explaining his refusal of the invitation, said: "My objection to appearing with Mr. Herron was not based upon the vagaries of his intellect, or upon the fact that his thinking seems to me crude, superficial and false in its premises, but upon his deeds, that represent his

will and character. I do not wish to be unkind, but there are sins so bald, vulgar and crass in their persistency, their virulence, that they consume the mantle of charity as a flame a garment."

Dr. Strong explained his position in the following language: "He and his female accomplice, in breaking up a family, have committed a crime against the fundamental institutions of society, and have trampled under foot the explicit and unmistakable teachings of Jesus Christ. Their conduct has been despicable, beyond the resources of my vocabulary to express, and if all the facts were known, these people would not be tolerated in any self respecting society for an hour."

In view of these side-lights on the character of Socialist Herron, we can readily understand why he speaks of the church as **"sounding the lowest note in human life,"** and as being the **"most degrading of all our institutions,"** and the **"most brutalizing in its effects on common life."**

An assault upon moral and religious principles and institutions by such a man is the greatest tribute he could possibly pay to them.

And be it remembered that Herron is only the mouthpiece of Socialism in its attitude toward God and religious truth. But before Herron there were others.

"It is our duty," said Wilhelm Liebknecht, to root out the faith in God with all our zeal, nor is any one worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism."

An editorial in "The Worker," a recognized Socialistic authority, declares: "Religion has, all through the ages, been a disruptive force. The Socialist party has no right to condemn **the atheists,** for atheism lies at the base of the Socialistic propaganda."

James Leatham, than whom there is no greater authority on Socialism, declares: "There is no room for God in the Socialist movement. The belief in God, with all that it implies, is now without a reason. The original conception of God has everywhere been that of a Creator, a great master workman of the universe, who made it and who sustains it. But that idea of creation is now given up. Nor is the conception of God the Sustainer any longer an intellectual necessity as it was when God could not account for the phenomena of nature in terms of the natural. **The fact is, there is nothing left for deity to do."**

And thus Socialism sweeps the universe and declares it to be empty; points to the throne of all worlds and discovers that it is kingless, that law is without a lawmaker, effects without a great first cause, and that, in fact, there is "nothing left for deity to do."

And it is now proposed that this blatant-blasphemous, **atheistic** system shall be galvanized, under the magic touch of Christian ethics, garbed in the silken robe of Christian truth, and be christened as **Christian Socialism.**

In fact, this so-called Christian Socialism is becoming quite a contagion. It is permeating academies, colleges, social and ethical organizations, and likewise the Christian church.

But I ask in all candor, **How can a system which denies the spiritual and supernatural, which speaks of "the ignorant superstition of religion,"** which declares that there is "nothing more for diety to do," which strikes at the sanctity of the home and which tends to undermine the entire system of Christian ethics, **be made to harmonize with either the spirit or teaching of Jesus Christ?**

I deny that such a union is possible; I declare with a conviction that stirs every drop of my blood, that such a propositon, viz., the marriage of Socialism and Christianity, is the rankest, most blasphemous, and sacreligious assault upon the character and ministry of Jesus Christ; and it is likewise a grotesque caricature of all that we have been taught to respect and revere in our Christian religion.

The time has come when the ground must be cleared of the underbrush of confusion which hides the hideous face of Socialism from the view of many who are under its godless influence. Its irreligious basis must be exposed; its sophistry and duplicity must be uncovered, that its thoughtless devotees who are absorbed in its glittering pictures, may see the hydra-headed monster so glowingly clothed, a monster which is not and never can be Christian in character, a monster which, given the power, would overturn Christian civilization, shatter the foundation of the home, and destroy beyond the possibility of repair our democratic institutions.

Only recently, I read the statement that "The ethics of Christianity and Socialism are identical." The fact is, my friends, they are diametrically opposite, antipodal in every essential principle involved.

Let us look at this, for a moment. Many of the representative Socialists themselves spurn this new movement.

Ernest Belford Bax, in "The Ethics of Socialism," declares: "One word on that singular hybrid, **the Christian Socialist**—the association of Christianity with any form of Socialism is a mystery rivaling the mysterious combination of ethical and other contradictions in the Christian Divinity Himself." Continuing, he says:

"If by Christianity be meant the body of dogma usually connoted by the word, it will probably be conceded by those to whom we refer that **it is in hostility to all progress.** If, on the other hand, the ethical principles of Christianity are alone involved, then if these principles were distinctively and exclusively Christian, which they are not, we challenge them to show this connection or even their compatibility with Socialism."

This is only one of many Socialistic authorities who themselves utterly repudiate this attempt upon a self-constituted class of intellectuals, dilletantes, and apostles of so-called ethical culture who are using Christianity as a catch-word for Socialism, hoping thereby to deceive the masses and to ensnare them in the meshes of a system which is utterly incongruous with Christianity.

"Christian Socialism." It were just as fitting to speak of Christian atheism, or Christian anarchy, or Christian robbery, or Christian free loveism.

Christianity emphasizes the individual relationship and moral responsibility of man to his Creator; the recognition of God's revelation to man in the person of Jesus Christ, which finds its material embodiment in the Christian church.

Socialism and atheism deny the existence of God and His revelation; deny the moral responsibility of man to God; declare the church to be the result of economic conditions, that its present form is to be annihilated, that upon its foundation is to be upreared a co-operative commonwealth and therefore, that **"individual responsibility"** is to be supplanted by **"the social body,"** which will become morally responsible when it has been perfected, when the tools of production are collectively owned, when

private and public property has been confiscated, when the home has been destroyed, and when the millennium of equality of opportunity and wealth has at last been established.

Then again, according to Christianity, **regeneration** must come from within, must begin in the heart and mind of the individual. But from the standpoint of Socialism, regeneration **must come from without,** from material conditions and a higher social life.

This places the emphasis upon **environment, rather than man;** upon society rather than the **individual.** In other words, the program of Socialism seeks not the ideal society through the ideal individual, but the ideal individual through the ideal society.

That is to say, bread and butter and plenty of it for society, will make the individual man moral. Good social conditions will make good men. **Since,** however, **man was created before society,** and, therefore, man is the creator of society, it is hard to discover how the thing created can become the creator of the creator. This is an absolute reversal of the law of cause and effect, which is at the foundation of all human progress and civilization.

What, the ethics of Socialism and Christianity identical?

There recently appeared in "The Avante," a prominent Italian organ of Socialism, this declaration: "Christianity is the dirt heap of modern thought." While an article on Socialism in a prominent American magazine closes with these words: "The civilization of social democracy will never befoul itself with Christianity."

Dr. Averling, writing for "To-Day," a Socialist magazine, says: "Whether anything is done or nothing is done, little that is of any real or lasting value can be done until men and women fairly face the fact that the terrible condition of our poor is due, as are so many other ills, to the two curses of our country and time, viz., **Capitalism and Christianity!**"

Some time ago there appeared an editorial in "The Comrade," published in New York, from which I quote: "**The ethics of Christianity,** like its practices, are characterized by a monstrous disregard of the common life. Christianity and tyranny are, and for ages have been, firmly allied. The ethical teaching of Jesus, even, was not Socialism. And the system which bears His name never knew even the ethical teaching of Jesus. There is no wrong, however terrible, which has not been justified by Christianity, no movement for human liberty which has not been opposed by it. Its very basis is a lie and a denial of the basic principle of Socialism."

We fully agree with the editor of "The Comrade." There is a separating abyss between Christianity and Socialism as wide as the moral universe. As well attempt to harmonize light and darkness, truth and error, honesty and dishonesty, vice and virtue, heaven and hell, as to bring these two systems which are vitally antagonistic into any relation of mutual respect, sympathy, or cooperation.

Therefore, the time has come for this farce, which is being played under the caption of Christian Socialism, to be hissed from the stage. It has already received too much toleration at the hands of an indulgent public. The church owes it to herself to shake off this incubus; yes, and Christian ministers, commissioned of God to preach the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, owe it to their individual honor no less than to the home, the school, the church, and the

flag, to put an end to this attempted coalition which can have no other effect than the perversion and corruption of Christianity and to cry out with one voice against the duplicity, hypocrisy, treason and atheism of a system at war with the foundation principles of civilization and inspired with the one purpose of destroying religion and uprearing a system of gruesome materialism, "without God and without hope in the world."

Over and against this atheistic and fatalistic system of Socialism, I advance the thought that all the better conditions of society which we now enjoy, all the majestic energies of science put forth in the discoveries and application of truth—yes, and all there is of truth and virtue in government, have more than a materialistic foundation and more than a cold, inexorable, materialistic origin.

They have not originated in the impulse that says: "Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we must die."

It is the spirit that links man with God, that has stimulated to social progress, benevolent activity and civic development. The truth is, all civilizations have had a religion at their basis. The sacred books of the Hindoos preceded all East Indian culture; and the oldest monuments of Egypt were built on the faith that man did not spring from the dust. The literature of ancient Greece rose out of the heart of Greek theology. The poetry of Homer, whose blind eyes were ever turned toward Olympus, was the groundwork of Hellenic culture and the very cradle of Hellenic civilization.

Look around on modern civilization and see how little of good there is in it that is not of Christian origin. The European world is an edifice which the church built out of the fragments of the Roman empire.

It was the church that held the torch of knowledge above the deluge of mediaeval barbarism and saved the records of Biblical and classic literature, to be the seeds of modern refinement and humanity.

Is free thought a distinctive feature of our civilization? Free thought is a child of the Protestant reformation.

Christianity discovered the art of printing, and the first periodical ever printed appeared under the caption, "The Herald of Gospel Liberty."

Is science a boon to our age? Her grandest achievements date from the awakening of mankind that gave us a free Bible and a free church.

Is political freedom a vital element in modern life? It was the genius of Christianity pervading the old Roman empire that gradually emancipated the slave and delivered woman from oriental seclusion into modern liberty. And the genius of Christianity has pioneered the way for freedom throughout the world.

Who have been the inventors, the thinkers, the reformers, the philanthropists, and the true sociologists? The haters of Christianity? Men who have denied God and His word? No, a thousand times, no! But men of whom Wendell Phillips said, "They bound the Bible to their brows."

Is humanitarianism a characteristic feature of American and European civilization?

Max Muller tells us that the very word "humanity" in its present meaning, is of Christian origin.

It was the church that built by the Roman Colisseum the Asylum of Charity; and it is the spirit of Him who healed the leper and the lame that fosters today our institutions for the amelioration of distress.

And just where Christianity goes, charity abounds. Under the shadow of the Cross spring forth institutions for the relief of the deaf, the blind,

the lame, the halt and maimed, the poor, the dependent, the sorrowing, the crushed, the bleeding and the dying.

Materialism has no remedy for these distresses! Indeed, human suffering is the result of the inexorable laws of nature, and therefore cannot be avoided.

Socialism has no balm for the broken heart—no panacea for pain, no rainbow for the storm cloud, no pardon for the transgressor, no consolation for the mourner, no hope for the dying.

Death is an eternal sleep; the grave ends all; nature is a merciless machine, wound up by chance, controlled by circumstances, and operating with inexorable precision, such a precision as precludes the necessity of a superintending God and results in mental, moral and social conditions from which there can be no appeal, because the verdict is final.

Is knowledge a feature worth mentioning in our present life?

Well, be it remembered the Bible was the first book which the types of Guttenberg ever printed. It was piety that led to the foundation of Oxford and Cambridge in England and of Harvard and Yale in America; and of the multiplied millions of dollars given in this country to higher education, how paltry a fraction has come from Socialistic, materialistic or atheistic hands!

And this argument is strengthened by considering the national blight invariably following the collapse of faith.

History grows monotonous in recording the downfall of godless nations. From the sand reefs covering the sepulchers of Egyptian kings, from the wolf haunted mounds of Babylon, from the vanished civilization that once found its culminating glory in the Athenian Acropolis, as well as the revolutionary horrors following the dethronement of religion in France, there comes a voice of solemn warning to the Socialistic unbelief of our time, saying, "The nation that forgets God must perish."

When Paul preached on Mars Hill, Athenian vice and skepticism had reached the agnostic stage and erected an altar to the "unknown god."

When Gibbon meditated on the steps of the Roman capital his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he might have found in the Scriptures the best epitaph for the grave of Roman imperialism: "Without God and having no hope in the world."

If you would see the unspeakable corruption with which that dying empire was honeycombed, read the abominations which the pages of the great satirists of that period unveil, and then you will be ready to shout a welcome to the Gothic savages as they pour down the gorges of the Alps and visit the pent-up wrath of God upon that cruel and bloody nation.

And here we have a red light of warning to our own civilization, for if we would escape the death sentence that has fallen upon the great nations of antiquity we must avoid their appalling sins!

INDUSTRIAL WORK AS A FACTOR IN EVANGELISM

By GEORGE A. KILBEY
Manager of Chicago Christian Industrial League

1. One of the problems of all large cities is its homeless and workless men. These are the prey of the saloon, the common gaming resort, and all other places of sin and vice, and on the usual plan, they are an impossibility to the church, and really much more outside her pale than the heathen in foreign lands.

2. No doubt the want of an intelligent plan, and the means of support have held the church back from any large efforts in this needy but exceedingly difficult field.

3. Many men have stood aloof from the church because they have thought her indifferent to the social and material wants of the people. They have said, "Where is that spirit of Christ, which delighted in feeding the hungry, and ministering to the keen necessities of the poor?" They have come to regard the church as representing comfort, ease and luxury, and as being the home of the club of the well-to-do, and themselves as unwelcome within its doors, and cut off from its associations.

4. The hunger and destitution of men often so engrosses their minds and fills up their thoughts that they can not be brought to think seriously of spiritual things until assured of some relief from their temporal anxieties.

5. The workless and hungry condition often embitters the minds of men against religion and the church.

6. There are many ways of assisting the necessitous. Among them two can be mentioned:

(1) Providing funds can be secured, the giving of charity, and this to all comers.

(2) Of discovering some method of enabling men to help themselves by their own industries and efforts.

With regard to the first, there can be no question that the giving of charities to people able to work is demoralizing, ruinous to piety, independence of character, self-reliance, and good citizenship. Whereas, the second method enables men to maintain their self-respect, leaving them only one thing to thank their benefactors for, and this, that they have taught them how to help themselves.

7. Idleness, whether voluntary, or enforced is degrading. This is so self-evident that it calls for no argument.

8. If, in a proper way, the church of Christ will make an effort at solv- the difficulties of "daily bread," and "somewhere to sleep," she will find men much more ready to listen to, and be influenced by, the gospel message.

9. Can the church do anything with these problems, or are they too large, and the task too difficult, and must the poor turn elsewhere in their social sorrows, and must the task of saving and helping them be left to other agencies.

Two years since the Presbyterian church, represented by Dr. Edgar P.

Hill and the splendid spirit of the Church Extension Committee of Chicago, determined upon a plan for helping the workless, homeless and destitute men, and also for placing reasonable home comforts within the reach of many poor mothers and children, and, after careful deliberation and investigation, it concluded, that once the plant was equipped, the scheme ought to be largely self-supporting.

What then, generally, are the plans and methods of work?

1. To secure large and convenient buildings in the down-town sections of the city, where

(a) Good, clean, comfortable, and yet reasonably cheap rooming accommodations could be given to not fewer than 225 in each hotel, but a larger number by preference.

(b) Commodious reading, writing and lounging space on the plan of hotel for the better class.

(c) Good and up-to-date convenience for baths and various sanitary purposes.

(d) A good mission hall, where regular earnest evangelistic meetings would be held, and where every other kind of helpful gatherings for men would be conducted, such a place to be made at least as attractive as the saloon.

2. To establish an industrial institution which would,

(a) Give work to any man representing himself as destitute through lack of employment.

(b) Serve as a bridge from a workless condition to permanent employment.

(c) Become a place where the man needing work, and the employer requiring help could meet; in a word, a useful and free labor exchange.

(d) An institution that would always help, but never pauperize, and never rob a man of his self-respect.

(e) An institution that from its first to its final effort should be pregnant with the spirit of Jesus.

One only of these two plans have as yet been attempted. This undertaking, however, is getting the best of encouragement.

Not until February last were we able to commence work. A large, central warehouse was secured, with every possible convenience for storage, workshop, factory and living quarters for the men employed.

Nine wagons and teams have been secured, and waste paper, magazines, furniture, clothing, shoes and every other kind of household and commercial waste to the value of many hundreds of dollars have been collected. These have been sorted, classified, shipped or repaired, and put on sale, thus finding work for men seeking it, and earning money for the general enterprise.

Three separate distributing centers or stores have been taken, each located right among the poor, and where articles are sold at prcies within reach of the poorest, so a true Christian service finds its way into the lives of the mothers and children, as well as to the out of work and destitute men.

Figures are at best a poor method of portraying service of this kind, but they will at least show something of what the church is attempting. In passing, I may say that practically every man assisted came to the institution in an absolute destitute condition.

Average number of men employed in warehouse daily, 14; total number of days' work supplied to date, 2,394; meals given to date, 9,392; beds given to date, 2,534; number of garments given away, 1,177.

Warm, earnest spiritual meetings are held for the men, with every possible effort of leading them to

Christ. Some have professed to seek and find the Savior.

Everywhere the work has been splendidly received and the churches have co-operated in the best way possible, both in the supply of materials and in turning needy men to us. The institution is proving most useful to God's great cause.

A man presents himself before a minister or other workers for Christ, and tells his story. Ordinarily there is no opportunity of testing his sincerity. He is sent to this institution. No matter how poor his talents, there is work within his ability. If he is desirous of getting on to his feet, and doing well for himself, he is always delighted to prove it by labor. There are no creed tests. The only recommendations called for is their need. Nor is it made a special church propaganda. The aim is to help men in their temporal difficulties, and to remove those obstacles that lie in the way of living clean, good, wholesome lives, and to bring them to a decision for the Kingdom of God.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD THROUGH FAITH

By W. E. BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

In all the years I have come to this place to speak, it has been in a sense of unworthiness, such of course, as one always feels when speaking in His name, but which it seems to me I have felt here as nowhere else and I feel it keenly today.

A goodly number of us who are here now, were here last year, and bowed ourselves down before God, and with our souls stirred to their deepest depths made our vows and put ourselves into the hands of God, and I am wondering how many of us have been kept "by the power of God through faith" for the year.

I like this place because here we can be confidential; we can open our hearts and make our confessions, and there are only those here who have come to pray and lift us up to God.

If any one has come here in a critical spirit, it would be best for you to leave now or to come down and get on your own face before God, who sees each one through and through and knows our hearts. I believe today I am upon higher ground than I have ever stood before, but I confess in humiliation that the past year has brought its failures and its disappointments.

I have made up my mind to be satisfied with no small degree of the grace of God, and I know and you know that "His grace is sufficient."

And now the thing I think ought to be said today is this. If we have not been kept as fully and completely as we had hoped to be we need only to read this text to know the reason why. "Kept by the power of God through faith."

There is a divine side and a human side. Kept by the power of God. We never doubt His omnipotence for a moment. We know that He is able, and able to do exceedingly abundantly above anything we could ask or imagine.

But I am afraid we fail to appreciate what power really is. We try sometimes to define it, but we can't. Power is not a

thing to be defined. It's a thing to be appreciated. What is power? "God hath spoken once, yea, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." We can't divorce power from God and none of us can ever obtain it or experience it save as God Himself comes with it. God may not need all of His omnipotence to keep you or me, and yet He may, but surely He never parts with any of it, as we may do with the things that belong to us. I may give you something of mine and keep the rest for myself, but it is not so with the power of God. He never parts with any of it, and it's a precious thought to me that in every action of my life, in every thought and every controlling desire, I can have the whole omnipotence of God to help me. And why then should I fall? But if God does not part with any part of His power, then He Himself must come with it, and I can be linked to His omnipotence only as I am linked to the Omnipotent One, and come into contact and fellowship with Him. And the text tells me that I am kept by the power of God through faith. That is the human side of it.

I think this means a few things in the neglect of which we can read the story of many of our failures.

First. The first word is helplessness. I wonder if I must not realize that I am utterly helpless and impotent in myself. I wonder how long you and I would stand in the presence of some temptation if we tried to stand alone.

"Lord save or I perish." Poor Peter he knew sometimes, at least, what it was to put his trust in Christ. The beginning of faith must be the despair of self. "Kept by the power of God through faith."

Second. The second word is restfulness. I wonder if I must not throw myself on God with such confidence that He is going to keep me as shall bring to me rest and peace in the consciousness of victory over sin. What some of us need is to quiet ourselves in the promise of God, to rest on His word.

Dr. Jowett told us last year of the difference between Faith and Belief, and he used an illustration with which you are all familiar—"The Bridge." One might believe in the bridge that it could bear up his weight, but when he trusted his weight to it to go to the other side, that was faith; and that's good, but there is a bit more to it. Have you ever read of the man who was crawling across the Mississippi river on his hands and knees, fearful lest the ice might give way under him. He, too, was trusting himself to the bridge, but with what fear and trembling and unrest. But how needless it all was, for he heard some one singing, and looked around and saw a man driving across with two horses and a big wagon filled with pig-iron.

Wouldn't it be a great thing if you and I could come to rest on God's Almighty power for every moment of our life. "Kept by the power of God through faith."

Third. The other word is unbroken fellowship. It is not in the promise as a printed word we are to trust, but in God; not in His power, but in Himself, and as we come to appreciate Him, our faith lays hold upon Him, a living, precious, powerful reality in our life.

But how shall this be? There is a song we sing, "Take Time To Be Holy." But how much time does it take to be holy? Listen, I'll tell you. It takes all the time there is. Holiness is not to be found alone on your knees, but in the busiest walks of life, and even in life's pleasures that are pure and clean.

One of the best definitions of prop-

erty I have ever heard was given by a Roman Catholic priest, when he said: "Property is communion with God in the material universe," and if it is possible to commune with God through our possessions, and I believe God meant it to be so, then surely in the doing of His will, whatever the shape it assumes, there is always to be found sweet intercourse with Him.

It was when this fellowship was broken that you went down. Much of the secret of failure lies in our not asking the question in everything we do—"Is this God's will for me?" If it is not, the path we take may lead to serious consequences. Oh, I wonder if it is not possible for some of use to begin this life of faith today, and I wonder if we would come into close communion with Him now with the deep emptiness of one whose supply is in God alone, and the restfulness of a soul that trusts its case wholly to the Omnipotent One, if He would not begin to answer in some life here this afternoon in some degree the prayer which Robert Murray McCheyne prayed when he said: "Oh, God make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made," and we would begin to know something today of what it means to be "kept by the power of God through faith."

I am sure of two things:

First. That His keeping power would be all inclusive. It would touch our life at every point of temptation and give us victory there. Some think He can keep you from gross sin, but not from some minor sin. Which is your besetting sin? You see the drunkard and say: "But by the grace of God I might have been like him." But if God can keep you from the one He can keep you from the other.

But your besetting sin may not be so small after all.

I wonder if your ambition has been a selfish one? Are you self-conscious when you preach? You say yes, and it's hurting my ministry. Are you ambitions for yourself? You answer, "Yes, so much so that I am afraid to trust the Holy Spirit to speak through me, lest I should not do so well; lest I should fail and be humiliated."

I wonder if God's power can keep you there?

Does it make you sad when you see another successful, and do you find it hard to rejoice when the one along whose side you are working is preferred before you? I wonder if God's power can keep us from jealousy.

And then perhaps there has been some phase of the sin of impurity that has come into your life, and you have fought against it all these years heroically and tenaciously, but at times it has gotten the better of you, and you are here today, and unless something comes into your life that has never been there before you shudder as you think of passing through the year that is just before you. I don't know but I sometimes think there is no class of men so subject to temptation of this kind as the minister and the evangelist. I do know there are some, many of them, who have gone down in full view of the world. We must pity them—I mean the one who has gone down in the storm of temptation that beat upon him like some fierce Euroclydon from out the infernal regions, but who afterwards like Peter went out and wept bitterly and God knows repented.

But this last year a brother said to me: "Biederwolf, God knows I am innocent of the charge; my Presbytery has exonerated me. True," he said, "I was indiscreet—but to have my brethren look at me as they do—" and then the tears came, and he said, "It is hard." But there are secret sins, and God says that you have

been as guilty as he. But from all this, my brother, we may be "kept by the power of God through faith." His keeping is not only all sufficient, for any particular sin, but it is inclusive of each and every sin.

The other thing of which I am sure —how could it be otherwise—is this: His keeping is constant and continuous. It is not sometimes in my life, but at all times that His presence and power is to be manifest. If God can keep you for a short time, why can He not keep you for all time?

This was the thought so precious to David. He loved to sing of the Keeper of Israel who never slumbered nor slept, and do you not recall what God has said of His vineyard. "I the Lord do keep it and will water it every moment." It is not necessary to calculate the moments as they go by, but it is a good thing to have your mind so stayed on Him that you can be conscious every moment of His keeping power. Some of us need to live that way more than we do.

Moment by moment, O, Lord, I am thine.
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above,
Looking to Jesus the glory doth shine.

Maybe there is someone here today who says, "I have sinned and I'm unhappy, and the weight of a guilty conscience has almost crushed me." Ah, but you never went so far away as Peter; you never went so far down as David, and God has forgiven you. You say, "I know He has, but I am unhappy; I am not at rest; I do not have peace." Then listen, my brother. Have you forgotten that His precious blood not only cleanses from all sin, but sprinkles the heart of a guilty conscience, and you can bathe in His tender-hearted love today and have peace, if you will take Him at His word; believe Him and the burden will be lifted, and you will love Him more and serve Him better, in the years that are still to come.

I close now, and I ask you in closing, if you are willing to experience through faith, to the very uttermost, the keeping power of God? We used to have a sign on the walls of our missions, "Jesus is mighty to save, and able to keep." Let us say "Even so, Lord Jesus," make this experience real to me.

ANXIETY FOR OTHERS

By CHESTER BIRCH

[Stenographically Reported]

"I say the truth in Christ, I lie not."—Rom. 9:1 to 3.

The first thing I notice is that Paul was under oath, for he was speaking "in Christ," and if ever a man will tell the truth it's now, when he speaks in Christ.

You notice he says, "I say the truth." This declaration acquits him before his master, and in the eyes of the people who knew him, for they had learned to know him as one whose arguments were weighty, and whose life was clean, and whose words were authority.

I confess, I have never been troubled much with the rest of the three verses, for I can scarcely get away from the "saying the truth," which almost startles me, for it seems that often we don't say the truth, when we don't mean to lie, but to me it has become clear that one may not say the truth, from ignorance, or environments that were misleading, until they may not declare the truth God would desire them to preach. Yet they may not lie, for one may not mean to mislead, and if this be the purpose I don't feel that God would hold one for lying. So I would not forget that he says, "I lie not." How about it, brethren, have we ever lied? I don't know whether it would be lying, to preach to please some whom we knew before God needed rebuking sharply. I can't tell what you would call it, if I were to preach one truth, when I believed the word of God taught another, but by preaching the whole truth, I may not be considered learned, and have my name appear among the names of those whose recent polishing in Europe had given them degrees of scholarship and a seat in the university or seminary.

Here we see why it was that he could not get away from the truth, as the Holy Spirit had taught him. Listen as he says, "My conscience also bearing me witness." Now, when a fellow reaches the spot where he can sit down and hold a caucus with his conscience and look his conscience squarely in the face, and say, I told the truth, he has been living in the power of the Holy Spirit.

I say, with all the commentators I have ever read, that I have as much difficulty in understanding things as I did years ago, but, staggering under the "anathema" mentioned, or under the great statement contained herein, I go on with my labors of love, in the midst of the confusion that wraps us around, as we vainly attempt to harmonize the many theories, and theological statements, and teaching we have read from the pens of the many whom we know to love.

As has been said, "one's reach should exceed his grasp," so while I can not reach what I want, I can not even grasp what I want, yet I can go on and reach out my hand of faith, and keep it in touch with the Master, and touch some of the great doctrines of grace His word has so sweetly taught me. While I may not always grasp them, I can keep in touch with the main teachings, which the wayfaring men, though fools, need not go astray therein.

We are led to inquire why the great

apostle was so deeply concerned about his brethren, and from his teachings, we are at once led to conclude it was because he saw them as lost out of Christ. He remembered it was only when the Israelites were sheltered under the blood that they were safe.

So, seeing the lost condition, and the impending doom, the fearful destiny of the ungodly, it filled the apostle with anxiety.

Should not the unyielding, incorrigible, impenitent attitude of our friends be a source of solicitude to us?

Should we not be more solicitous on their account? Should we not be concerned because they are not numbered with the followers of Christ?

We all know that there are people in these days who find great fault with us, because they say the church has shown so little concern for the unsaved. This may be true; it is true, in many instances, as touching certain individuals in the church, it may be true concerning many who are members of the church, and in some instances it may include most of the membership, but not in many cases, I believe, for I am sure there are many today who are concerned because of the apathy so prevalent. But they belong to a conservative body of believers, whose policy and teachings do not furnish the best atmosphere for activity. And this church suffers from lack of some method to make known the real desires that may burn like fire in hearts that know the Lord, but have been hampered by years of environments that were against any action that would announce to the world the real desires of honest hearts as touching the unsaved people.

I am sure many of our churches have suffered from this. I find in the hearts of many people, whose lives have been lived in quietness, a foundation that I covet for harness that will fit and hitch to the unmoved load of unsaved people, who wait for the very people whose conservative views are in keeping with theirs, as to what a real believer in Christ should believe, do, and live.

Now, how can we harness the unharnessed power that lies dormant in the church of Christ, and lead them to know the desires they may have, which desire burns as brightly as in the hearts of some whose church systems furnish better methods for action, in movements that we have labeled evangelistic, which only mean evangelical, and if a church is evangelical, it is evangelistic, and if it is not evangelistic, it is not evangelical.

I am sure the work of reaching people has been hindered because some writers, and often preachers, have given out the impression that the word evangelist means a man who has had nothing to speak of in the way of training for his work, and some sensational methods, which will give him the name of "Cowboy Evangelist," or "Saloon Evangelist," or "Drummer Evangelist," or "Prize-fighter Evangelist," or "Merchant Evangelist," or "Gold Horn Evangelist," or "Base Ball Evangelist," until some people look upon the work of evangelism as they do on a continuous vaudeville with moving pictures, full of surprises, and real thrillers.

Now, I would suggest one thing, which is so simple, that it may seem time-worn, but it's the solution, under the power of the Holy Spirit, that is "concentration." The curse of the membership today is their desire to do great things, when there are only a few ten-talent members in any church, but it is full of one-talent people.

Don't have your list of interested

ones too large, but have a clean list of ones you intend to try and interest. And then go to the most hopeful one, and with the names on your list, not more than five at a time, and with a cross set opposite the name of the most hopeful one, go and show him the list, and say, "it's up to you now to help me to win these other four." We limit our usefulness today by our desires for wholesale sweeping of people into the church, when the work has always been done by the ones.

You take any church with 200 members, and what this would mean in any town, to turn 200 people loose for any cause. You can sweep a town of 10,000 people with 200 people. You can bring to your town most any business proposition, you can locate most any school building with this number, you can turn the tide of most any election you start out to win with 200 workers. Now, see what it will mean for God if turned loose for Him with the energy we would use in the prosecution of any worldly enterprise.

One thing has impressed me as I have attended the Bible conferences and conventions of Christian workers for the last quarter of a century, and that is the desire I have found to see more done for God, and the desire is there, but when sifted, it seems to be a desire to discover some method to have it done by some one else, while we give direction, and study methods, and hunt for strategic points of attack, and attend conventions on personal work, and evangelistic conferences, and give our addresses to be printed for the benefit of the people, so we may be among the learned, when our busts are carved from the granite, or formed from the clay, and burned in the fires of enthusiastic applause of the multitude who listened to our addresses, and went home and did just what they had been doing before, just talk over methods they had learned, and try to discover one or two dear souls in their congregation who would try to work out the heavy methods they had learned, which was too heavy for them, but might fit some of the dear sisters or brethren who had worked in every place they had been given, anyway, without our new, and often unworkable methods.

Now, brethren, after many years' touch with city, town, village, country, and laboring in most every place known to evangelistic work in this country, it's my humble judgment that we don't need new methods as we do to work the old ones. For we have talked the new age, and the new man, and the new woman, and the new machine, and the new science, and the new theology, until we have befogged the people into the belief that the truths that saved our fathers will not save today, and what kills some of the new methods with me is the jobs they turn out with their new methods, for I tell you if the old methods will turn out such jobs for God as they did when these old methods turned out our fathers, then I say give me the old methods that has under it the eternal foundation of God's truth that shook Germany when Luther preached it, and stirred England when the Wesleys preached it, and dynamited Judaism when Paul preached it. This is the thing we need today, the old truths made vital with new methods in the "Power of the Holy Spirit."

GETTING A LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

By REV. WARREN H. WILSON, PH. D.
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The country church is married to the country community. She is sensitive to anything which has affected the country community. These two have not always maintained their ties and obligations. The community has sometimes sulked, and scarce spoken to the church for a period. The church has limited her services to a few and narrowed her love to a dry formal city. She has ministered sometimes to a calling list, not to the town. But it still remains that one call that can bring the country community upstanding, all together, is the call of religion.

The church is a sensitive register of the social life and the economic condition of the people. People talk about the church being narrow; if so, it is because the community is narrow. When the community is broad minded and large hearted the church is democratic and progressive. When the community is aristocratic, the church is proud. What more can you expect? Shall not two who are joined in vital bonds agree?

Three phases of community experience in America have written themselves deeply into the church. They are the experience of the promotors, of the exploiters, and of the cultivators of the soil. Each has had its church, in the above order, and the faithfulness of the church of the American community would require that in no other order should the country church develop. Her progress should be that of the population in which she serves. The pioneer was a lone worker. In the woods his ax alone sounded. From his cabin no other was reached with the eye, or by even a far cry of the voice. He lived and thought and battled alone. His theology was therefore a doctrine of personal salvation which is a completed treasure of the church. It is the dogma of freedom and responsibility. He was a man of impulse and emotional for he practiced all the trades, from shoemaking to cutting hair and cutting grass. Adam Smith made clear the dependence of the worker at varied trades upon impulse. The pioneer used rum as a stimulus of his great feats. His religion was one of the emotions. Yearly or periodic revivals were his only or his primary method of church work. Finney and Nettleton made a fine art of the pioneer religion; but neither of them could so revive rural people today, because the pioneer is gone, and the scientific, systematic farmer has come.

The second stage of communal life was that of the exploiter. He was the man who saw the value of wealth for man's use. He went to California in 1849, not to settle, but to scoop up a fortune and come back. He in all the states turned from farming to mining and oil prospecting. Coal or iron, mica or even a clay bed gave him promise of a fortune. His church is the church whose chief doctrine is giving, building, endowing. It has been a great and valid stage of American church life. But we have come to the outer edge of the value of money for spiritual things. In the past two years we have seen the limit

beyond which wealth has no use for the gains of the soul or for the upbuilding of the community. Nevertheless the period of the exploiter has been a great one in the growth of the American community and church. Its doctrine of consecrated wealth and giving is a gain forever valuable.

The third period which is just now beginning is that of the cultivation of the soil. The exploiters have loved the land as a man may love a woman greedily, selfishly. They have torn away the forests. They have violated the fair hillside with a mine. They have dishonored the country-side with the economic waste of black smoke.

But the Bible speaks of "marrying the land." I never knew its meaning till I saw Tennessee and Illinois this year. There side by side in the outraged land and the lands cherished, cultivated, educated. The systematic farmer loves the land and studies it, trains it, fertilizes it, educates it. The soil of my first parish in New York at Quaker Hill, is producing more at the close of two centuries of cultivation than at the beginning. Man by living on the land has learned how to give it more than he takes from it.

The church of the systematic farmer has come in some places. It is institutional, social, using qualities more than quantities; it guides every policy upon a comprehension of the entire problem. It serves the whole population. It builds for the future, for the permanence of all values, as well as for the immediate results. The same population who are scientific and systematic on the farm may be trained to be systematic and progressive in the church.

So the country church, married to the community, has shared the community's history. She has been poor and has toiled, she has slept and shall be awakened with the country community. She has not only been keenly in love with her mate, as married folks are wont to do. She is like the Scotchman who was sitting weeping on a stile by the roadside, and a passerby stopped to ask, "Why, Aleck, what makes you so sad?" "Oh, Donald McFadden's wife is dead." "So, indeed, but I did not know you were related to her." "Oh, no, she was no kin o'mine—but Och, oh! everybody's getting a change but me!" The country minister and church are often forgetful of the charms and the value of the country community. They desire a change, but their life is bound up in the community's life.

The country church, married to the community, is poor, while the country community is fast becoming rich. The values of all farm products and of farm acres are swiftly rising. The farmers have lifted their mortgages, painted their barns and ordered automobiles. But the church is out of repair, the pastor's salary is in arrears, and the minister is a slave to humiliating poverty. The prosperous farmer would not borrow on his once mortgaged lands; but he will borrow from his pastor each month a proportion of his salary, which he holds back. Why doesn't he go to the bank and get it at six per cent. instead of taking a forced loan from God's servant without interest? In our Toledo "One day Conference on the Country Church" the city pastors compared notes as to some men of the country churches who did not attend. Dr. Shepherd told of one who after some hesitation finally, in response to his urging the invitation, pulled out his purse and showed its contents. "That's all the money I have—sixty cents!" he said, "and my church cannot send me. They are behind on my salary now!" Whereupon the pastor, Mr. Duncan, rose and said: "If you men

will repeat this conference in the early future—so deeply do I appreciate its value—I have a member whom I have seen this afternoon, who will pay the expenses of all the ministers to the Presbytery, and an officer with each, in order that they may get the benefit." There is the contrast, father and brethren, between the poverty of the country church, starving and enslaving and degrading the minister, and the opulence of the city church, which has men of wealth ready at a word from the pastor to entertain a whole Presbytery, and pay the traveling expenses of his guests!

The Synod of Ohio has a plan for the evangelization of the pocketbooks of the country churches. Evangelists are supplied to country churches for a ten days' engagement. They are drilled in their work. Among their tasks is a meeting on Friday night of the church officers and leading men. A definite statement of the church's condition is made to them; and a financial proposal for the future. If they object, the Synod's agent quietly says, "Gentlemen, I was sent here instructed to do this." They rise to their duty and the church is put on a financial basis adequate to the minister's duties and needs.

"The best thing that has come out of Synod," cried a layman of Bowling Green, when this story was told, "is your financial system." The human mind acts by wave of social opinion. The purse has to be evangelized. I know of no better work for denominational agents to do. What has God given us our splendid denominational machinery for, hearsay-hunting? No, it is for deep plowing this worn out soil, harrowing, mellowing and seeding it, that the country community may, through the country church, bear increasing harvests in the coming seasons of God's providential husbandry.

"In the average church," declared a hard headed man, nine tenths of your difficulties will disappear when you straighten out your financial difficulties." The trouble is that the giving of the church is unconverted from pioneer standards. The country church member gives upon the impulse of a wood chopper, but he farms on the advice of Cornell and Newark professors. It is for the conferences and synods to undertake deliberately, as Ohio has done, the specific conversion of the farmer's conscience and religious life to the systematic giving, without which no church can live in this day of systematic industry and organized social life.

The country needs not the commonplace man, but the best man, especially the best preachers. Nowhere are good sermons valued more than in farming communities.

I heard of a theologian who had his first call to the country community, and he asked his professor, "What equipment shall I take, Doctor, to serve my people best?" And the professor replied, "Take your best sermon!" Years afterward, having preached well, he was called to a city charge, and again he applied to the professor for advice as to his equipment, and this time the advice was, "My boy, to the city charge take your best suit of clothes."

The country minister is depressed. He wants a change. He sees no charm in rural life. He has no purpose of lasting service. He needs a propaganda of rural life. He must be the prophet of the country, to clothe the fields with charm, and to grace the life of the farm home with culture and the enthusiasm of rural life. He must be the master of the rural conscience, and the apostle of rural leadership.

For this what preparation does he

get in the seminaries? In our "One Day Conference on the Country Church," which the department of Church and Labor has been holding in six great agricultural states, the criticism of the seminaries has been unusually intense; and most significant of all, it has been voiced by the devoted sons and diligent supporters of these institutions.

At Birmingham, Pa., the first man to leap to his feet—to his one foot—like a soldier as he is, was Gen. James A. Brown, ex-governor of the state. He declared that the theological student should be trained in the agricultural college, as a preparation for ministering to farmers. "He should know," he insisted, "how to bore a hole in the ground and tell a farmer whether that spot will be suitable for planting a Badlwin apple tree."

This criticism again and again we heard. I understand that President Kenyon L. Butterfield, author of "Chapters in Rural Progress," urges the same remedy, the training of the minister in the agricultural college. But the ministers who are serving in the country feel the need of training in sociology. And why not? The knowledge of vegetable life might help them a little. But these men are responsible for knowing human life, the subject matter of sociology.

When I, while a student in seminary, went to Columbia University to study sociology, I was warned by my friends, and I partly feared that it would take me out of the ministry." And when Professor Giddings assigned me to write a paper upon a country church community, I objected, preferring some spread-eagle topic, now forgotten. But in the meantime the church I love to serve has created the Department of Church and Labor, under the leadership of Mr. Stelzle, who approaches the matter not from books, but from experience. And now the whole missionary problem has been transformed from a geographical to a sociological basis, and here I am speaking to you upon a sociological religious theme, "The Country Church."

The country church is suffering from a profound and wide-spread depression. Agricultural districts are differentiated from other industries. They have their own capitals, their own leaders and their own avenues of discussion and feeling. Within these fields the country church is separated off. The ministers feel themselves almost ostracized by their brethren in the same denomination. "What city minister offers to exchange with a country minister in these days," cried a synodical superintendent in one of the Country Church Conferences. The country minister finds a meagre ideal of the country church imposed upon him. Nothing is expected of him, and as little as possible is given to him. This condition cannot be permanent, and does not express the real mind and feeling of the church. We are living in a state of temporary excitement over big business and the big city. But all the more on this account does the country minister feel the keen injustice of this neglect by the church as a whole. The effect upon him is to arouse an almost universal desire for a change. "All my ministers," said a Methodist Bishop, "desire to go to two places to live—New York City and Heaven—and they want to go to New York City first." Our conferences have brought to light a significant number of contented and successful country ministers, who are perfectly at home

in their work. One man has lived within sixty miles of New York for twenty years on $300 a year and supported a wife. Another in Pennsylvania has brought up a family of sons who are to enter the Presbyterian ministry. These men are not impatient with the country, but their number is very small. Most country ministers are restless and discontented, and the state of feeling throughout their denominations raises in their minds the protest against rural conditions, and a distaste for the limitations or rural life.

The country church in spite of her poverty and in the face of the growing wealth of the community, has in her possession many of the resources which the country community needs. What are those resources?

First. The country church has a wealth for the community in the old members who have moved away. Its hold upon them is the most tenacious of any institution with which they have to do. Their success and their attainments always remain in sentiment and may be made in fact the possession of the community which sent them forth. The extent of this resource is scarcely appreciated. A reunion of the Plum Creek Church in Pennsylvania brought to light the fact that although this church was "running along with its tongue out" in raising a thousand dollars a year for its minister's salary, the former members of the church had come into possession of fifteen millions. The country church in those communities which have longest studied this problem is leading in the "Old Home Week Movement"—an annual reunion, with the revision of the list of old members, with cultivation of interest in those members where they are, and sympathy with their attainments and experiences, with solicitation of gifts, and of endowment for local institutions, with ample discussion of agriculture and other local industries, and with the promoting of the literary interest in the "home town," which has brought to the local community a wealth of human interest.

The second resource which belongs to the country community and the country church is given in the leaders who have arisen in the last decade. Very few, indeed, are the books on the country community and on rural life. Professor Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," volume 4, and other writings of Professor Bailey, of Cornell, Wilber F. Anderson's "The Country Town," and Kenyon L. Butterfield's "Chapters in Rural Progress," belong on a shelf by themselves.

But the personal leadership and the electric inspiration of Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell; President Butterfield, of Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst; Professor Hayward, of Delaware College; W. H. Jordan, director of the Experiment Station at Geneva, N. Y.; Rev. George Frederick Wells, the specialist in Church Federation in Burlington, Vermont, and the two splendid men whose service under the United States Government has been epoch making—Wilson and Pinchot—promise a propaganda of country life. The next generation will see a wealth of literature of all sorts in exploiting and advocating and enjoying country life.

The third resource of the country community and church is the reaction from the tide which has set toward the city. Now this drainage of the country communities into the city is not all bad. It has carried away many of the brilliant and ambitious. It has also drawn away the baser and

worse elements from the country. The factory, the railroad, and the variety of city industries have attracted the bolder and more eccentric spirits out of the country community, both bad and good, and have sifted the population in a general way, leaving those who are best adapted to the industry in which the particular countryside can be most profitably worked. I know there are limitations in the process, but I believe the general effect of the sifting of population has been an improving and organizing of the country people. Now the tide has begun to set toward the country. In Altoona, the industrial capital of the Pennsylvania railroad, 2,200 were discharged in 1907, because of the panic. Within a few weeks none of them were found in Altoona. They had gone to the farms where there is always a living. Two years later, when they were summoned back again by mail, they declined to come until better wages and more favorable hours and conditions should be promised.

Ten years ago I went to the country to seek health in the summer for my household. This year, in the spot which I selected because I could afford to go there, there are twenty families who spend the summer together. They would have gone to the country somewhere, but became my rural neighbors simply because of personal acquaintance. All through the East the cities are contributing their children to the country communities, and this immigration into the country will remain. As a real estate man said, "People come from the city once, and some of them are disappointed and come back. But they are never contented. The country claims them again as residents, and from this second excursion to the open country they never return."

The fourth resource of the country community in this day, which the church brings to her, is the splendid democratic organization of Protestant denominations. Our noble church with organization seasoned by four centuries of self government comes to the country community with an endowment of priceless value. Is not the great need in the country, the need of co-operation and organization? Shall not the minster be the apostle of the spirit of his own church, teaching the farmer what it means to us to work together? Is our splendid organization to be used only for the petty purposes which express our differences of interpreting the Bible, or is it not to be used instead as it is used in Ohio Synod and the Presbytery of Huntington in Pennsylvania—to mention no other case—for the propaganda of country life, for the upbuilding of country communities through the Presbyterian church?

Let me be perfectly definite at this point. I believe that the Synods, the state organization in the Presbyterian church, which the city minister regards with languid interest, are the inheritance of power for the country church and the service of the country community. The local group of churches is often helpless to render aid to the country church in her great task—because they may be made up wholly of country churches. But the state organization possesses resources of the whole state. Let them realize that this is their task. Let them adopt rural evangelism. Let them make that evangelism systematic and constructive. Use it as a regime of health for the country church. Put dynamite and jack screws, and new timber and plaster

and shingles into it. Put an architect in charge, and let us hire contractors and demand results of them. And let us have no selfish interest. Our creeds and standards require of us no denominational narrow work, but the church is to be an agency for the revival of the country community as well as thorough conversion of the country resident.

Fifth, and greatest of all. The country church brings to the country community her inheritance of the gratitude of the churches, for out of her maternal bosom have gone four-fifths of the ministers who serve in cities and of her are two-thirds of the leaders who are sustaining our great denomination. These men do not forget. They remember the shade of the trees in the village street, and the ball ground where they played as boys, and the swimming pool. They have not forgotten the red school house; its deficiencies as well as its bounding life and laughter; its substantial though irregular training. They need only to be told of their duty, and they will become members again of the community that sent them forth. All this wealth of sentiment and passion of remembrance is for the country church to transfer to the account of the country community and herself. Only the country church must believe in herself and in the community. She must renew her marriage bonds, and she must be loyal to the community whose life she shares.

My last general statement must be a brief review of the points which unite the country church and the country community. In our "One Day Conferences on the Country Church," we are calling this statement "The Standard of Country Life." It is a sketch of the code of aspiration for the country church; the rule by which the country church shall reconstruct her life.

First. The country church has her doctrines of right and wrong for the community. You older men will remember when the temperance reform was a mere signing of pledges by individuals. Today the temperance reform is a propaganda as wide as the nation, expressing itself through local option and law enforcement. It is a community doctrine, not a personal abstinence merely. The country church is speaking to the country community in the modern temperance movement; for, mind you, modern temperance reform is the doctrine born of the country church. The whole agitation is manned and derived from the conditions of rural life awakened to the need of a community standard. In the modern temperance reform the city with its forces has been sterile. This agitation has used the cities as centers of transportation and occasional fields of financial harvesting, but the men and the resources and the opinion came from the country.

Second. In this communal code which the church is teaching the community is Sabbath observance, on behalf of the workingman. The country church is realizing that the Sabbath day is being exploited by money-making. We are all alarmed at the fact recently discovered that four million workingmen in America must labor on the day of rest. The church is not the owner of the Sabbath, but the trustee. She holds it for the men who toil. To them it was given in the Fourth Commandment and in the word of our Lord. The Sabbath has been a difficult burden for the church, and it has been of doubtful value to her, to use it as a sole day of worship. Today in the interest of the great body of men who toil the Sabbath must be retaken, through the

power of the State, and by the creation of public sentiment. It is the greatest effective shortening of the continuous strain of labor that the world has ever known. We may aspire to an eight-hour day, but we do well to set great value on the six-day week.

Men talk about "perishable goods," which must be moved on the day of rest. Nothing is more "perishable" than a shave or a hair-cut, but the barbers of New York State went to the legislature and demanded protection against the toil in their "perishable" industry on the Sabbath, and the governor of New York has closed the barber shops on Sunday. Nothing is more perishable than meat, but the butchers' workers in New York went to the legislature and demanded that the butcher shops be closed on the Sabbath, and they were closed. The workingmen of France and Italy are demanding the day of rest, and they are able, as the churches are not, to enforce this demand. In Rome a year ago some ladies of my acquaintance tried to buy the pretty Roman scarfs on their last day in in the city, which was Sunday, but every shop in Rome, except a few where the Pope sells his relics, were closed. Did the Pope close them? Did the Protestant churches, or the tourists? Oh, no! They were closed by a law enforced by the mayor of Rome, who is a Socialist by the name of Nathan, and a Jew.

The third feature in the communal good for country church and community is the promoting of recreation as a field of moral improvement. Our fathers, in the great days of the church's power, were not afraid to speak of recreation and amusement and play. They were strong and masterful, it is true, but they were not without sympathy. The modern minister is afraid to deal with recreation; but the workingman is forced to seek organized public recreation, and he has discovered that its influence is good. The letters I received from ministers throughout the country testify that public recreation in the towns is generally of an essential moral tone, often the ministers inconsistently add that their attitude is one of opposition, or neutrality, toward all sports. But Dr. Luther Gulick, who was trained in our churches and colleges, a specialist in the Young Men's Christian Association, and employed for years by the New York public schools, says "There is a higher moral training in the reactions of play than in the experiences of labor." It becomes the country community therefore to promote true recreaton for its moral values. A doctrine of recreation and a standard for the spontaneous enjoyments of the young and of the working people in the community should be contributed by the country church to the population which it serves.

Fourth. In the communal good is federation. I have spoken of the importance of the church organization and organizing spirit. In the preaching of the ministers shall the denominational church be afraid to make herself the center of a federation of the churches of the community to contribute her broad, open spirit with no prejudical doctrine? Let her be as broad as her inheritance and call the churches together into co-operative service to the whole population.

In communal doctrines the country church should contribute the reunion of old members to the country community. Every country church should be required to report as to her knowledge of her former members. Her hold upon them is the longest and most

tenacious of all the institutions to which they join themselves. Let the state organization make the country church responsible for these members on her own behalf and on their behalf. Their prosperity will enrich the country community and her interest will govern their lives and sentiment as long as they live.

Third of the bonds which unite the country church and community is the missionary inheritance of the church. The country community is narrow and petty. Let the church inoculate the gossip of the town with missionary story, heroic biography, world-wide vision. The propaganda of foreign missions and city missions have peculiar fascination for country people. My own experience has been that rural congregations will give more willingly to home and foreign missions than to local church support. In my first parish the list of supporters of a missionary physician in China, whom the people had never seen, was the longest list in my church records, longer than the membership of church or Sunday school. It was the widest reach in which the church could include the residents in that countryside. The church should make everybody give something to missionary enterprises, and should put the printed matter of the great boards of the church in every farmer's and every tenant's house in the community. She should bring, moreover, the speaker and the exhibit from foreign lands to the platform of the country church, that the people who have never seen any but one landscape may acknowledge the fascination of foreign harbors and distant continents to which the Gospel is being sent by themselves.

Fourth of the bonds is that everybody should give to the support of the local church. I am not going to dwell on this. I have said enough about the evangelism of the country church in the matter of giving. Convert the prosperous farmer into a benevolent man. No one will do it for him between birth and death but the country church. If he dies mean and narrow, it must be her fault as well as his own. She is nearest to him of all agencies. If he will not give to her support his case is hopeless.

Last of all, even at the risk of repetition, let me say that the church in the country brings to the country community her great doctrine of organization and of co-operation. All through the land farm communities are seething with the agitation of farmers' unions, dairymen's leagues, fruit growers' associations. In this agitation let the church not be silent! She has a message mature and a machinery well proven for the work, and her contribution to the working out of the problem of country life must, as the Country Life Commission showed, be the first in the revival of country life which, thank God, has begun.

SOCIALISM A PERIL TO THE HOME

By J. WESLEY HILL, D.D.

A few years ago the Socialists published a booklet under the title of "A Socialist Wedding," which is suggested by the quotations I have just made. The purpose of this booklet was to show how man and woman should enter wedlock in the Socialist order.

It describes the wedding of two foremost members of the Socialist party; one was George D. Herron, the other Carrie Rand, the young woman for whom Herron had deserted his wife and children, and because of which he had been expelled from the Congregational ministry.

At this model Socialist wedding, neither man of the cloth nor man of the law officiated. Said one of the speakers present: "This is the time and place for the music of a poet, the speech of a god; the office of a priest or magistrate would be an intrusion here."

From other congratulatory speeches we quote the following: "There seems in the gathering of such a company a hint of the dawning of the day when the spirit of freedom shall rule the world, freedom of the body and freedom of the soul."

"All the friends that Mr. and Mrs. Herron love will love them forever, and love them all the better because they have had the courage to stand up and say that they love each other and that love is all the marriage they need."

"While we lead such an advance in the world, we must put up with the snarling and biting of the dogs," the dogs being those who believe in the sanctity of the home and the marriage relation.

One of the works of the fathers of Socialism recommended especially by the National Executive Committee of the party as essential to a full understanding of its philosophy, is "Woman Under Socialism," now in its thirty-third edition. Its author is August Bebel, than whom there is no higher authority. I quote from the translation made by Daniel D. Leon, an editor of a New York Socialist weekly:

"Prostitution is today a necessary social institution, just as the police, standing armies, the church and wage mastership. Mankind will have to return to nature and to the natural conditions existing in nature. It must cast off the now ruling and unhealthy spiritual notions concerning marriage. The reign of the mother right implied communism, equality for all; the rise of the father right implied the reign of private property and with it the oppression and enslavement of woman."

The importance attached to this work as the Magna Charta of woman's rights, by Socialists, is further shown by an editorial appearing in the "New York Call," a leading Socialist daily, of Feb. 27, 1910. This would seem to be an up-to-date statement of Socialism on this question.

The editorial appears under the caption, "What Every Woman Ought to Know." "Woman, to fight effectively for her freedom, ought to know exactly how the present relations between men and women came into being. Never was a great movement so sadly handicapped by historical ig-

norance as is the woman's suffrage movement of today. Socialist women have a splendid field for educational work in the suffrage camp. The one book that contains in small compass what every woman ought to know is Frederick Engel's 'The Origin of the Family.' Every Socialist woman should become a book agent to sell this book."

Now, let us see what this book has to say with reference to marriage, this book which should be peddled by every Socialist woman.

On page 144 may be found the following: "Modern marriage is an institution that is closely connected with the existing social condition and stands or falls with it; but this marriage is in the course of dissolution and decay, exactly as capitalist society itself."

Again, on page 345 in this book which **every Socialist woman should sell**, appears the following: "Freedom in the choice of love is an impossibility, in the present social order. This fact was the objective point in our preceding array of evidence. Place the whole community under social conditions similar to those enjoyed by the material and intellectual elect and forthwith the opportunity is there of equal rights and freedom for all. The simple circumstance that all bashful prudery and affectation, all secrecy regarding natural matters will have vanished is a guarantee of a more rational relation between the sexes than that which prevails today."

Again, the Socialist attitude toward the family is seen from another angle when viewed in the light of an article by Robert Hunter, in the "New York Call," of September 25, 1909, in which this Socialist author declares: "Those who love their children do so at the expense of others' children; those who love their own family do so at the expense of others' families."

The author of this article bases his conclusions upon what he believes to be a necessary concomitant of the necessary social order, affirming that "Capitalism obliges the family head to be un-Social, in that he must love his own wife and offspring at the expense of the family of another man."

Mr. Hunter in thus expressing himself doubtless was free from any apprehension that for his audacious utterance not even the Socialist party in this country would call him to account.

He had been a delegate to the national Socialist convention held at Chicago in 1908, and evidently had not forgotten that from a substitute for a plank included in the report of the Platform Committee, hewn out for the purpose of placing the party on record as not being **concerned with the institution of marriage,** in the form in which the substitute was finally adopted the term **"marriage"** had been eliminated.

But the Socialist retort that in the present social order, a man's love is not in all cases confined to the four walls of his own house; that is, that there is a vast amount of free lovism among those opposed to Socialism.

This is undoubtedly true; but be it remembered that in our present society such promiscuousness is regarded in the light of criminal offense against public sentiment, the law of the state, no less than the law of God as voiced in the Seventh Commandment; but under Socialism it is openly proposed to remove all these restrictions; to prostitute public sentiment to the low level of animalism; to overthrow all civil and criminal statutes dealing with this problem; to nullify the decree of Sinai; to substitute the black rag of incest for the spotless banner of monogamous purity, the Turkish harem for the American home, and

the vile doctrine of Mormon and Mohammedan polygamy for the immutable and indissoluble law of God, one wife for one man.

Invariably, in Socialist criticism of the monogamous family, it is affirmed that with the institution of monogamy the head of the family has then placed a certain restraint upon the wife, in order that such property as he might have should descend to this evil to have been the outgrowth did he himself share this restraint; hence arose the social evil!

Always and everywhere, they affirm ths evil to have been the outgrowth of capitalism or its anti-type.

"Prostitution is a necessary part," says Debbs, "of capitalized society."

That history shows to the contrary is apparently of no concern to Socialists in their efforts to justify the attitude of Socialism toward the present family.

When they themselves write history or interpret it, they always do so from what they call the proletarian point of view, as Engels himself has said in the work from which we have quoted, thus leaving a wide gap in their horizon. It would be useless to commend to them a reading of Sanger's "History of Prostitution," or any other such work of standing.

Says Dr. Sanger: "This evil is co-evil with society. It stains the earliest mythological records. We can trace it from the earliest twilight in which history dawns to the clear daylight of today, without a pause, a break or a moment of obscurity."

But let us view this question from another angle, viz: The attitude of Socialism toward the child.

There is but one answer, viz., that all children born in the Socialistic state will be orphaned; the community itself will assume the parental care and responsibility, will be father and mother, while the home shall have been absorbed by the "household industry;" children will be relegated to the "nursery farm;" women, emancipated at last from domestic slavery, will become a part and partner in the "social industry," a relation which will exempt from maternal responsibility, and socialists lay great stress on their demand for the "economic independence of woman."

Just what this means is clearly indicated in the quotation already made from Engels in his "Origin of the Family," page 91:

"The modern monogamous, that is, one-wife family, is founded on the open or the disguised slavery of woman. The emancipation of woman primarily depends on the reintroduction of the whole female sex into the public industries. To accomplish this, the monogamous family must cease to be the industrial unit of society."

This proposition simply means the destruction of the marriage relation, the overthrow of the family, and the homelessness of children, for when the "reintroduction of the whole female sex into the public industries" as the result of the cessation of the monogamous family occurs, the care of the child must of necessity disappear.

Mr. H. M. Hinman, in his "Historical Basis of Socialism," page 453, declares: "Marriage for life and responsibility of the parents for the children born in wedlock must end, and result in a widely extended communism." What does that mean but illegitimate children through promiscuous sex relationship? It is an appeal to communism.

Again in "Socialism; Its Growth and Outcome," page 298, we are given an advance view of the condition of the child in the Socialistic state: "Property in children would cease to exist, and every infant that came into the world would be born into full citizenship and would enjoy all the

advantages, whatever the conduct of its parents might be."

What nonsense is this? How is it possible for infants to be born into citizenship? Citizenship implies manhood, not the immature state of childhood. It implies rights, and the power to enforce one's rights. How many infants lodged in the "household industry" protect their rights of Socialist citizenship?

The child's rights as a member of civil society are necessarily recognized and also protected by its parents or guardians until such time as it shall have attained its majority; and until it shall have arrived at the age where its five senses shall perfectly co-ordinate, it may not be said to reason as to its rights or duties. It is in the care and power of its parents.

Great talk, this, about infants being born into citizenship; a pleasant sound, indeed, without any practical sense or sociologic philosophy!

God protect us from the "household industry" and the "full citizenship" which Socialism would thrust children into.

Fathers and mothers would do better to throw their children to the protection of the wolves than to place them in the hands of an administration of things which seeks to convert the home into a social industry.

As to what would likely be the scope of the Socialist state in the education of the child, Mr. Spargo says: "Whether the Socialist regime could tolerate the existence of elementary schools other than its own, such as privately conducted kindergartens and schools, religious schools, and so on, is questionable. Probably not. It would probably not content itself with refusing to permit religious doctrines or ideas to be taught in its schools, but would go further, and as the **natural protector** of the child (note these words: the Socialist regime is to be the **natural protector of the child,** not the parents) guard its independence of thought in later life, as far as possible, by forbidding religious teaching of any kind. The restriction of religious education implies no hostility to religion, but neutrality. Not the least important of the rights of the child is the right to be protected from influences which bias the mind and destroy the possibilities of independent judgment in later life, or make it attainable only as the result of bitter, needless, tragic experience!" "Socialism," pages 238-239.

It is evident from what Mr. Spargo here declares that not only would daily schools be abandoned, but also Christian Sunday Schools would be forbidden, and likewise the privileges, influences and inspiration of the church and home.

And since religious education upon the part of the school and church is obnoxious, it logically follows that religious education would be refused the child by the Socialist state.

Touching this phase of the Socialistic programme, Mr. William Morris, a well-known representative of Socialism, in a letter to Rev. William Sharmon, declares: "My whole experience has shown me that the parents are the unfittest persons to educate a child, and I entirely deny their right to do so, because that would interfere with the right of the child as a member of the community from its birth to enjoy all the advantages which the community can give. Children have as much need for a revolution as the proletarians have. Mind you, I don't think this change in the family or in religion can be done by force; it is a matter of principle, and must come as the people advance in knowledge. I rely on the stomach for bringing it about."

What does that mean? Simply this, that under the sting of hunger, the French Commune will appear under the Stars and Stripes, legal authority and restraints will be dissolved, the pillars of government will be overturned, and through the stomach, that is, through hunger, the Socialistic Revolution will be brought to pass, the home will be destroyed and childhood will be placed under the care and control of the Social state.

With this problem, therefore, brought to its larger statement and seen in its far-reaching effects, we turn for a few moments to the teachings of Jesus Christ concerning the home, in order to ascertain whether there is a semblance of encouragement in Christianity to the spirit and teachings of present-day Socialism in relation to the family.

He puts extraordinary emphasis on the institution of the family. With striking identity of language the first three Gospels record His utterances on this subject, and their reiteration of the teachings indicates how profound an impression it originally made.

Let us note some of these declarations: "It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement; but I say unto you that whosoever shall put away his wife save for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery, and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." Matthew 5:31.

Again, "The Pharisees came also unto Him, tempting Him, and saying unto Him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And He answered and said unto them, Have ye not read that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife and they twain shall be one flesh, wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Matt. 19:3, 4, 5, 6.

More significant still of the sentiment of Jesus concerning the family is His general use of this relationship as the type which expresses all that was most sacred to His mind.

God is a Father, man is His child; and from the Father to the child there is conveyed the precious and patient message of paternal love.

When the prodigal boy, in that parable which most perfectly tells the story of the sinning and repentant life, came to himself, his first words were, "I will arise and go to my father," and while he is yet afar off, the watching father sees him coming and is moved with compassion. Repentance, that is to say, is but the homesickness of the soul, and the uninterrupted and watching care of the parent is the fairest earthly type of the unfailing forgiveness of God.

To all these aspects of His teaching, which indicate the thought of Jesus concerning the family, may be further added His habitual sympathy for domestic life itself and His habitual reverence for women. Though having nowhere to lay His head, He was as far as possible from the habits of asceticism. He shared the gaiety of the wedding feast; He lived until manhood in the tranquil simplicity of a village home; He was subject unto His parents; He worked with His father in His father's trade; He found respite from the strain of His last days in the family circle at Bethany.

His attitude toward women was marked both by insight and by courage. Nothing could be more contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ than to say with Bebel that "Christian doctrine exhibits the same contempt for

woman which all oriental religions manifest."

Jesus always honored woman in conversation and in deed. To the woman at the well He expounded the spirituality of God, and likewise revealed Himself as the Messiah; He interprets and welcomes the affection which prompts another woman to lavish on Him her costly offering; He reads the heart of the woman who is a sinner; He lifts the thoughts of Martha above her household cares.

In His doctrine of marriage He explicitly guards the rights and enforces the duties of the woman; and finally, as He languishes upon the cross, His last thought is for His broken-hearted mother in her solitary home.

"Now, there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He said unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her into his own home."

Finally, in that thrilling picture of redemption's grand consummation, John the beloved, now entranced with the Apocalyptic vision which came to him at Patmos, beholds the union of Christ with His church, as representing the divine institution of matrimony; and the whole scene is bodied forth in the figure of the marriage ceremony.

In Revelations 19:6-7, he writes: "I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Allelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready."

My friends, there is no Socialistic view of the marriage relation here, nothing of a polygamous, free love character. It is built upon the divine principle of monogamy. It is one Christ, joined in the indissoluble hands of matrimony to His one redeemed and glorified church. It is one Savior and Redeemer of sinners, one Lord of all, receiving to fullness of fellowship and glory one church of the living God.

Anything, therefore, that threatens the religious foundation of the state, imperils the entire superstructure, and must, in the nature of things, culminate in the overthrow of government and in the destruction of national ideas, ideals and institutions.

The same effect is inevitable in relation to individual and social life. If society, in ancient Greece and Rome, was honeycombed with iniquity, if it reeked with those abominations depicted by Tacitus and Juvenal; if rotting to the very core, bereft of virtue, integrity, and decency, it finally sank into the very desolation of degradation, there is but one explanation of such individual and collective decay.

SOCIALISM A PERIL TO THE STATE

By J. WESLEY HILL, D.D.

The attitude of Socialism to the State is that of relentless and revolutionary hostility.

I have already proven by evidence of the most incontrovertible character —the testimony of the leaders of the Socialistic propoganda throughout the civilized world—that Socialism means atheism; that it is immoral in principle, irreligious in spirit, and grossly materialistic in manifestation.

This within itself constitutes a paramount peril to the civil order, for history demonstrates that the permanency of political institutions depends upon their religious character, their embodiment of divine principles.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God," is as true today as when it was first declared by the prophet of the Most High.

If Socialism were permitted to destroy the religious foundation of this nation it would be but a short time until the entire superstructure of government were overthrown and our civil institutions, dismantled and destroyed, would be but a tragic reminder of our past national glory.

Likewise the attitude of Socialism toward the home carries with it unrestrained hostility to the State, for the State derives its purity, its strength and vitality from the home, which is not only the cornerstone of the State, but the very citadel of Christian civilization.

If, then, religion is to die out under the Socialistic regime and if the monogamic family is to be destroyed, in the very nature of things the State must likewise perish.

To begin with, Socialism entirely ignores the State in the spirit, content, sweep and purpose of its existence! It is not national in character; it boasts of its international spirit and program. Its mission is framed upon an international scale; its appeal is directed to international consciousness and its avowed purpose is the overthrow of national authority and the establishment upon the ruins of the great world powers of the Socialistic State, unrestrained by civil control, unprotected by law, and unhampered by the stays and guards of civil government.

That this is the attitude of Socialism is clearly seen in an article by that up-Socialist, Jack London, in "The International Socialist Review," August, 1909. Hear him:

"In the United States there are four hundred thousand men who begin their letters 'Dear Comrade' and end them 'Yours for the revolution.' In Germany there are three million men who begin their letters 'Dear Comrade' and end them 'Yours for the revolution.' In France, one million men; in Austria, eight hundred thousand men; in Belgium, three hundred thousand men; in Italy, two hundred and fifty thousand men; in England, one hundred thousand men; in Switzerland, one hundred thousand men; in Denmark, fifty-five thousand men; in Sweden, fifty thousand men; in Holland, forty thousand men; in Spain, thirty thousand men—comrades all, and revolutionists! These

are numbers which dwarf the grand armies of Napoleon and Xerxes, but they are numbers not of maintenance of the established order, but of conquest and revolution. They compose when the roll is called an army of seven million men who, in accordance with the conditions of today, are fighting with all their might for the conquest of the wealth of the world and for the complete overthrow of existing society.

"There has never been anything like this revolution in the history of the world. There is nothing analogous between it and the American revolution or the French revolution. It is unique, colossal, the first world revolution in a world whose history is replete with revolution; and not only this, for it is the first organized movement of men to become a world movement, limited only by the limits of the planet. They call themselves 'comrades,' these men, comrades in the Socialistic revolution, nor is the word empty and meaningless, coined of mere lip service. It knits men together as brothers, as men should be knit together, who stand shoulder to shoulder under the red banner of revolt!

"Such an army of revolution, seven million strong, is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is 'No Quarter! We want all that you possess! We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess! We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind! We are going to take your governments, your palaces and everything away from you. Here are our hands! They are strong hands!' "

Thus, you will observe, Socialism is utterly opposed to Americanism; ignoring our institutions, traditions and flag, oblivious to our national spirit and destiny, it seeks to subvert patriotism, destroy loyalty and rally its adherents around a standard which is diametrically opposed to our national schools and institutions.

Gabriel Deville, a Socialist of high standing in the international Socialist movement, has written a book, "The State and Socialism," a book endorsed and recommended by the Socialist party of this country in "What Socialists Should Read."

In this book we are told "The State is the public power of coercion, created and maintained in human societies by their division into classes and which, having force at its disposal, makes laws and levies taxes." Continuing, the author declares: "For Socialists the existence of the State in society is bound up with the existence of classes in that society. Hence, this conclusion: Before classes came into being, there was no State; when classes shall cease to exist, there will be no State. This, then, is our object: the overthrow of the State."

There is so much Socialistic writing which is vague, so cumbered with negations and abstractions, that the student may be pleased to find a plain statement of their doctrine in relation to this specific subject.

Deville has brought out clearly the Socialist position regarding the State; although he says that Socialist definitions are not arbitrary, one must logically conclude that Mr. Deville's definition is arbitrary for the reason that it is laid down upon a purely arbitrary purpose; viz., the expressed mission of Socialism to abolish classes. Therefore, since the State is charged with the responsibility for existence of classes, he is certainly true to the logic of Socialism saying: "When classes shall cease to exist, there will be no State."

Of course the question now hinges

upon the possibility of class extinction.

This suggests the further question: Was there ever a time when classes did not exist? That is, when individuals differed not in point of mental and moral capacity in their intellectual endowments, gifts, graces and likewise in their powers of production, accumulation and leadership?

Who believes that there ever was a time when humanity lived upon one dead level of equality, with no gradations of talents, no superiority in anything and consequently no inferiority—all alike in tastes, affinities, faculties, facilities, inspiration, ambition, knowledge and achievement?

It will be seen, therefore, that the whole argument proceeds upon a false premise; viz., that the State is responsible for class distinction and, therefore, the destruction of the State is necessary to class extinction! The argument is as valid as that of the old colored minister who loudly proclaimed: "Adam had a wife and he lived with her. Noah was saved in the ark; and therefore, Jonah swallowed the whale!"

And yet this logic is employed by many Socialists following the lead of the anarchist school, who say that the State is but the principle of invasion, that it assaults the rights of others; and they therefore declare that the State is but the result of conflicting class interests, and that it has existed only since the advent of classes in society. In other words, that it is simply a weapon of the ruling class used against the ruled, and therefore logically conclude from their false premise that the State should be destroyed!

This program of destruction is in absolute antagonism to the principle of evolution.

To those of foreign lands who have never lived within a democratic State nor been imbued with the spirit of civic freedom manifested at the altitude of that in the United States, the Socialist talk of abolishing the State would seem to be good logic, but one living in a land where men have seen the State evolved from the king's coercive power to the power of manhood suffrage, whereby the exercise of the franchise once in four years may cause a higher manifestation of political organization and of economic opportunity, this talk of abolishing the State is illogical, absurd and anarchal. It is an utter break with history, a violent assault upon that principle of evolution which is everywhere working for righteousness and which must in the very nature of things correct the abuses of government, restrain the rage and cruelty of tyrants, overthrow thrones of oppression and give to the world a type of government which derives its just power from the consent of the governed. A democracy, if you please, such as cements and unifies the several states of our own country into one great nation in which the citizen is a king, the humblest subject may aspire to the highest official position, and every pathway honestly trod leads to the full realization of that equal opportunity guaranteed to every man before the law!

There may be some ground for Socialistic antagonism to systems of absolutism in government, to the oppressions of Old World despotisms, but here in America, where liberty and equality are guaranteed to all, where individualism is the keynote of civilization and the rule of the people is secured in state and national legislation, no less than in administration, this dream of the overthrow of the State, of the downfall of the nation, of the substitution of the stars

and stripes by the red flag of revolution is the very acme of anarchy, the manifestation of that spirit of treason which must be throttled and destroyed or the time will come when yonder sun will look down upon our republic in ruins.

That such is the purpose of Socialism no one familiar with its literature can deny.

"Socialism is," declared Mr. Belford Bax, "essentially revolutionary, politically and economically, as its aims at the complete overthrow of existing economic and political conditions."

And continuing, Mr. Bax says: "Any means which would be conducive to this end would of necessity be adopted. It is indifferent whether this revolution is realized by lawful or lawless means."

Mr. James Leatham, a prominent English Socialist, writes: "Those who talk of the gospel of love want us to make our peace with iniquity. The methods of revolution are and ever must be of the nature of war." While Mr. H. N. Hinman announces: "We do not claim to be men of peace; we are ready to resort to force if it will bring us to a better period more rapidly."

Again, Mr. Hinman declares: "Chemistry has placed at the disposal of the desperate cheap and powerful explosives, the full effects of which are as yet unknown. Every day adds new discoveries to this field. The dynamite of ideas is accompanied in the background by the dynamite of material force. These modern explosives may easily prove to capitalism what gunpowder was to feudalism!"

August Bebel, the great German Socialist, describes for us the condition which will follow the overthrow of the State: "The expropriation of all the private proprietors of the means of production being effected, society starts on a new basis; the representatives of the State will have disappeared along with the State itself. Ministers, parliaments, lawmakers, standing armies, police, law courts, lawyers and public prosecutors, prisons, rates, taxes, and excises, the entire political apparatus." "Woman; in the Past, Present and Future," page 145.

This opinion is not only Bebel's; it is held by all Socialist authorities. There is no dispute among them as to doctrine upon essentials.

We have assured ourselves that at least two things were sure, death and taxes, but here we see that taxes are to be abolished; while as to death, we may be sure that if the practice of Socialist philosophy does not kill its promoters, a society founded upon it would surely accomplish that end!

Turning from the words of Bebel, let us take the testimony of Bax, found in his work entitled "The Curse of Law," page 103-104. "That ultimately civil law must disappear with the last vestiges of modern civilization, no Socialist will refuse to admit, but I still maintain as before that one of the first measures of a definitely Socialist administration should be the closing of all courts for the hearing of civil cases. Such a measure, which would mean the definite break on the judicial side with the old order, is too revolutionary to proceed from any other than a revolutionary body; but given such a body, a modern convention or Paris commune, it could not consistently be refused."

This teaching is in strict conformity with Socialism, in straight line with Marxian philosophy. "Given a modern convention," (this refers to the French convention in 1798, in which it was resolved that "the soul

is abolished," and likewise that "there is no God,") "or a Paris commune," and Socialists may be relied upon to break down all courts of justice and to overthrow all the restraints of civil law!

And what would take its place? Why, nothing!

As a distinguished Socialist authority has declared: "There will be, instead of persons to be restrained, only things to be administered."

The Socialist argument is: All things will belong to us in common; we shall not have the differences which are seen today because of class rule. It is the disputes consequent upon class rule which the civil court adjudicates. Do away with class rule and there will be no more litigation.

But Socialists avoid the fact that the greater number of disputes arise over property held in common. The history of the inside working of co-operative and colony schemes plainly marks this tendency. History shows that this condition is not limited to modern life.

Aristotle furnishes us with the result of his observation taken over two thousand years ago. In his work entitled "Politics," he says: "This style of legislation wears a good face and an air of philanthrophy. No sooner is it heard than it is eagerly embraced under the expectation of a marvelous love to grow out from it between man and man, especially if the proposer goes on to inveigh against the evils of existing institutions, setting all down to the want of a community of goods. These evils, however, are due not to the want of a community of property, but to the depravity of human nature; for experience teaches that disputes are far more likely to occur among people who possess property in common and live as partners than among those who hold their estates in separate tenure. The life proposed appears to be altogether impossible."

It is remarkable to what lengths an abnormal attitude of mind may carry an apparently sane man's conclusions. So little of value is there in this so-called "rotten civilization," the result of the effort of the race during all the past centuries, that its extinction is thought to be a good thing for mankind!

This is clearly set forth by Ernest Belford Bax, in his "Universal History from a Socialist Standpoint," page 37. "Mankind, having passed through the fire of the State world of history, must come out the stronger and the more perfect; latter day society, redeemed from civilization, will be a higher and a more enduring society than that early society which knew no civilization. It is toward this world, where civilization shall have ceased to be, that the Socialist of today casts his eyes."

My friends, does not this pass the limit of intellectual extravagance?

Having destroyed civil government, overturned courts, tribunals, legislative assemblies, the private and public ownership of property and the means of production, together with all individual rights, Socialism looks forward with longing eyes to a time when civilization shall cease to be, to a time when Socialism itself shall run riot, plunging into the very excesses of maddening folly, taking unspeakable delight in its gross and gruesome fanaticism, holding its lurid torch above the smouldering ruins of the Church, the State and the Home, leaping wildly about upon the broken columns of civilization, redeemed at last from all restraint, reveling in greed and lust, carrying the gory banner of communism beyond the confines of civilization — and that means back to lawlessness and barbarism!

"Redeemed human nature," "redeemed from civilization." This is a new definition for Socialism; as true as any I have ever heard. Redemption from civilization; a period, indeed, when womanhood shall be dethroned, when childhood shall be fatherless, when the church shall be no more, when yonder cross on Calvary shall be torn down, when God shall be dethroned, and when civilization shall be a blackened waste over which animalism and anarchy will run riot!

If it be urged that authorities I have quoted here tonight are mostly representatives of European Socialism, then I answer that Socialism is international, that there is a mutual understanding among its representatives throughout the world, that they are practically united in the prosecution of their work, and that while there may be some difference as to remote principles, upon the great cardinal questions they are all united; and, indeed, there is no question upon which they are more united than that involving their hostility to the State.

Victor Berger, an American Socialist, has to his credit one of the most rousing speeches delivered at the last national convention of the Socialist party in Chicago in 1908.

What he said in the course of that impressive oration becomes doubly interesting because it is found in a report of the official proceedings.

"I have heard it pleaded," he declares, "many a time right in our own meetings by speakers in attendance that the only salvation for the proletariat of America is direct action, that the ballot box is simply a humbug. Now, I don't know how this question is going to be solved. I have no doubt that in the last analysis we must shoot; and when it comes to shooting, Wisconsin will be there. We always make good."

Again, "We want to keep out of the party everybody who is not in harmony with our main principles and who are opposed to the fundamental idea of the party, which means the ballot box. In order to be able to shoot, even, some day we must have the power of the political government in our hands, at least to a great extent."

Be it remembered that this Berger is a very prominent and well-known Socialist, both in this country and abroad, being a member of the national committee of the Socialist party and likewise editor of the "Socialist-Democratic Herald" of Milwaukee and a leader of the Socialist party in that state.

But it only remains for me to quote the utterances of the chief representative of Socialism in this country, Eugene V. Debs, thrice candidate for the presidency on the Socialist ticket.

There is no question as to the attitude of Debs to the State. In a speech seconding his nomination at the national convention in 1908 one of the delegates, John Spargo, acclaimed him "the personification of the revolt of the working class in this country." In a similar speech by another and less well-known delegate it was boastingly declared that "He stands for terrorism."

And as for Debs himself, he had already been heard from. In his speech at St. Louis in August, 1897, he said: "The time will come to incite the populace. In the very near future there will be an uprising of the people. Congress will be dispersed and the supreme court abolished. When that time comes you can count on me. I will be ready to shed the last drop of my blood."

In his "Life Writings and Speeches," page 443, may be found these words:

"When the revolution comes we will be prepared to take possession and assume control."

The voice of Debs is that of the entire Socialist school. I warn you against it.

THE NEW TESTAMENT TEACHING ON THE PLACE OF MIRACLES IN THE FAITH WHICH SAVES

By B. C. DEWEESE, D.D.

The Winona Bible Conference, if true to its name and history, must take the Bible seriously. The aim of the founders of the conference is the ascertaining of the Biblical teaching on the great themes connected with the mission of the Lord Jesus. Efforts to make a new Bible were not their purpose, but they were set for the defense of the Book and its teaching against assaults from the foes of truth.

By treating some preliminary questions we shall, I think, make the discussion of our subject more profitable. The emphasis placed on the uncorrupted preservation of the purity of the faith was very marked in the teaching of the Apostolic church. Jude wrote: "Beloved, I was constrained to write unto you exhorting you to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." Jude 3. And his reason for so writing follows: "For there are certain men crept in privily, and denying our only Master and Lord, Jesus Christ."

Paul left Titus in Crete to appoint elders in every city, "for there were many vain talkers and deceivers whose mouths must be stopped; men who overthrow whole houses, teaching the things which they ought not."

In his Epistle to the Galatians we find this apostolic but terrible warning: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, should preach unto you any gospel other than that which we preached unto you, let him be anathema." Gal. 1:8.

John, whom the church esteems because he so fully exhibits the spirit of Christ, sent this message to a Christian woman: "Many deceivers are gone forth into the world, even they that confess not that Jesus Christ cometh in the flesh. This is the deceiver and the anti-Christ. Whosoever goeth onward and abideth not in the teaching of Christ is not of God; he that abideth not in the teaching hath not God; he that abideth in the teaching, the same hath both the Father and the Son. If any one cometh unto you, and bringeth not this teaching, receive him not into your house and give him no greeting; for he that giveth him greeting partaketh of his evil works."

Passages such as these, and they could be multiplied, show that fidelity in preserving the deposit of truth was a duty of the first importance. If its preservation was vital then it is none the less so now. In view of the present clamor for the "new" in religious thought it becomes necessary for us to know what is the faith which saves and to show all good fidelity in proclaiming it.

Respecting miracles, it is not the purpose of this address to insist that Christianity has no other proofs of the truth of its claims. It is known to you all that our age takes a hos-

tile attitude towards miracles. Many affect to think that those who contend for them are hopelessly belated travelers. They do not keep up with the procession of advancing thought. Since able thinkers have discussed the nature, the reality, the validity of the proofs of miracles, these features of the subject need not detain us. The foes of faith have been routed on this field. No man now is entitled to credence who does not know that God is personal and that the personal explanation of nature is the only one received by real thinkers. Nature reveals God's eternal power and godhead. He is the moral governor of the universe and the rewarder of them that seek after Him. In this field the church is victorious. The battle against unbelief has been won for truth.

The believer comes to the Bible with settled convictions about God, which may now be briefly noted. He believes that God is Creator and Lord of all; that all souls are His and that He wishes all men to know Him and His Son, Jesus Christ, which is eternal life. The believer realizes that man cannot attain to this adequate knowledge without revelation. Though nature reveals "His eternal power and godhead" and "the heavens declare the glory of God," man's power to apprehend these truths has become so impaired by the sway of sin that man everywhere needs the tongue of inspiration to declare unto him the God he so ignorantly worships. The believer, instructed by the Bible and acquainted with the required logical proofs of revelation from God, knows that he cannot decide that his Father in Heaven speaks to His child unless that Father confirms His word by some sign whose meaning cannot be misinterpreted. It is one of the chief purposes of miracles to identify for us the voice of our Father when He wishes to reveal Himself to us. However men may talk about faith without miracle, if we take the witness of the Bible, divine wisdom confirmed the word preached by the signs following. In Samaria "the multitudes gave heed with one accord unto the things that were spoken by Phillip when they heard and saw the signs which he did, for from many of them who had unclean spirits, they came out, crying with a loud voice: And many that were palsied, and that were lame were healed. And there was great joy in the city." Acts 8:6-8. This heeding led to faith in Christ and to the prompt obedience of faith, for we read, "they were baptized, both men and women."

It is also well that we do not forget that the last half century of the advance in science has brought out with signal clearness the nature and value of an accurate method of investigation; that we know more of the realm of nature, of its vast extent, that its unity is marvelous, and that its limitations are more clearly understood. These advances help us to distinguish between the supernatural, with its miracles, and nature. The first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," shows clear discrimination between the Creator and His creation. The teaching of the heathen was not clear on this point. Vagueness of thought, identifying pantheistically the universe with God, or other great blunders characterize the thought of paganism. However marvelous it may seem, Bible writers all escape this error. God is always viewed as in Genesis 1:1 and they are never entangled in foolish discussions about transcendence, or other philosophical speculations. With them God works in nature and He transcends nature. In Him we live, and

move, and have our being, and He is higher than the heavens, for the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him. In no other ancient document do we find such clearness of vision as is that which confronts us in our Bible. The reason is not far to seek, because "men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit." II. Pet. 1:21.

May we not now enter upon the aim of this paper with steady step and full confidence that we shall find the discussion one of special profit?

With respect, then, to the relation of miracles to the faith which saves they should be considered under at least two aspects. Two questions will put the case before us.

First. What is the value of miracles as proofs of Christ's claims?

Second. What is the place of miracles as elements in the faith which saves?

The inquiry will not treat of speculations of our time on this subject. The statement of the subject limits the investigation to the evidence found in the New Testament. To the testimony, then, must our appeal be made. Our Lord's own teaching and His estimate of miracles as aids to faith first demand our attention.

Before introducing His teachings on the subject of miracles we can most profitably note His remarkable words about Himself and His mission. This will fit us to more fully appreciate His thought as to the value of miracles as witness. His disclaimers are themselves a revelation. Let some of them be reviewed briefly.

First. He disclaimed originality for His coming. He came because the Father sent Him. "If God were your Father, ye would love me; for I came forth and am come from God; for neither have I come of myself, but He sent me." John 8:42. "I know that these hearest me always; but because of the multitude that standeth around I said it, that they may believe that thou didst send me." John 11:42. Language cannot express more clearly a great supernatural fact. God is the sender and Christ is His messenger. The point of His departure is from the side of the Father and the place of arrival is the world where man is. Christ claims full knowledge of His being sent by the Father, and He presses this as a reason why men should love Him, since they claimed to have God as their Father.

Second. He disclaimed originality as to His teaching. Hear Him: "I speak not from myself, but the Father that sent me, He hath given me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak." John 12:49. Again, "My teaching is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God or whether I speak from myself." John 7:16 17. "Then shall ye know that I am of He, and that I do nothing of myself, but as the Father taught me, I speak these things." John 8:28. "The things which I heard from Him, these speak I unto the world." John 8:26. Many of us who speak to the people are anxious to get credit for the originality of our teaching. How different from the course of our Lord!

Third. No less marked is His disclaiming originality for the miracles which God wrought by Him during His ministry. "We must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." John 9:4. "The works that I do in my Father's name these bear witness of me. The Father abiding in me doeth His works." John 14:10.

These disclaimers whet our desire to hear what He claims for Himself when He affirms what He is. Some notable utterances are now given.

"I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not." John 5:43.

Our Lord came to us then as the Father's approved representative. A great mission was His! On this high level He put Himself and His words are in accord with the great claim. For example: "No man knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the son." Mat. 11:27. We now stand before the supernatural. We are shut up to satisfactory knowledge of God as Father to the Son as revealer. He alone has this privilege, and He chooses those "to whomsoever He (the Son) willeth to reveal Him." Mat. 11:27. He is not only sole revealer of the Father, but He is the sole way of approach to God. "No man cometh unto the Father except through Me." John 14:6. No sane man could imagine such exalted claims for himself, but they are entirely normal in support of Christ's superhuman ministry. They become intelligible and credible when we remember that Christ was begotten by the Holy Spirit through the power of God. Mat. 1:20-21; Luke 1:26, 35. That He was openly acknowledged by the Father as His Son at His baptism and at His transfiguration—Mat. 3:16-7; 17:5—and that He was declared to be the Son of God with power by His resurrection from the dead. Rom. 1:4. No wonder that "Never man so spake." No less the wonder that the works of this man were miracles, as Matthew relates. "Now, when John heard in the prison the works of the Christ, he sent by his disciples and said unto Him, Art thou He that cometh, or look we for another? And Jesus answered and said unto them, "Go and tell John the things which ye see and hear, the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor hear good tidings preached unto them. And blessed is he whosoever shall find no occasion of stumbling in me." Mat. 11:2-6. To the thoughtful and logical student the case is already made out that miracles make good Christ's claim to a mission from heaven to man. But the issue is so great for our generation that our Lord's own words on the worth of the evidence from miracles should be most thoughtfully weighed.

"The works that I do in my Father's name, these bear witness of me." John 10:25. "But the witness that I have is greater than that of John; for the works which the Father hath given me to accomplish, the very works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." John 5:35. "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do them, though ye believe not me, believe the works; that ye may know and understand that the Father is in me and I in the Father." John 10:37-38. "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work's sake." John 14:11. Texts to the same effect abound, but need we further witness?

Here we meet again the supernatural. To doubt is to stultify reason, to deny the very capacity of the power God has given that we may know when He comes near and may rightly understand the message he would have us lay to heart.

It may be mentioned here that the apostles followed their Lord in this estimate of the witness of miracles. Paul, speaking of his ministry in general, writes: "I have therefore my glorying in Christ Jesus in things pertaining to God. For I will not dare to speak of any things save those which Christ wrought through me, for the obedience of the Gentiles, by word and deed, in the power of signs

and wonders, in the power of the Holy Spirit." Rom. 15:17-19. In a specific case, his work in Corinth, he states his support from miracles in terms which follow: "Truly the signs of an apostle (that is, one specially commissioned by Christ) were wrought among you in all patience, by signs and wonders and mighty works." II. Cor. 12:12. All this is clear if we but remember the witness of apostles. Paul testifies of them as works "which Christ wrought through me." Rom. 15.18. Peter confirms this after healing the lame man by saying: "By faith in His name hath His name made this man strong, whom ye behold and know; yea, the faith which is through Him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." Acts 3:16.

Christ said men would believe in Him because of the fulfillment of His prophecies. "The Jews answered and said unto Him, What sign showest thou us, seeing thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up. He spake of the temple of His body. When therefore He was raised from the dead, His disciples remembered that He spake thus; and they believed the scriptures, and the word which Jesus had said." John 2:18-19; 21-22. Do we not verily see divine presence in all that the Lord said and did to support His claim? His unique relations to the Father are everywhere in evidence. He is associated with Him in apostolic salutations and benedictions, in the entire work of redemption. In speaking of our salvation on the New Testament unites the activity of the Father and of the Son. Often things done by the Father are in other passages said to be done by Christ. In saving us they are one.

The prominence given in the teaching of apostles to the power resident in miracles to convince men that Christ is a divine Savior demands a place in this discussion. Though John reports but few as compared with reports by the synoptists, his treatment shows that he thought most highly of their value. His gospel is, in fact, an admirable commentary on Christ's nature and mission as illustrated by his mighty works. From his first report of miracles he especially emphasizes revelation through miracles. "This beginning of signs did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested His glory; and His disciples believed on Him." John 2:1. This apostle but followed his Master in taking this view of revelation through the signs themselves. Christ fed the five thousand and thus revealed Himself as the bread of life; He gave sight to the man born blind and said, "For judgment came I into the world that they that see not may see, and they that see may become blind." John 9:39. When the Pharisees objected, Are we also blind? He replied: "If ye were blind, ye would have no sin; but now ye say, we see; your sin remaineth." John 9: 40-41. Rejecting Jesus became to them sin against light and knowledge. The Lord made the astounding claim, "I am the resurrection and the life," and proved His power over death by raising Lazarus from the dead. John states, in words whose meaning is unmistakable, his valuation of the Master's works. His purpose in writing his gospel is thus stated: "Many other signs therefore did Jesus in the presence of His disciples which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in His name." John 20:30-31. This does not

require any comment. Fair intelligence grasps its import. We are not called on to accept miracles for their own sake. Only as they lead us into life have they real importance for us. Christ came that men "may have life and have it abundantly." We now readily see why John made so much of miracles in composing his gospel. He had heard and appreciated his Master's solemn warning: "I go away and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sin; whither I go ye cannot come." "Ye are from beneath; I am from above; ye are of this world; I am not of this world. I said therefore unto you that ye shall die in your sins: for except ye believe that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." John 8:21, 23-24. To reject such an authenticated Savior incurs eternal death.

In the inspired words of the apostolic preaching, the convincing power of miracles is strongly urged. To hearers on Pentecost Peter speaks of Jesus as "a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by Him in the midst of you, even as ye yourselves also know." Acts 2:22. Luke writes: "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection." Acts 4:33. Paul, to an audience of skeptical philosophers, presented the resurrection of Christ as a reason why men should prepare for the judgment by repenting. In his classic passage on the resurrection of Christ (I. Cor. 15) he states the condition in which disciples of Christ would be left if Christ be not raised. Paul's view was that of the Apostolic church. All its leaders were as one on this subject. The passage is: "Now, if Christ is preached that He hath been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there is no resurrection of the dead, neither hath Christ been raised; and if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we witnessed of God that He raised up Christ: whom He raised not up, if so be that the dead are not raised. For if the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised, and if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ have perished. If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable." What a list of appalling consequences, if our gospel is not supported by our Lord's resurrection! In verse three Christ's death for our sins is put side by side with His resurrection as an element of the faith which saves men from destruction.

We must not speak in our pulpits in any way suggestive of misgiving as to the truth of our message. The tone of absolute conviction that we are proclaiming the truth is the mark of apostolic succession. Not a single note comes to us from any representative of Christ in the apostolic age that He doubted in any respect the truth He sounded forth. Loyalty to His King was His chief joy. They taught faithfully that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," "Our God is a consuming fire," and "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ to give account for the deeds done in the body." These men, who knew the mind of the Lord, could well say, "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men." The men of today can be aroused to a sense of their peril by apostolic fidelity as were the hearers of apostles. The limp and

baneful tendencies now so manifest can be supplanted by sturdy faith if we who proclaim the word follow our instruction. The trumpet call of heaven to our ministry is this: "He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully." The history of the church tells this story: Fidelity in delivering the apostolic gospel is always followed by a more robust faith and a higher type of Christian manhood. I am not unmindful of the intellectual difficulties which confront us, but we cannot solve our problems by apologizing for the message we are delivering. Our task is that of giving to the people what God has given to us in His word. God assumes all responsibility for the fitness of His word to meet the needs of men. I am not at liberty to omit parts of the word to bring it down to the sinful tastes of this generation, nor can I substitute my inventions for His revelation. The church of Christ has never met any great crisis, or forged ahead successfully without preaching a sound, health-giving doctrine. Faith and service are the warp and woof of our obligation to man, and we have God's word for it that they are also well pleasing unto Him.

With the sense of obligation realized, with clear view of the fundamental place of miracles in producing faith, and with the conviction that the apostolic interpretation of the gospel is the interpretation we owe to our own age, let us approach the final stage of this lecture. We have considered miracles as witness to lead men to faith, and it remains for us to argue, in the light of the New Testament, miracles as essential elements of the faith which saves. What must that faith contain? We do not wish to believe in vain. The thing believed must be what God requires and it must be sincerely accepted.

"Abraham believed God and it was counted to him for righteousness," gives us the first full statement of the subject of saving faith. It means that he accepted God's word with a true heart, without mental reservation or misgiving, and that he made complete surrender of his life to do God's will. This is true faith always and everywhere. The man who does this can be confident of divine acceptance. Men cannot believe in him of whom they have not heard. Knowledge must precede faith. There must be assent to the truth which we learn about the object of our faith. Into faith in Christ there must come a full trust in Him as our Savior. Out of such a faith are the issues of the spiritual life.

First. The New Testament puts into this faith elements which require a somewhat detailed statement. Our hope is in Christ's work for us in redemption. This implies that we must come into fellowship with Him. "If any man is in Christ Jesus there is a new creation." II. Cor. 5:17. Bible promises of salvation since Pentecost are limited to those who confess Christ before men. He Himself said: "Whosoever therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father who is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father who is in heaven." Mat. 10:32-33.

Second. The New Testament specifies that confession of our faith in the reality of the incarnation is essential to salvation. "For many deceivers have gone forth into the world, even they that confess not that Jesus Christ cometh in the flesh." II. John 7. "Great is the mystery of Godliness, He who was manifested in the flesh." I. Tim. 3:16. It was revealed through God's

angel that this incarnation was the result of divine power. The angel said unto Mary: "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High." Luke 1:32. When Mary, in her perplexity, asked how this could be, Gabriel replied: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; wherefore also the holy thing which is begotten shall be called the Son of God." Luke 1:34-35. This was a unique experience in human motherhood. No other mother ever heard such complimentary words, "Hail thou that are highly favored. The Lord is with thee." Luke 1:28. Her heart in womanly appreciation sang for joy, "for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things and holy is His name." Luke 1:48-49. God was not less careful to clear away the cloud of suspicion from the heart of Joseph, the bridegroom to be. "But when he thought on these things, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit. And she shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." Mat. 1:20-21.

With what joyful expectation Mary waited the birth of her promised Son! What a holy charge was Joseph's—the custody of the mother of his and the world's Savior! What a sweet fellowship was theirs, after their marriage, till the waiting time was over, till the holy night when the angelic choir sang on the plains of Bethlehem: "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the City of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." Luke 2:8-14. There never was heard by human ear another such anthem of praise. The hallelujah of the universe was sung by angels. Heavenly joy over man's redemption could not be more fitly proclaimed. Christ the sinless Savior was very properly brought into relations to men, into the world uniquely, by the Holy Spirit and transformed for glory with the Father by His resurrection from the dead.

Nathaniel made the great confession. His words, "Thou art the King of Israel," were his conviction that Messiah had appeared. In fine, the New Testament makes the Lord's Messiahship so prominent that this title, The Messiah—in Greek The Christ—becomes for Christendom the dear personal name of our gracious Lord. In apostolic salutations in their epistles they join the Father's name with that of His Son Jesus Christ. Christ's Messiahship is essentially a part of the saving confession of faith for mankind. We cannot overstate the meaning of this fact as an element of the faith that saves!

Bound up in inseparable union with the Messiahship of Jesus is His Lord-

ship. In the first sermon by inspired apostle this union is clearly revealed: "Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified." Acts 2:36. In Acts 5:30-32 the thought is repeated when Peter calls Him "A Prince and a Savior" and pledges apostolic testimony and the revelation by the Holy Spirit for its truth. Paul makes confession "with thy mouth Jesus as Lord" a prime element in faith. Rom. 10:9-10, 13. Earth knows no such high official rank and dignity, no such names "above every name" as our King bears.

Here, also, we meet Him in the supernatural realm. The Father, by these acts of power and grace, miraculously exalts Jesus of Nazareth as the object of our Christian faith.

Jewish expectation, carefully fostered for centuries, growing stronger with years of waiting, threw it at the feet of the Almigthy in entreaty for the promised deliverance at the hand of the King who was coming to redeem Zion. Early in his ministry John the Baptist was authoritatively questioned by Israel's religious leaders to know if He was the Messiah. John 1:19-20.

In numerous passages Christ's divine Sonship is emphasized as an element of the faith. But one witness is cited and he is typical.

'For whatsoever is begotten of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith. And who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." I. John 5:4-5.

His words put out of consideration anything less than the full acknowledgment of Christ's Sonship in its New Testament sense as an essential condition of salvation. There is not room for any of the compromising substitutions of our day. Let us always bear in mind that this Sonship is predicated because it is miraculously conditioned. Christ was begotten by the Father's power.

Fifth. No less essential to salvation is faith in our Lord's resurrection. "This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses." "Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom ye crucified." Acts 2:32 36. This is the witness of the first Christian sermon of the apostolic age. Later he writes: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His great mercy, begat us again into a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." I. Peter 1:3.

A denial of the resurrection of Christ is a repudiation of the witness which the Father has given to the Son. We may hold fast our confidence for "the firm foundation of God standeth." Peter and Paul were not deceived, nor did they follow cunningly devised fables when they proclaimed the resurrection of our Lord.

The witness of these princes among apostles puts beyond debate the need of faith in the Lord's resurrection, a resurrection in preparation for which "His flesh did not see corruption." How different this New Testament doctrine from that now so loudly proclaimed by men who go around and abide not in the teachings of Christ. Must we not recall here our Lord's own warning? "Then came the disciples and said unto Him, knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended when they heard this saying? But He answered and said, Every plant which my Heavenly Father planted not shall

be rooted up. Let them alone: they are blind guides. And if the blind guide the blind, both shall fall into a pit." Mat. 15:12-14.

Sixth. Christ's atoning death, not by any means as a heroic example of fidelity to the highest moral conviction merely, but as a propitiation for our sins, must we accept as a fact fundamental to our life in Christ, a matter of unwavering conviction, a faith without which it is impossible to please God.

Seventh. Christ's Mediatorship for us is another element in the faith which saves. The New Testament prominently proclaims this. "For there is one God, one Mediator also between God and men, Himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all." I. Tim. 2:5-6.

This salvation of God is offered to all who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. We are in duty bound to proclaim the message of peace to all men because God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should have everlasting life.

The victory of faith is thus heralded: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Rom. 8:37. "And who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." I. John 5:5.

Shall we not in very loyalty to Winona's aim pledge ourselves to fidelity in putting Bible emphasis on this great theme? May we not entertain the hope that there shall come a revival of apostolic teaching respecting the vital interests of our fellowmen? Loyalty here will enable many to recover themselves from the snare of the devil. The present vagaries so commonly heard will then give place to a faith which will go on conquering and to conquer.

STUDIES IN THE LETTERS OF ST. JOHN

By OZORA S. DAVIS, D.D.

The purpose of these studies is to present certain selected passages which are peculiarly rich in their teaching or suggestion as to the Christian life. We shall not be concerned to any great degree with critical questions, but shall seek to interpret the passages positively and practically. We are eager to make the great words of John valid in the Christian experience of living persons in the twentieth century.

THE REALITY AND CERTAINTY OF THE CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY. I. John 1:1-4.

Words are simply heaped up in the introductory paragraph of the first letter of John to prove the reality and the credibility of the personal testimony which the writer bears to the facts he records. "Heard," "seen," "beheld," "handled"—"seen," "bear witness," "declare"—"seen," "heard"—the words are used with almost passionate reiteration, as if the writer must make it clear that there is no doubt possible concerning the facts that he is about to present.

There are fine discriminations in the words that he uses also. Take, for example, the words in the first verse: "Heard" refers to direct hearing and to oral tradition; it means hearing what the Master said and also what was said about the Master; it defines the widest range of in-

formation concerning the words and work of the Lord. "Seen" narrows and intensifies the field. It implies personal contact with the Master Himself; it makes the present reporter a veritable spectator of the gracious deeds. The writer is very specific about it; he will not be misunderstood; it reminds one of the forceful expression of children: "I saw it with my own eyes."

"Beheld" refers to the mental process by which the vision of the eyes is reflected upon until it becomes also the vision of the mind. There are two avenues of knowledge. One is observation and the other is reflection. Both have been employed by this writer. He has reflected upon that which he saw until the fact has been comprehended in all its relations and filled into the body of knowledge; hence, at last it is fully and truly known. "Handled" refers most likely to the experiences of the disciples after the resurrection and perhaps even to the specific experience of Thomas in which the fullest, final proof was furnished that the Lord was alive. It was necessary to have this post-resurrection proof that the risen Christ was not, in the words of Ignatius, "a bodyless demon."

On such a basis of credible reality rests the earliest witness to the supreme fact of the Christian faith, the fact of Christ. We must catch this clear note of certainty and dare to repeat it. We, too, must see and hear witness and affirm; that is, we must have the real experience of spiritual relationship with the living Christ; we must bear confident witness of the experience and finally, as we brood upon it, reflecting and reasoning, we must arise to affirm that Jesus the Christ is Redeemer and Lord. We shall do this; not because we have been taught to say words, but because our own life has given us the warrant for our creed.

THE BASIS AND JOY OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. I. John 1:3-4.

In the earlier days of Christianity the fact of Christian fellowship was a matter of paramount importance. The first believers were "brothers." They found a new common bond in their faith which united them into companies where love was regnant and mutual aid supreme. The report in the book of Acts 4:32-35 cannot be quoted as a warrant for communism in any specific form, but it is a beautiful witness to the fellowship of the early Christians.

It is a great word and sadly fallen into disuse among us. It needs to be revived in its primitive meaning and put in practice by the followers of Christ. We have let friendship come to practical expression in the lodges and the clubs, when the supreme place for its realization is in the church by the Christian people.

This cannot be done by more "socials." John understood. He said: "You must know Christ if you are to have fellowship." So he tried to set his Master forth so clearly and with such passionate love that all who came to love the Christ should love each other, too. We work at the matter in the wrong way. Our young people must have more fellowship in the church, we say; so we organize a corn-roast or a basket party. Our young people will not reach any heights of Christian friendship that way. The basis of Christian fellowship is laid by coming together very near to the Master. To learn about Him, to follow Him, to meet Him in spiritual fellowship—this is the path to Christian comradeship.

And this is the way of joy. That your joy may be "full," John says. There can be no great joy in a sol-

itary life. Friends and mutual service are what make life sweet to us all. When we are in distress, when life is bright, when any great experience comes, to share it is to be made glad and to make others glad. The note of joys must come back into our Christian life more fully; it will when we have closer friendship with one another and with the Father in Christ.

GOD IS LIGHT. I. John 1:5.

John makes three great statements about God: God is spirit; John 4:24. God is light; I. John 1:5. God is love; I. John 4:8. No one contradicts another; all taken together do not tell us all we gladly would know about God.

John is teaching spiritual truth by means of a physical figure—or shall we not say by means of a spiritual figure? For who shall say what light really is? Its physiological effects we know; but what it essentially is we determine with greatest difficulty. At the last analysis is not light as "spiritual" as God? That may be why it so well interprets Him to us.

Light is the revealer of the world to us. When the sun rises the world is discovered to us. We know the beauty of woods and fields when the sunlight is poured over them. It reveals beauty and it reveals imperfection. I remember looking once into what seemed a cloudless eastern sky; then the light came; the heaven was flecked with patches of cloud that I had not seen before. Many a life seems unblemished; then the radiance of God is poured athwart it; how darkly spotted! God reveals us to ourselves through the perfect life that is in Christ.

Light is the quickener of all things. Back to the sun we go as the source of all the energies that support us. The seed waits for the magic touch of the solar radiance before it "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." This is a dead world without the sunlight. So God is the Creator of all our life. This is the answer that we give to a little child who asks, Who made this? The same answer we must give to ourselves, children not so very much wiser grown; and we can give it with great profit to ourselves. Then light is the sustainer as well as the quickener of living things. Many a mother has said to her child: "Your plants must have the sun; they cannot live without light."

God is the Sustainer as well as the Creator. Few lessons do we need more than this. Give your soul the light; you cannot live without God. This is what Paul meant when he said: "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being." Acts 17:28. We are in danger of losing the help that is at hand in the doctrine of the immanence of God. We put Him very far away upon a throne in our thought of Him; but He is "closer than breathing" and all our life consists in union with Him.

God is light. How silent, how swift, how mighty! Revealing, creating, sustaining; God is light. The figure clarifies our thought, strengthens our feeble powers and creates us at last into newness of life with Him.

Hence, we see that the nature of God as the basis of Christian ethics is as follows:

1. God as light makes the ideal of the moral life clear. The basis of ethics is not in utility or in happiness. The full warrant for human goodness is the fact that God is good.

2. God as light quickens the soul to seek the ideal that has been revealed. There is a sense of "oughtness" in us all; but so fettered is

it by bondage to sin that it must receive the initial impulse of the enabling grace of God before it can lay hold upon the moral ideal.

3. God as light furnishes the sustaining energy by which we attain the ideal to which we have reached out our hands. Our moral quest is not in vain by the help of God.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT. I. John 1:7.

This is one of the many ways in which the Christian life is described. It is comradeship with God in the enlarging life. The basis of this is the being of God Himself. We walk in the light; God is not only in the light but is the light itself. We walk in time; God is in eternity; and finally some time we shall be together. Then we shall see no longer through a glass darkly; no more will our ways be confused; but the perfect light will insure the perfect vision. The results of walking in the light, or keeping companionship with God, is fellowship with one another and cleansing from sin through Christ. Fellowship and purification are not commonly associated. Their union here is most suggestive. When we endeavor to make the most of human fellowship we discover that we can do it only by means of a pure life. We do each other supreme good only through our own blameless character. We learn another fact also: That forgiveness has a social purpose. Pardon is for certain end, to make us better comrades and helpers in the common life. Hence, the two experiences, fellowship and forgiveness, are linked to each other more closely than we are aware at first sight. John understood this relation and put it plainly here.

SIN AND FORGIVENESS. The contrasts in I. John 1:8-10.

We cannot appreciate fully the literary beauty or the teaching of these verses unless we arrange them in a scheme that will show the light and shade in the terms that are contrasted here by John. Let us write them like this:

If we say that we have no sin { we deceive ourselves / and / the truth is not in us

If we confess our sins { he is faithful / and / righteous } { to forgive us our sins / and to cleanse us / from all unrighteousness

If we say that we have not sinned { we make Him a liar / and / His word is not in us

First, let us look at the literary beauty of the passage and the exquisite craftsmanship of the writer. He wishes to make clear the perfect pardon that follows confession of sin. In order to do so he sets his proposition between two contradicting propositions: Denial, confession, denial. We shall find that John is keenly sensitive to the principles of contrast and shading. Here is a very perfect illustration of it. If you wish black to be very black, set a circle of it in a background of purest white; or make white dazzling by surrounding it with black. He does not simply repeat his proposition regarding the denial of sin. With delicate coloring he uses two tenses: If we say that now in the present time we are not sinning, we deceive ourselves; if we say that in the past we did not commit any specific act of sin, we make him a liar. So John covers present habitual action and past completed acts. The second item complements the first by making it yet more specific and definite. There is no redundancy here; there is finish and firmness of expression that often escapes us when we read rapidly. Turn now to

the two conclusions of the denial of sin. They stand thus:

We deceive ourselves.
The truth is not in us.
We make him a liar.
His word is not in us.

With precision and graphic clearness John works up to the climax. The man who says he is perfect in all his present actions fools nobody but himself. He is the victim of his own delusions. Others see and know. He does something more; he is false. This is stated negatively: the truth is not in him. He is void of the truth if not positively bad. Yet this is not all. He who protests his present and past sinlessness makes God a liar; for God sent Christ to be the Redeemer from sin, and if there is no sin from which we are to be redeemed then God is false. Self-delusion grows into lack of truthfulness and then into positive sin against God. It does not stop there, however. In such a soul the word of God cannot abide. There is no room for God in the heart of him who assumes his sinless life. Thus, the man has deceived himself, made God a liar, lost the truth, and lost God. The climax is steady, relentless, convincing, tragic.

In the proposition concerning confession John employs the same principle most perfectly. The first contrast or complementary statement is in the words "faithful" and "righteous" (or "just"). We naturally expect that God will be faithful to forgive the sins of him who confesses his fault. That is the expected act and grace of love; pardon follows confession on the part of the merciful Father. He is also "just;" and because He is just He will punish. The righteous God metes out the right penalty. * * * No, says John. God is also righteous to forgive. Pardon roots not only in mercy but in justice. The old schism between the love and the justice of God exists only in the debates of the theologians. He is merciful and just to forgive.

Then the character of the pardon is a perfect piece of climax. The first word is pardon; we are treated on a new basis as forgiven children. The second word is cleanse: the thing is undone, wiped away, put "out of sight and life and memory." It is not forensic; it is radical. It is not pretense; it is obliteration. So perfect is the contrast and climax of this most interesting passage.

I have called attention to the literary structure and the rhetorical beauty of this passage in order that we might see what value the Bible has in this particular; I trust that this may not obscure the spiritual message of the passage. John did not sit down to write a beautiful sentence or to construct a faultless antithesis; he was able to convey the truth through a beautiful medium, but the truth was his great concern. Beauty is one of God's agencies for the revelation of Himself; the truth is more winsome and persuasive when it is given to us in beautiful forms.

THE ADVOCATE AND THE PROPITIATION. I. John 2:1-2.

The purpose of the Gospel is to produce the sinless life. It is not simply to bring men at last to heaven; it is to create here on earth the conditions of the heavenly life. John makes this very clear. He is giving this witness in order that those who accept it may be able to realize a life of positive holiness. The gospel does not furnish an emotional mood or a method of worship or a scheme of redemption; its primary and positive purpose is to bring men and women to a holy life.

Yet we do commit specific acts of sin. The verb "to sin" in verse 1 is in the mood and tense that indicate a specific act and not a continued state or habit. So Peter denied his Master in a sudden temper of weakness and passion; but denial of Christ was not his habitual mood.

Let us not overlook the contrast here in the person of the pronouns: If anyone commit a sin, we have an Advocate. John does not say: If any one sin he has an Advocate. He will make clear two things; that there is no such thing as a purely individual sin and that the great intercession is available for everyone. I am confident that I am not pressing from this variation in pronouns a meaning which is over-refined. John wrote instinctively in this way because it was crystal clear in his own thinking that no man can do wrong and not involve others. There is a vicarious element in all life. We may not bear the immediate guilt that flows from another's sin; and yet so closely are we caught in the mesh of it that practically we do suffer from it and sorely need salvation. Such help is open to us all. It comes from the Advocate and the propitiation.

I realize now how very imperfectly I shall be able to interpret the supreme fact of our Christian faith through any words or figures. By this fact I mean what we sometimes call the cross and sometimes the atonement. John calls it the work of the Advocate at the side of the Father and the propitiation for the world-sin. He was taking terms that would be familiar to those to whom he wrote; we may use other terms in different ages; but all of them will but imperfectly express the fact. The wise and the strong have stumbled at the fact since it was an offense to the Jew and foolishness to the Greek; but there it stands entrenched at the center of our faith and there it will abide as long as Christianity remains a distinct religion. By it is won the Christian victory; through it is effected the Christian salvation.

With this emphasis upon the supremacy of the fact, let us study the two terms used by John to explain it.

Jesus is the sinner's Advocate.

Notice the intimate connection between the Advocate and the Father. We translate by the English preposition "with" a Greek word which is full of most significant meaning. It is not the Greek preposition meaning connection, or accompaniment, or nearness merely; it signifies the intimate and essential personal relationship between the two; it is the phrase that is used in John 1:1, "and the word was with God," that is, "the word was God."

What, now, was an Advocate (or Paraclete, to transliterate the Greek word)? We must go back to the very earliest conditions of humanity, when men were organized in clans. An advocate was one who was "called to" (Latin, advocatus) the side of another to plead his cause and to be his intercessor and, if successful, his deliverer. In the earliest times he was not a paid pleader; but the head of the clan to which the person belonged; therefore he defended the person because of a common clanship and for the honor of the common name. A man's priest was an exalted, holy, separate official; a man's advocate was near his client, listened to him, was related to him, defended him.

Out of this simple meaning of the word we can draw many obvious conclusions. Jesus is our Advocate. He is akin to us; our sin has involved a family disgrace; our peril is the danger of all the Father's children;

Jesus is the "head of the clan." He is near the Father; He is near us; He listens, he pleads, He defends. It is not an official performance for a fee; it is a brotherly endeavor on our behalf. The Advocate is competent; it is Jesus Christ, "the righteous," only the sinless Christ could be the sinner's champion. We can trust our case to Him; He is competent, not because He did what we have done, but because, being tempted, He did not do what we have done. It is the righteous Advocate pleading with the loving Father; not the merciful Advocate interceding with the just Judge. Thus John presents in part the work of Jesus for sinners. The second word is propitiation. It is bound up with the idea of sacrifice for sin. The tense is present: Jesus is the covering for our sin. This is the root idea; to cover. This does not mean to conceal the sin or to outwit God; it means the healing of old wounds, the covering of ruins with ivy, the blotting out of the ugly by the beautiful and divine.

Our modern conception of sacrifice is not so keen as was that of the Jew. Yet we understand this simple term as just explained. Jesus is the covering for the sinner in the ugliness and ruin of his spirit. He is the One in whom change is effected so that the life becomes really something different from what it was before.

How wide the scope of this gracious provision! For the whole world this registers the reach of the divine redemption in Christ. We have not yet dreamed the glorious beauty of the new order that is to be built upon the ruin of the old. "The world is the subject of redemption." It is audacious. Can it be possible? John says that it is. So far as God's purpose can be defined He shuts nothing out of His saving design. Only our stubborn refusal can render futile a purpose of redemption as wide as the world.

"I AM THE TRUTH"

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

I do not know to how many in this house this morning my message comes, and perhaps you will let me say one or two words in explanation of that statement. I can quite believe that there will be very many to whom that which is on my heart may be of no immediate value, but I am constrained to believe that there are those who may find some value from a quiet meditation of one of the stories of the New Testament, with special applications this morning. I was at the prayer meeting at half past six. I have not been able to be there before. I cannot get out at those early hours as a rule. One reason is I am something like Dean Swift, who said he got up early one day of his life and the first half of the day he was so conceited no one could do anything with him, and in the second half was so sleepy he could not keep awake.

I thought of the sorrow represented in an assembly like this; sorrow, grief and difficulty hidden away from the eyes of each other, and it was borne in upon me by several incidents in that morning hour. A letter which

was read to us from a dear child of God, mourning over the loss of her beloved husband on the foreign field, and then an incidental glimpse into the sorrow of some of our friends who are here, one whose son mysteriously was taken away in the midst of work; and then a new sense of sorrow that is on the heart of my beloved friend, Major Cole, when he thinks of his dear child, and it came back to me that I ought to switch off from the general line of my teaching, and I cannot escape from saying something to sorrowing hearts this morning.

I want Major Cole to help me. I am going to read two or three verses. When I have read them I want Major Cole to do again what he did in prayer meeting. He got those of us who were there to say certain things and certain points. I would like this whole audience to do it. I am getting to find out that you are magnificently elastic and I have long believed that the regularity of the spirit of God often makes His people appear to be very irregular.

(Major Cole reading.)

If you have any particular grief of heart, any sorrow pressing upon your spirit, remember this: The very essence of the fellowship of the saints is this, "We weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice." Here is one of the greatest passages in the whole Bible about comfort. Let me read that verse.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort who comforteth us in all our affliction that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction through the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted of God! The Lord of all comfort comforts us that we may comfort others with the comfort with which He comforts us." Is there anything more beautiful than that?

"God comforts tenderly as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isaiah.

He comforts in weariness. "There remaineth then a rest for the people of God." Hebrews.

He comforts. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil.

He comforts in losses. "He took joyfully the spoiling of your goods knowing in yourselves the ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance." Heb.

He comforts in affliction. "What shall we then say of these things. If God be for us, who can be against us." Romans.

He comforts in disease. "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make his bed in sickness." He is doing it for my dear ones. Praise the Lord.

He comforts in bereavement. "For if we believe Jesus died and rose again, even so all who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

He comforts in death. "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." He comforts beyond death. Death is swallowed up in victory. "O death where is thy sting; O grave where is thy victory."

There is no greater words in the New Testament than these. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. If we would understand the method of His comfort, we turn again to the one who has been supreme revelation of the Father, and let us take our New Testament and look at Matthew. All of you who have it please turn to this passage this morning—the Gospel, according to Matthew, chapter 14, verses 22 to 33. I am not going to read them now be-

cause we will read them as we go over the ground. Indeed, beloved, I want to do no more this morning than read that passage as God shall help me with some annotations, attempted interpretation upon the actual words of the story. It is the story of the storm on the lake and of our Lord's coming to His people over the waters and through the wind. With the passage open before you, those of you who have your Bibles, we shall read it directly as we go over it, and let me now say these one or two words by way of introduction to that reading. These scenes of the Gospel, which appear only as history or as narrative, have always a deeper and a hidden meaning. I think it was our friend and teacher Arthur T. Pierson who once crystallized a great truth into these interesting and valuable words. He said: "Every parable of Jesus was a mystery of teaching; every miracle of Jesus was a parable of teaching." Whereas we may fall into an evil habit of attempting to read values into some of these stories which it was never intended we should do. Let us remember this, that the Lord said "I am the truth." Not "I teach the truth," not "I hold the truth," but "I am the truth," and out of that most spacious and wonderful claim we may make this deduction with all fairness. He had not two sets of principles governing His life, so that wherever I see Him working in the material realm I have an illustration of His method in the spiritual and in every one of these simple narratives there are values which we may apply to our own case, to our own necessity. In this story of the storm it seems to me that we have a revelation of the method of Christ with His people in the hours of stress and strain and storm which overtake them while they are sailing in a divinely directed course. My dear brethren, I want you especially to notice those vital words. If I am a child of God and I am out of the way of divine will, this is not the story for me, there are other stories for me, thank God; for even though I be out of the way of the divine will and am in trouble, He still is following me, bearing with me and waiting for me to restore my soul; but that is not the particular point of this story.

The story here is that of men who are where their Master sent them. He sent them over the sea. He told them where to go. They placed the prow of their vessel in the direction He indicated and in that pathway across the sea of duty the storm came. Now the teaching then is for the children of God who are not conscious that the trouble in which they find themselves is the result of their own disobedience, but who are conscious that in the very pathway of obedience sorrow has come, trials have come, storms have swept, which, mark this well, perhaps they might miss, avoid, evade if they would only be disobedient.

Let us get hold of this thing at once. He said cross to the other side and they set the prow of their vessel towards that shore. And mark the description of the storm. The sea grows tempestuous, the wind was contrary. The easiest thing in the world then if you manipulate your boat carefully for a moment—and be careful of the broadside action—is to turn around and run with the wind, then you won't feel the wind; but the trouble came because they were in the pathway of obedience and kept their vessel in the pathway He directed.

There are distinctive points. We shall read on in Matthew and as we

go through borrow special light from the other stories without staying to turn to them. A story I told yesterday, a story but not a picture—more than a picture in these verses 22 to 33—I find seven pictures, one following the other. Let us be very simple, shall we, as though we were children? I want to give this reading as I would to a company of children. Dissolving views, one picture and you see it fade and merge to another, so upon the canvas that in turn merges away into a third, and there are seven distinct pictures in these verses. I will name the seven first and then we will look at them as they pass before us, quite quickly. I think perhaps the fewer words I say by way of interpretation the better.

The first picture is in the 22d verse. It is the picture of the sea, with the disciples upon it.

The second picture is that of the mountain overlooking the sea and the Master is alone upon that mountain.

The first picture in verse 22, the second in verse 23.

The third picture is in verse 24. Again the sea, but now the storm sweeping over it and the disciples in trouble.

The next picture occupies verses 25 and 26 and it is strange, and weird, and difficult; it is the picture of the same storm-tossed sea, and the same troubled disciples, but as in the case of dissolving views, you who look at pictures may change your point of view; so here, quite quickly, we are now on the boat in the midst of the sea and the picture is the picture of a strange phenomena, apparition coming over the waters.

And then what? The next picture is still on the storm-tossed sea but it is the picture of a new look upon the faces of the disciples and the picture of a look born of the fact that these men have heard from that voice, from that person, that strange apparition moving over the waters, a voice perfectly familiar, "It is I, be not afraid." And the next picture, and really there are two or three in one in the next, is the picture of a man, a great courageous, magnificent man, getting down over the side of the boat, walking, walking—not trying to walk, but doing it; and then floundering and stumbling while a hand lifts him, and the last picture seems to come all too quickly—it's harbor, home, and the voyage ends.

Seven pictures. Now let us look at them and may God, the Holy Spirit, the Interpreter, help us to see them.

In each case I am going to ask you to look at the actual picture and then see the spiritual significance of it, and I am going to work very hard to say very little. I wish this thing may speak to your hearts, beloved, as it has spoken to mine in many a day of sorrow. I know sorrow.

Now let us look at verse 22. "And straightway He constrained the disciples to enter into the boat and to go before Him unto the other side, till He should send the multitudes away," and the picture immediately presented to us is that of the disciples on the sea—in obedience to that word of the Lord.

Notice these things. I want to go as rapidly as I can. They are in the place of toil. It was not a sailing boat, it was a rowing boat, John distinctly tells us that, and so also does Mark. They were rowing; it was the place of toil. It was the place of peril. It was now dark, says John, and Jesus had not yet come to them. They were before the storm. They were in the place of peril. There was no peril at the moment apparent, but they were at the place where the peril may come at any moment. Per-

haps, as they started it is true that the sky in the calm lake was mirrored and heaven was in their breast. No storm yet; but they are in the place of storms; but they are in the place of obedience, the prow is pointed in the direction He had indicated. That is the first picture, and thank God that may be the picture of the condition of a great many who are in the house this morning. You are in the place of toil, in the pathway of obedience, in the place of peril. Storms may be in the making that will sweep over you before this conference is at an end.

The spiritual significance needs no application. We are all in the place of toil, we are all in the place of peril, we are all in the place of divine guidance. May it be true that we are all in the pathway of obedience. The real value of that first picture is that we immediately see it in contrast with the next. The whole scene changes and I read verse 23. "And after He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the even was come He was there alone." I get back in my reading of this storm into such conscious association with them that it seems almost irreverent to intrude. Our Lord has gone to the mountain to pray alone. Mark, for the moment, will you, the contrast between His position and these. They are in the place of toil. He has gone to the place of His rest.

Quiet hour of communion with His God. They are in the place of peril; He, for the moment, is wrapped around in that communion with His Father which is the place of absolute safety and security. In prayer, at rest and in security. Ah! Do you see the difference. Now reverently let us carry that a step further. Our Lord and Master Jesus is as to Himself at the right hand of God now. Do you ever enter into the joy of that, beloved fellow Christians? Have you ever sung that hymn, I think J. G. Dyke wrote it years ago:

"O, Jesus, Lord, 'tis joy to know
Our pain is o'er, all shame and woe
For us is meekly tried, all finished is,
Exalted by thy God."

No more for Him the buffeting and the bruising. Hallelujah! No more for Him the scorn and the shame. He has entered into His rest. He is beyond the sea of sorrow and of storm and of stress; He is at rest with God, at the right hand of God, beyond the toil and beyond the perils and as I see Him on the mountain there I see a picture of His present position.

We pass to the third scene in the 24th verse. "But—" When I was a boy at school, my schoolmaster said to me one day, "never forget in your reading that when you come to a 'but' something different is about to appear." "But," said my master, "is like the points at the switch on the road. You have been traveling in one direction and 'but' says something entirely different and may lead you entirely in the same direction, but changes the scene." The disciples are in the place of duty, but there is no difficulty, they are rowing across the sea, the Lord Himself is in the place of calm, quiet, serenity, undisturbed by storms, "but the boat was now in the midst of the sea, distressed by waves, for the wind was contrary."

No interpretation of that is needed as to the story. The boat distressed by waves, the wind blowing against them. Mark tells us (and I only read it now that we may get a true picture of them) he saw them distressed in rowing, determined to maintain the true attitude. Now all those of you

who do not follow be patient and pray, will you. Is that your position this morning, my beloved brother, my beloved sister? You are looking back to sinless seas and it is all calm sailing and sacred service where the sky was clear and the waters unruffled; but quite suddenly, unexpectedly the same storm swept over. Personal bereavement; worse, infinitely worse, the falseness of a friend. I won't suggest any further. The anguish, the sorrow that has gripped your heart, the waves contrary to you, buffeting you back, there the shore to which you point, there you have an appointment to meet Him.

"Sent them before Him." You have an appointment with Him on the other shore. Is that where you are this morning, distressed in rowing against the contrary wind, over storm-tossed waters and distressed pre-eminently because of the fact that you will be loyal to your Lord and Master?

Now let us go on. Verses 25 and 26. "And in the fourth watch of the night He came unto them"—only you must not know that yet. You will miss this if you know that. They did not know who it was coming, that's the point. He came unto them, walking upon the sea. "And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea they were troubled," saying it is an apparition and they cried out for fear. Let us get their viewpoint first. It is this: Suddenly the terror of the storm is forgotten in a new terror, and the circle of those who can understand is smaller.

I ventured to suggest a moment ago sorrows that are common to us, sorrows that in a measure we can understand, storms that sweep, but the heart of the story is not the storm but the apparition. The darkest hour of the dark night was not the hour when the wind blew most sullen and fierce; not that. But suddenly that new unexplained and unexpainable mystery of something, an apparition, ghostly, awful, coming over the waters. That is the point of this picture. That is the first point of this picture. And those are the hours in life that no man can interpret to another man, in the presence of which the word of the preacher or the speaker this morning can only serve to help those who know. Supreme hours of earth's sorrow. The sorrow and difficulty that came upon you and you had no explanation for it, you could not see any meaning in it. A darkness that was alive at the heart of it. You know it. These folk, these fisherfolk, difficult as the journey was in the presence of contrary wind and tossing waves, they knew these things, they had often been in storms; but this is something new, something that comes up out of the midst and out of the darkness and is moving towards them over tempestuous waters, the agony, that is terrible, because it has no explanation. There are few people here know what I am talking about. That is, the supreme agony—and you know Matthew has given us two scenes of that—and we must look at the same picture still, and we may now look from the standpoint of what Matthew tells us and see what it really is before the disciples understand it.

Notice this. It is the Lord coming to them over waters that threaten to engulf them, through the wind that hinders them, He being superior to the threatening waters and unhindered by the wind that hinders them. That is the picture. He saw them distressed with rowing and He left the place of His quietness and seclusion, came down the mountain path-

way, placed His foot upon the wave and it became as adamant, and with dignity, power and majesty He approached wave after wave, every wave recognizing the Lord and preparing for Him a foothold of strength, and the wind behind to make way for Him. No waters can swallow this Lord and Master of us all. No wind that hinders me can hinder Him, and I see Him coming over the waters and through the wind. Mark tells us this very strange thing: "He would have passed by them." He would have passed by them. And, my brethren, I translate that word, not more literally, but in another way, to carry over the startling declaration, so that it may interest us. That word in Mark means this: "He wist to pass by them." The first intention of the Lord was to come but not to join them, to pass by them that way and meet them on the other shore. What was He doing? Testing their faith? Testing their faith. They all saw Him, says Mark, and were troubled. That was the hour of the failure of faith. I am not trying to look at this critically. I am not criticising those men; I should have failed long before they did. I will try and illuminate the first story by another for a moment.

There is another storm one day and He is there on the ship. He was asleep in the hinder part, and they were terribly troubled, and what did they do? Awaken Him? Was it right to wake Him? Yes; it was right to wake Him. Was it the best thing to wake Him? No. How do you know? When they woke Him He arose and coming to the side of the vessel and looking out over the waters He said quite literally to the waves "Be muzzled," and they dropped back and He said, turning to the men, "O, ye of little faith, why were ye fearful."

I see things it would have been better to say: No water can swallow the ship where lies the Master of ocean and earth and skies. Better to have weathered the storm and missed the rebuke; only, O thank God, if you cannot do it, cry out and He will still the storm. When your faith is not equal to rising to its highest height, don't lose heart. He will come down to your level. He is always doing so in the hour of your sorrow.

Are those waters threatening to engulf you? Aye, He is treading them beneath His feet already if you did but know it. Is the wind contrary? He is moving through it toward you. You haven't yet seen it, and when you do, He will come in such a way that the first appearance will give you greater sorrow than ever and greater perplexity. He is trying your faith and the trial of your faith is more precious than that of gold. He would fain pass you by? O God, if I can but so rest in His love as not to cry out. I haven't learned it, don't misunderstand the preacher of the morning. I see it. I want to learn it. I want to rest in His will whether it be the will of storm or shining. If my faith isn't equal to it, it may be that He will then strengthen my faith by putting it to severer test ere He deliver me in the midst of my agony. I come to scene 5. "But straightway"—when?—"when they cried out for fear." So that is the connecting link. If I am dividing up into scenes, see how the pictures merge. "Straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." What had happened? This thing. We left them a moment or two ago in the midst of the storm. Forgetting the storm in their con-

sciousness of the new terror, new danger of the apparition, and I like to be realistic in my own imagination and watch these men leaning over the side of the vessel, swept by winds and tossed by the waves, gazing with eyes full of terror upon that old apparition, forgetting the old trouble in the presence of the new unexplained mystery, and suddenly out of the heart of their terror such as they had never known came the voice, the voice they had known so well, the voice so full of authority and tenderness: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid," and the voice recalled the memories of the bygone days, and the terror of the night merged into the nearness of the mighty deliverer. That is it. Now may we not try and see that: When faith cannot bear the stress of the unexplained sorrow that crushes the heart He makes Himself known. Out of the darkest experiences He brings the brightest light. In the ghostly apparition we find the lifting and the loving Lord. And again there is a small circle of men and women here, scattered through this audience, that know exactly what I mean. Let me speak experimentally. I am not going to mention details for a moment, but there behind me stretches my life, the life of responsibility, which began three and thirty years ago, the life into which I had to face the world. There are days—and right there, and there and there are days—that the terror of them still makes my heart tremble, and yet, beloved men and women, there are days that the terror of days that I would not if I could have cut out of my life. Out of the darkness came the light these eyes had never seen. Out of the ghost-like apparition, freezing my blood, came the voice, and out of these darkest sorrows have come the most wonderful knowledge of my Lord and Master. Many of you know that is true. I pray you, those of you who have not yet come to such hours, store up this story; remember it. Perhaps when the dark day comes by an understanding of the Master's method as revealed in the story you may be stronger than some of us and not even cry out with fear. I have known men and women who have not cried out with fear. I almost worship them, some people to whom I minister, and I feel I am not worthy to step down and latch their shoe laces. Those of you who heard that letter read from that girl, with her three little ones left. O, the wonder of it. O, the wonder of it. I was rebuked when I heard it read this morning. Her beloved husband, and husband as fellow-laborer in the Master's work, stricken, and she writes and says it is the Lord. I don't think I am equal to it. I think I will cry out. I have cried out, but blessed be God! He never lets me go beyond the breaking point, and when I cannot bear the process of His testing and preparation and cry out, He says, "It is I. Be not afraid"—"Be of good courage," and out of the mystery of the apparition comes the revelation of my Lord and Master. Now hear verses 28 to 31. Just let me read them. "And Peter" (O, thank God for Peter; I am a relation of Peter—I'm sure I am) "and Peter answered and said, Lord,"—mark the courage of it—"if it be thou, let me come to Thee upon the water," and He said, "Come." Don't ever preach on that and call it his presumption. It was not presumption. Our Lord never encouraged a man in presumption. "And Peter went down from the boat and walked upon the waters." I was constrained to say what I have said a moment ago because I have

heard sermons on the presumption of Peter and these sermons all proceeded as though the moment he started he sank. Nothing of the kind! He walked upon the water; "but—" then there is to be a change—"but when he saw the wind he was afraid and beginning to sink he cried out, Lord, save me," and immediately Jesus said, "stretch forth thy hand, and took hold of him and said unto him, O thou of little faith. Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

What is the picture? Faith, venturing—Bid me come to thee.

Faith, victorious—He walked on the waters.

Faith, vanquished. When? When he took his eyes off the Lord and looked at the wind and waves. There's a sermon presented to you. Get the application of it.

Brethren, I want to be careful. Listen! The recognition of the Lord in some great hour of revelation out of the midst of sorrow renews faith and faith then makes a new venture. Fixed upon Christ the frailest disciple can do exactly what Christ can do. Christ walked upon the water. Faith fixed upon Him enables me to walk upon the water, and venture is the outcome of the revelation, and yet mark the frailty of your own human nature and see this: That the man who has had the great revelation fails again. I have got some man all by himself, I don't know where he is sitting. You say: "Ah, yes; that is it. I had that awful sorrow; the Lord appeared to me and I knew it, I cried out and He delivered me then, and I started anew but O God, I have made such a mess of it since." Well, now, what is He going to do with you? He says, "I came through that sorrow to you and you found me in it as you have never found me in it before, and then you made a new venture of faith and now drown." Do you think so now? He cried out for fear the second time as he sank and immediately the hand of Christ laid hold on you. He will rebuke you and say: "O, you of little faith," but He will hold you and bring you safely. Then what? Just the last touch. "And when they were gone up into the boat the wind ceased and they that were in the boat worshiped Him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God."

I am very interested in three things that these three evangelists say about this last thing. Matthew says that which I have just read, they worshipped Him, saying thou art the Son of God. Mark says they were amazed, for their hearts were hardened. John says they were willing to receive Him into the boat. Mark those three things—I am coming to them. And what is the last thing? John says, "straightway the boat was at the shore whither they went." Matthew says in the very next verse "they finished the voyage, they crossed over," and Mark says they "finished the voyage, they crossed over," and John says "straightway they were there." Which is right? Was this a sudden miracle? No. What did John mean. After He got on board he forgot all about distance. He said it seemed nothing when He was there, we were there in a minute—straightway we were at the land whither we went. My brethren, when the storm has served His purpose and the growing mysteries that come out of the midst of it have all been fulfilled and He has perfectly revealed to us our own faulty faith and His own mighty grace and loving power, then the wind will cease. "They were willing to receive Him into their boat—they were amazed—they worshiped." Of course I am willing to

receive Him, I am amazed, I have got a hard heart and it is difficult to get me; yet, so help me God, I have to worship, there's no escape.

Then the last thing. Presently we shall reach the other side and, beloved, when we reach the other side, if He be with us, if we have come to know Him more intimately through the way of the sorrows, we shall look back and say: "Straightway we are here—how short the voyage." Now this only, to read the passage, and I am going to do no other. My last word is this: Are you storm-tossed? Let me speak to the men and women who are in the patient and sympathetic hush of those who, as you are in the midst of sunlight and gladness, are yet storm-tossed. There is only one question about which you need be concerned if you are in the midst of a storm. Is the prow of your vessel pointed in the way of ordination? That is all. Have you got it straight for the shore where He has asked you to meet Him? Keep your vessel pointed that way, then know this: Keep rowing. "Steady, brothers, steady"—keep rowing. He is coming. His foot is already on the waves. It may be time ere thou find Him. The sorrow will deepen and that all the storm which has filled you will merge into the mystery of some unexplained agony. He is coming, and if it may be that you can so trust Him as when He comes to let Him pass by, knowing that no apparition can have anything in it of danger since you are His and in the way of His direction, so much greater your triumph; but if not, know this: The moment you cry He will answer, and even though you make a venture of faith and fail in it, when you sink He will keep you. May our hearts be comforted with this comfort of God.

JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

By OZORA S. DAVIS, D.D.

In attempting to interpret this episode in the life of Jesus we shall keep in mind the graphic character of the record and the dramatic movement of the relation which is gradually established between the Master and His questioner. There are very few scenes in the earthly life of the Lord that are portrayed with greater vividness than this. We can see the action of the mind of each speaker as the dialogue proceeds. The reactions are given with almost crystal clearness. There can be only one impression resulting from reading the Record: This is a real event in the life of Jesus and this is a critical moment in the history of a human soul. As a result of the study we ought to have a clearer definition of the character of Jesus and a larger vision of the Gospel that is connected with His person.

1. The Journey Northward.

Jesus and His friends are traveling after the manner of their free life in the open air. Let us always think of the fellowship of the Master and His comrades as a life in the open. They did not travel by automobile or sleeping car; they trod the mountain paths; they cooked their fish and ate their simple meals beside the ways that led to the cool places or the wells; they slept beneath the stars wrapped in their coats. The teaching

of Jesus has something of this informality and freedom wrought into it. It does not partake of the character of the formal worship and the sermon in the modern church. It is essentially a hill Gospel and a mountain message. It is born of intimate comradeship and long walks where teacher and disciple learn to know each other fully. We are to study an episode in a journey which Jesus was making through Samaria and thus off the beaten way from Jerusalem northward.

2. **The Scene at the Well.**

The Syrian sunshine had beaten down pitilessly during the long forenoon. Walking is easiest in the very early morning; but the pilgrim company evidently was anxious to reach the well and the village and so they had gone steadily onward into the noon-day heat.

Now the disciples have gone away into the village and left Jesus sitting at the well-curb. It is a little touch in the narrative that shows the natural leadership of the Master among the twelve. They did not ask Him to do these little acts of practical service that fell to them as His friends and followers.

Then comes upon the scene the woman from the village. It has been suggested that we have a hint as to her character in the fact that she came at noon and alone to draw the water that was needed for the household. The women gather at the wells in the early morning and at twilight for their work and their gossip; but this woman came at noon and alone. It might indicate that she was a careless housekeeper who had let the necessary work remain undone as long as possible; but I am inclined to think that we see here a reflection of the fact that it was isolation that grew out of her recognized position in the village. She was lonely. I think that we shall discover in the keen and alert quality of her mind and in her better yearnings evidence of the fact that she herself might not enjoy the chatter of the village gossips, even had her own position in the community not made her sensitive of the fact that in her absence a large part of the gossip was directed toward herself.

Here, then, is the simple setting of the scene: The ancient well, the distant village, the weary Master, and the no less weary and languid woman from the little community that pointed the finger of reproach at her when her back was turned.

3. **The Test of Hospitality.**

The first event is one that requires for its interpretation a sense of the full meaning of hospitality in an Oriental land. The woman was about to draw from the well and Jesus was tired and thirsty. There was no reserve to check Him and no conventionality to hedge Him about as He asked simply and courteously for a drink.

This request ought to have received a quick and kind response. This was the law of the land and it is the law of the Orient today. If it is denied, then the spirit of bigotry or selfishness that leads to the denial stands out with all the greater blackness on the background of the universal law of hospitality.

We are near the primitive conditions of life here when the need of the stranger is recognized as defining one of the sternest requirements that govern the relations of men. Hence, Jesus was appealing to one of the primitive and permanent instincts of the social nature of man as He made the test of the woman's hospitality.

4. **The Scorn of the Hated Race.**

Was it the trip of an accent or was it the inflection of a word or was it the peculiarity of dress or manner? In any case the woman caught the fact in an instant that the stranger who was testing her hospitality belonged to a hated and hating race. This particular person might or might not scorn her and her people. She never stopped long enough to ask that question. She was in the grip of a racial feeling which never made the individual exceptions. This man was a Jew; she was a Samaritan. Jews hated Samaritans; Samaritans hated Jews. Therefore she hated this man because he hated her. She took no time to reason this out. It was not the habit of either Jew or Samaritan to make the individual exception. She leaped instantly into the seat of the scorner and answered what she supposed to be the hate of the man by a hate that was the inheritance of an age-long feud.

There is something peculiarly suggestive of the toss of the head and the leap of the flame into her face as she asks the Master, How do you, a Jew, ask for a drink of water from me, a Samaritan?

We feel the keen edge of her scorn. How delicious it is to her to have this chance to hurl back at a Jew the taunt of her people! It is personal sarcasm plus race hatred. She is using a woman's peculiar weapon. Boys fight with their fists; girls fight with their taunts and sarcasm. How truly characteristic her answer is!

Jesus saw at once that the mind of the woman was fast closed by her race prejudice and personal scorn. It would be useless to attempt to impart the truth to her in the temper evidenced in her retort. It is the old problem of prejudice and a mind closed to the truth by its narrowness and scorn. The most serious obstacle in the way of the mastery of the mind by truth is the entrenched prejudice which fills the field of thought.

Would Jesus give her up, turn wearily aside, let her remain in all her pettiness and bitterness? Or would He undertake to break up the surface of that hard mind and find place in it for the supreme truth? It is a testimony to the love and greatness of the Master that He did not turn from the woman's contempt with despair but that He proceeded to lead her into a fairer and better disposition toward truth.

5. **The Courteous Reply.**

Of course Jesus did not meet the scorn of the woman with similar contempt. His answer is still in the mood of hospitality. This is the substance of the reply. I have asked a good gift from you and you have raised the question of superiority of race; but if you knew who I am it is you who would be asking for a drink of water from a running spring.

This answer continues the subject with a complete shift of emphasis; but it is the reply of most genuine courtesy. Jesus did not do as we so often do—meet a taunt with another. Nor on the other hand did He avoid the question that the woman raised. She brought out the old question of which was the superior race; Jesus led her to the question of the superior person. Hence, He did not avoid the subject that the woman had raised. He continued it; but in a new temper and with a new emphasis.

The reply of Jesus is also marked by a certain sense of mystery which appeals to the curiosity. It contains the suggestion of values that must be discovered. There are hidden relations that ought to be discerned. Hence, the answer does something more than continue the subject in a

new way; it introduces a factor that will stimulate curiosity and awaken a new interest. We feel the skill of Jesus as He brings a new element into play here. He can do nothing to lead the woman into discovery of the truth so long as her mind is prepossessed with prejudice. He must change this disposition of her thought. He must catch her attention and awaken her interest. She is a woman to whom the appeal of the mysterious may be made. Curiosity is a primitive instinct and Jesus will arouse it in the woman. Thus only can He hope to open her mind to receive the truth that He has to convey to her.

Thus when you read the reply make the personal pronouns emphatic: THOU, HIM, HE, THEE. Then catch the awakening qualities in the answer; its sense of mystery and its appeal to the curiosity. It has in it the element of personal challenge by sharp contrast.

6. **The Taunting Question.**

Instead of immediately arousing the interest of His questioner, the words of Jesus gave her another opportunity to indulge in contempt for the stranger. She discerned two ways in which she might taunt Him. In the first place here He sat, a stranger at the deep well, without even rope or vessel with which to draw from the far-off sources beneath them. It was simply absurd to talk as He was talking. So she laughed at Him. "Living water! How are you going to get it?" she said. We almost hear the laughter in the question.

The woman uses a word for well here that is in sharp contrast with the term that Jesus uses later. It is a very realistic term. It may best be translated by the English word "pit." Jesus will speak of the "spring" of water that He can furnish. Note the contrast in the words. To the woman who had come so often to draw water here Jacob's well was a deep, dark pit. It was hard to reach its depths. It stood for the long lug back home and the hard tug up.

In the next place she found in the reply of Jesus the opportunity again to indulge in her sarcasm. The taunt has two elements in it. First, she ridicules Him on the point of His inferiority to the great men of the past. "O, yes, I see; you are a great man! You are greater than all the fathers! You can draw water out of a deep well without a rope!" See her throw her head back with a toss of scorn; see the ridicule steal into her face; hear the light laugh with which she ends the sentence.

Then she finds here another chance to hurl at the Jew a boasted bit of Samaritan superiority. "Our father," Jacob, gave us this well; here is where he drank. Of course you think that you have just come up from Jerusalem and there is the center of all truth. You are on sacred ground here also. Let me remind you of this here on the spot where you are boasting. We are warranted in reading even more into her words. She is a clever woman and her mind works with effective readiness. It is almost impossible to interpret briefly the swift changes and the compact meaning of this dialogue.

The woman has answered the Master twice. In each case she has revealed herself as filled with prejudice and ready with the retort of scorn. She uses her weapon swiftly and unsparingly.

The problem of Jesus is to lift her mind to another, to a wholly different level and induce her to cease her prejudice. How patiently He indures the venom of her words! We see Jesus here as the patient teacher in the supreme degree. He will not give

her up but will seek now to draw her thought to the true spiritual content of life.

7. **The Spiritual Lift.**

We understand far better than the woman understood it the full meaning of the next reply of Jesus. It marks a swift and radical turn in the character of the conversation. If Jesus is to lead the woman into the possession of a spiritual truth He must prepare her mind by creating in it the spiritual temper. He is so wise a teacher that He knows how impossible it is for Him to attain His end with His hearer's mind unless it is turned to the truth which He has for it to receive. So He turns from the material to the spiritual. Using the physical object as a symbol He advances to unfold a spiritual truth of the profoundest order.

It is impossible for us to dwell at length upon the different factors in the teaching of Jesus concerning the living water. It deserves a separate study. He brings out the unsatisfied hungers of the human spirit; they are not to be adequately met by anything in the physical world; there must be sources of supply that do not perish and are drawn from exhaustless fountains. In contrast with the inadequate character of all material supply for the hungers and thirsts of the spirit is the boundless and permanent character of spiritual gifts that are to be had at the hands of Christ. Then He gives in concisest form a little analysis of the gift: It is free and requires no long journey to find its source or hard lift to gain it; it is within the self and not external to it, so that it goes with us wherever we go and ministers to us in every emergency with instant response; it is a source of perpetual supply like a living spring among the hills that does not go dry in the severest heat and longest summer; it rises to the highest level where time and death are no more, but the fullest joy and the amplest perfection of the soul are signified in the words, "eternal life."

That the mind of the woman should not take in the full meaning of this is not strange. We have been working toward the apprehension of it for centuries and we do not yet fully understand what it means. It does seem strange, however, that the woman should not have seen that the words of Jesus referred to a spiritual rather than to a material gift. So are we ever bound to the physical that it is difficult for us to transfer our thought from the lower to the higher. Hence, we are not surprised at the woman's answer.

8. **The Outcry of Physical Need.**

The reply of the woman awakens a certain sense of pity and sympathy. She simply cannot understand what Jesus means. Her mind is all filled with the dreariness and the hardship of her daily task that brought her to the well. The suggestion of a spring of water all her own, unshared by her less fortunate neighbors, relieving her of the necessity of carrying a water jar daily on her aching shoulder, making her rich in the village and thus able to strike back at those who reproach her—this is all that she saw in the words of Jesus. It was a vision of material gifts. It was enough to fill the entire horizon of her mind.

Her hands are thrust out eagerly with her question and request: "Please, give it to me." It is an eager and almost impetuous outcry. She wants what Jesus has to give so far as she understands what it is.

Coupled with the request are two little items that we must not fail to

interpret: "That I thirst not" and "all the way hither to draw."

The first represents the unsatisfying character of all physical gifts to supply permanently the needs of the soul. Even a jar of water most freshly drawn from Jacob's well could not permanently slake the thirst of the physical body. It must be satisfied again and again. How quickly the water became warm and insipid! Just to be satisfied once for all by the gift of a running stream! Well did this woman know how imperfect are the material satisfactions of life.

Then there is the second touch which adds to the picture the item of the weariness of work. If we read it well the words "all the way hither to draw" will be full of the heat and burden of the mid-day housework. The hot sun will blister down through the words. The feet will be hot in the sand; the back will ache with the burden; the eyes will be tired with the light; and the mind will keep singing the refrain, "work, work, work."

No better picture of this woman's life could be given than is contained in these two items—thirst and work. This is the material lot and this is the life of man when there is no gift from the Christ to bless and uplift it.

9. **The Moral Probe.**

Jesus has found the woman filled with prejudice and scorn. He has not retorted but has patiently sought to disarm her instinctive antagonism to Him and awaken her interest. He has turned their thought to the spiritual plane and found that she has not the faintest apprehension of anything beyond the physical. It now becomes necessary for her to be rudely shaken from her low level of thought and aroused by a sudden and searching experience. She must be shaken out of her mood of contempt and aroused and released from her bondage to the physical.

This Jesus now does by a swift and dramatic turn. Completely breaking from the line of conversation He turns and asks her to go and call her husband.

The request was courteous and proper enough. We need not discuss the question as to the range of the knowledge of Jesus that is revealed here. Whether this was a woman with whose life He was familiar by hearsay, or whether here is an exhibition of knowledge beyond all human limits is not essential to the study. Certain enough it is that by His question Jesus inserted the moral probe into the very depths of the woman's life. Nothing else had reached her with sufficient force to call from her any other than a saucy reply and a selfish request. This, however, is one of those unveiling and disrupting experiences that shake the whole mind. It reveals to the woman that this is not a person who is bearing up sweetly under the lash of her scorn or saying gentle and incomprehensible things about the spiritual life. His fan is in His hand and He is winnowing fearlessly and relentlessly the chaff from the wheat.

This moral probing of life by the accurate and relentless Christ is something that the modern age needs to learn and we must take time here to emphasize it. Jesus is not only the patient and the spiritual Master; He is also the searcher of the moral life and the revealer of the hidden sins of the soul. There is no escape from the moral test of the Christ. We cannot avert it by scorn and we cannot put it out of sight by the assertion of the physical and material needs and activities that engage us.

It comes insistently and it must be squarely met.

10. **The White Lie.**

The woman met this sudden turn by fleeing to the cover which children and cowards always seek. She instantly replied with a white lie, or a half truth. She told Jesus something that would be true under one possible interpretation but which was the perversion of the truth in the fairest interpretation of it that could be made. She could defend herself to her own unworthy self by giving the possible interpretation that rang true; she stood revealed before anyone who searched the matter through as a liar.

The flight to the refuge of the white lie is not the method of the daring and crafty sinner. It is a childish and cowardly method of retreat or defense. The woman shows in her first turn that she is misjudging her questioner. She thinks that she can escape by the simplest ruse. She has not awakened to the character of the person with whom she is talking or caught the first note of His real message.

11. **The Unveiling of Dishonor.**

Now Jesus turns quickly and without hesitation upon her. He tells her plainly that He sees her endeavor to deceive in the partial falsehood that she has told and then makes His indictment specifically: Falsehood, wifely inconstancy, open sin. There are the items plainly set forth and from the charge there is no possibility of appeal. She has lied, she has had five husbands, she is now living in open sin. Thus is the final dishonor unveiled without reserves by Jesus. The woman is branded and that which the community had made free plunder in its gossip is revealed in its vile detail.

There is no escape from the moral searchings of the Christ. Brought into the radiance of the white light of His pure spirit we stand revealed in all the sin that may otherwise veil itself from men. What a contrast there is between these two figures as they stand side by side at Jacob's well. The faultless Christ and the woman whose life is all seamed with sin! The question flashes forth from that comparison. Is there help for the soul of this woman? Surely if it is to be found it will be by means of the one who has thus discovered her to herself.

We must not fail to notice the fine use of irony on the part of Jesus here. The woman has told Him that she has no husband. He admits the truth in the lie, then He makes His indictment that the real condition may be shown, and then with the gentlest but the most keen irony He adds—"this saidst thou truly"—and how truly the indictment shows. Jesus has suffered her taunts and sarcasm; now in this finest bit of sarcasm He lets her feel the keen edge of His own power of retort. It is gracious and warranted. It drives the truth home; it clinches the nail on the consciousness of the woman.

12. **The Refuge of Controversy.**

Brought squarely face to face with her dishonor, with the words of Jesus ringing in her ears, the woman now displays one of those adroit and sudden moves which reveal for the first time something more worthy in her than scorn and bondage to things material. She seeks to avoid the moral issue and to change the subject completely by taking refuge in an ancient religious controversy. She belongs to that class who are more anxious to be sound on a debatable question than they are to be morally upright. So she attempts to throw Jesus off the moral line of attack and entangle Him in an old, bitterly de-

bated question regarding the place where men ought to pay their worship to God. There, before them, was the mountain which was held by the Samaritans to be sacred; Jesus had just come up from Jerusalem where the Jews had established their holy place.

The woman jumped at the opportunity for a debate which would raise a dust and obscure the question involved in the words of Jesus. This is what debates on unessential religious questions accomplish in almost any event. The woman was shrewd enough to know this and to make the attempt to divert the moral trend of the conversation into the dry channels of a useless argument.

This discloses a certain mental quickness in the woman which we cannot fail to admire. Doubtless it was a genuine interest, too. She was doubtless as careful in balancing rival claims between Gerizim and Jerusalem as she was careless of domestic sanctities. In any event, her endeavor was shrewdly conceived and well executed.

13. **The Definition of Worship.**

Two points are noteworthy in the reply of Jesus. He did not press the moral problem that He had raised. This shows His sympathy and His skill. Having brought out the fault, He does not pursue the wrongdoer. He might have done so. Perhaps He might have shown the woman her guilt and brought her to confession; but He wanted to show her Himself. This was the greater end. His question had served its purpose. He had won an advantage that He was too kind to press.

He did not suffer Himself to be entangled for a moment in the question which the woman raised. The answer is wonderfully adapted to the questioner's need: "In which ought God to be worshiped?" she asked. "In neither," He replied; which implied "in neither exclusively and in both truly; for worship it a greater fact than place or season."

And now it is the Master's turn to speak of the fact of race and rank. He did not do it earlier; now He does it with the gentlest firmness. Had He said at the beginning, "ye know not what ye worship," there would have been an instant retort from the woman. She cannot retort now; Jesus has exposed the moral failure of her life too fully.

Salvation was of the Jews when Jesus spoke; salvation is of the Jesus Christ today. We display no strength when we are reluctant to make this assertion. Jesus did not fear that He would provoke a debate or be called a bigot because He said without any reservation: "Salvation is of the Jews." Equally today is it true salvation is of Christ; and we ought to be ready to assert it.

Then comes the definition of true worship. God is spirit, and the attempt to localize Him in a temple on a mountain is forever futile. The character of God defines the true worship that is due Him. It must be more than formal; it must move in the very realm of spirit and truth. This is a protest against all material and all artificial interpretations of worship. Spiritual worship must use forms; but it is superior to forms. True worship may employ ritual; but it will be far more radical than ceremony.

These words of the Master, so positive, so profound, so generous, do that which nothing else could have done; the deeper nature of the woman is discovered now; she will reveal her truest self.

14. **The Yearning for Certainty.**

This woman had a small, bitter

mind; she had been careless of moral relations; but this did not tell the whole story. Underneath the scorn and the harness was a yearning secretly cherished and a deep desire to know the truth. She also craved the certainty that was to come with the Christ.

At last Jesus has called it forth into expression; it breaks with a great, passionate outcry from her heart: "I know that the Christ is coming; He will tell us everything."

How little the village gossips knew how many times this woman had looked forward to the advent of the Truthbringer. They thought of her only as the slovenly housekeeper, or the woman whose character was questionable. Underneath all this she had hidden a deep and constant yearning for truth, and this Jesus discovered and called into expression. This is the great quality in Jesus as a teacher; He finds at last, under all the mask and shell of a hard life, the elemental yearnings and satisfies them. Now at last the true woman speaks; the real soul is called into expression. Within us all are these deep desires. We, too, crave knowledge of the truth and full certainty on the great problems of the spirit. Some time, we believe, the truth will come, and the truth will come if, like the woman, we sit with Jesus the Christ.

15. The Great Affirmation.

It was to a woman who a moment before had tossed her head at Him in scorn, who had told Him a half falsehood, who had sought to entangle Him in profitless debate, that Jesus now spoke what is perhaps the greatest sentence of all time: "I am the Christ." He said it to her because He had found her ready to receive it. She belonged by virtue of her expectation, secretly cherished yet always present, to the "poor in spirit" to whom is promised the kingdom of heaven.

The greatest of all spoken sentences I have ventured to call these words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria. They express the supreme fact that in Jesus the Anointed One, the Revealer, the Savior, the Christ did really come to earth. There is no truth more precious than this. It has changed the course of history. It has made civilization different from that day until now. It has brought help to the tempted, hope to the disheartened and strength to the weak. It created Christianity; indeed, it is Christianity. If there is any power in our faith it is because this sentence is true. If there is any warrant for our confidence in the final coming of the kingdom of God upon earth it is because Jesus spoke truly when He said: "I am the Christ." It means that God has entered human life to redeem it and that the final triumph of His great purpose is secure.

Here was declared the great evangel to a woman, to a sinful woman, but to a woman whose heart really was open to receive the message.

16. The Abandoned Water Jar.

How much more the Master may have said to the woman the record does not tell. This whole narrative is condensed to the extreme of brevity. The disciples came back from the village, found Him talking with the woman and naturally expressed their surprise at it. Meantime the woman left her water-pot and hurried away to the city to report what had happened. There is a treasure of meaning in that abandoned water-jar beside the well. The woman had come out to carry back a heavy pot of water; she went back with good news that the Christ had come. That

water-jar stands for the life of dreariness that we abandon when Christ comes into our lives. It means the full discovery of the fact that there are some things more important than others. In the first happy discovery of Christ we leave the old tasks for the moment. A new truth has taken possession of us and we begin life in a new way.

The woman will come back again and take up the old tasks. Once more she will fill the water-jar and carry it all the way back to the village; but she will do it in a new spirit and with new courage. The path will not seem as it did before; the burden will not be so heavy. She will carry the load for Christ and that means a new way of doing old work. Jesus brings fresh resources and deep renewals, and the water-jar can be carried without complaint when it is borne for Him and in the strength that He gives.

Then the woman began to tell what had happened in the village. "He told me everything that ever I did," she said. Does this mean that Jesus had talked with her more at length than our fourth gospel reports? It would seem so. Nobody heard this conversation except Jesus and the woman. How it came to John we do not know, quite unlikely from Jesus, most probably from the woman and the villagers. In any case, the woman carried her message back home. It was conservative. She put it in the form of a question: Can this be the Christ? It was too good to be true. Sometimes we are so happy over experiences that come to us that we state them as interrogatives; it gives us the pleasure of affirming them once more. I do not think that the woman doubted Jesus; but it was most modest and satisfactory to put her discovery in the form of a question.

17. **The Seekers.**

On this section we shall dwell only briefly. It shows the impression made in the village by the woman's words. The inhabitants came out in a throng. They looked like a great grain field ready for harvest as Jesus saw them coming; as the scarlet poppy adds a dash of color to the golden grain, so here and there a head-dress or scarf colored the crowd of men and women.

The human heart needs the Christ. It responds when the message comes from another seeker that the Master has been found.

The woman spread the good news broadcast. Only thus is the white harvest field made possible.

18. **The Greater Witness.**

Jesus went up to the village at the request of the people; He enjoyed hospitality there at the hands of the villagers who believed in Him because of the words of a woman who had taunted Him when He even asked for a drink of water; and many believed in Him not simply because of what she had said but because of what Jesus Himself was.

The woman brought her neighbors to the Master; then the Master made His own impression upon them. Christ is the supreme witness to Himself. We cannot convince our friends fully that He is the Lord. All we can do is to bring them to Him and He will convince them. The woman did her own will; it is all that we can do.

19. **Two Character Sketches.**

The woman of Samaria: A tired, heartless, housekeeper; sarcastic and scornful; filled with material interests and concerns; immoral in domestic relations; alert and adroit in

mental habit; interested in current controversy; secretly yearning to know the truth; responding to the claim of the Christ; bearing her joyful witness among her friends.

The Master: Physically tired and craving the grace of hospitality, meeting scorn in gracious patience; a wise teacher, evoking interest; fearlessly probing the moral depths of life; revealing God as spirit; making the supreme claim for Himself and convincing men of His own claims by His own life.

A NEW VISION OF THE LORD HIMSELF

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

The passage I should like to read commences in chapter 7 at verse 36 and ends with the ending of the 19th chapter. But I am not going to read it. I will read one or two selections from it, trusting to your familiarity with the whole story recorded in that portion. Let me say again. We commence in Chapter 7 at verse 36, and I will read a brief selection from the whole portion.

From the passages that we read let me select these verses. Chapter 7, verse 39; Chapter 15, verse 2; Chapter 19, verse 7; all in the Gospel according to Luke.

"This man if He were a prophet would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner."

"This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

"He is gone into lodge with a man that is a sinner."

One reason why men call Him Lord and do not the things that He says, is to be found in the fact that they have lost their vision of the Lord Himself. And in proportion as men lose that vision, in proportion as it becomes dim, the appeal of His ethic fails. Men become careless and callous, nothwithstanding the severity of His requirements.

My purpose this evening in leading you to a consideration not only of these words; not, indeed, fully and particularly all the words but principally all of that story from which I take the words. I say my purpose is born of a desire that we may come once again face to face with the Lord Himself.

When some little while ago I stood for the first time in my life in company with my dear friend (and I think I may say "our" dear friend) Mr. F. B. Meyer, in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, we looked together, he also being there for the first time, we looked together, with wide-open eyes of astonishment that come to children, at those paintings in the Sistine Chapel and nothing, I think, impressed us as together we looked at them more than the consummate skill with which the artist has painted the figures in the foreground. Many of you have seen the pictures to which I am now making a passing introductory reference and among all that impressed us was the fact that these figures seemed as though they stood clearly out from the canvas, so clearly you would not have been surprised had one of them left the picture and come down and talked to you, side by side. Mr. Meyer and I (neither of

us artists—at least I will not speak for him, but myself) together tried to understand, and I think we were right insofar as this: We discovered that the painter of the figures in the foreground knew how to paint his background, and so to paint the background as not to draw your attention to it at first, but to bring the figure in the foreground into clear and sharp relief, the which is, in itself, a parable.

The whole period in this story told by Luke that I referred to at the commencement this evening is a period in the life of our Lord which is characterized by criticism and hostility of the Pharisees. Now, my brethren, as I read this story and as I read my gospels again and again, I become increasingly thankful for the Pharisees—of course, I mean these Pharisees nineteen hundred years away from me; that I want to be understood—and I am thankful for these Pharisees because they constitute so remarkable a background, serving to bring up into clear and bright relief the supernal figure of the Lord Himself. And if speaking in this assembly of Christian people tonight I dwell upon that background, attempt to see these Pharisees, not their attitude towards Jesus Christ, and listen to their criticism and to understand that all that is intended is only to bring out Luke's great background of the revelation of the Pharisees in order that as we close our evening service we shall come to a new vision of the Lord Himself.

Now, familiarity with these narratives will reveal to you the fact that during the ministry of Christ their attitude toward Him underwent a definite and remarkable change. I should be inclined to say that I can detect in the progress of His public ministry three clearly defined attitudes toward Him on the part of the Pharisees: First. That of keen interest, expressing itself in patronage. Then that of honest perplexity, expressing itself in criticism. Finally that of positive hostility, expressing itself in murder. And the psychological study is one full of interest to observe the change in their attitude toward Him and the reason of the change.

I am not going to detain you by tracing it—I content myself with the briefest of reference to their first attitude, that of interest and patronage.

I would like to insist upon it this evening that our Lord in the commencement of His public ministry was attracted not to men of one particular class or order, but to men of all classes and all orders. Let me then pass right away from it and say I have no further interest in those days when they were interested in Him, patronized Him. They invited Him to their houses to dinner and I am never more impressed by the strength of my Lord than when I see Him accepting the invitations. More prophets have been spoilt dining out than in any other way that I know anything about. I can say it from this platform that it would take an infinitely greater amount of courage to tell a man in his own home his failings and his faults, and that is what I mean when I speak of the courage that is necessary to accept these invitations. But our lord accepted them and always we find He deals with a touch of refinement—He dealt with these men across their own tables and in their own homes.

I have nothing tonight to say of that last dark period in which their hostility took them and they never rested until His death.

The central period is the period

especially referred to in this gospel of Luke, the whole of which, I venture to say to you tonight, I should like to have read in your hearing.

It is a period of criticism which is the outcome of perplexity. What I am anxious to do for a few moments is to help you to see with me the problems that confronted them in order that we may understand their criticism. I am entirely and absolutely in sympathy with the Pharisees in the hour of their perplexity and in the criticism they offer. Before I am done with it I will correct that, but by saying that let me ask you to come with me along the line of the revelation of these three stories in which my three texts occur. What did the Pharisees say that made them critical? Why were they critical, for it is perfectly patent they were. "Simon said within Himself if this man were a prophet He would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner." It was proper criticism. The last sigh of disappointment and perplexity as chronicled by Luke is when they saw Him enter the house of Zaccheus. and they said He is going into lodge with a man that is a sinner. Every text expresses the language of criticism in the emphasis of condemnation.

Thank God, He was such an one as to be able to take hold of every word of condemnation and transmute it into commendation, so that I sometimes think I could write a new gospel around the criticisms of Christ which fell from the lips of His enemies.

The central text: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Again I am quite in sympathy with them up to a certain point. What did they mean? First, what did they see? Take that first story and there is not a more excellent or beautiful story in the whole of the gospel narrative than that of the Lord coming into the house and the coming there of the woman. Let us look at it fairly and squarely. I know it is awfully difficult for some of you to do it, but try and put yourself back five minutes, at least into the actual atmosphere and into Simon's position, and I pray you hear me patiently as I put the whole story very bluntly and almost brutally in a way I had rather not in some sense put it, but I must put it so that we may see. What did Simon see? He saw a fallen, defiled and smirched woman of the city cross His threshold and caress and fondle Jesus Christ. Oh, with fine delicacy Luke tells the story. He says there was a woman in the city, and with one of these asides which are characteristic of the method of this Greek artist, Luke, he said she was a sinner. Face this thing! Look it squarely in the face. What did Simon see? A lost woman fondling Jesus, and it was a very startling thing. I venture to affirm, in passing, she had never crossed the threshold before, that she in many years had not been over the threshold of one of these leads in the city. Luke tells us that when she heard He sat at meat she went in. She did not go in until she heard that He was there. Did you hear Mr. Sunday tonight? One flash in his method was seen in that, declining to enter any house or houses alone. Do you see all that lies behind it? But Simon saw a fallen woman caressing Jesus.

Take the next—I will not dwell upon it, for the whole scene needs too large a canvas for me now. When He leaves the house, having uttered some of the strongest, most

terrible things that ever fell from His lips, there outside was a crowd, and the Pharisees. Look and see how He is received by these people, and with amazement they tell the story. Listen to it: This man receiveth sinners. O, my Masters, if somehow I could say these things as they ought to be said. If you now hear of a man receiving people you think of that most empty thing on God's earth, an afternoon reception. This man receiveth. I do no violence to the actual text here if I say it would be quite right if I read it "this man receiveth unto Himself into good, close comradeship sinning men." There is an occasion in which they said of Him, He is the friend of publicans and sinners. He receives them. There is no dignity in His attitude towards them. He gets down on their level, He sits at their board, He talks as though He was one of them. I come to the final picture, and again I ask you to look. What did they see? Bluntly, let me tell the story. They saw Him going in to accept the hospitality of a notorious rogue, and if you question my exposition or my exegesis read your text. He was a publican and he was rich—that is enough. Here is a rich rogue. They said: "Look, He is going in to accept the hospitality of a rich rogue. He is gone into lodge with a man who is a sinner." Let us look again. What is the difficulty, what is the problem? This is it. I venture to give it to you in this very blunt fashion, something that my dear and honored father said to me over and over in my boyhood days, and especially when I was coming up into youth. Over and over again he has said this: "My lad, remember this. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled." Show me your friends and I will tell you what you are going to be in a very few years. Do you catch this difficulty? It is a great strain to put one in to ask you to sympathize with the Pharisees. But come along, let us be true to them. Simon said, in effect, look at this! Here is a fallen woman caressing Him, and either He is no prophet or if He be a prophet He is in grave peril. A man who will permit that has some guilty secret in the background or walks upon the very edge of the precipice. This man receiveth sinners. No man can receive sinners into close good comradeship without his own purity being placed in peril by that comradeship. No man can go in to share the hospitality or receive the hospitality of a notorious rogue without being in danger of being seduced by that man into complicity with his infamous practices. They said if this man is going to teach sinning men and women He will Himself become a sinning man. They were perfectly right. Away in London, back in my church, a young fellow comes up from the country. We get to know about him and get him into our comradeship and into our ministry, and there comes a day when one of my workers comes to me and says, "I am a little anxious about so and so." I say, "What is the matter?" "I don't like the company he is keeping; he receiveth sinners. I am a little anxious about it." And so I say, I do not like the men he has gone to lodge with, they are sinning people. If I have, under difficulty, and with your whole soul in protest against me at least for a few moments won you to sympathize with the Pharisees, it is only to lead you a step farther. If He had been any other than the man He was their philosophy would have been correct. Had He been such as they were what they feared would have happened.

And had He been such as I am, and nothing more, what they feared would have taken place. What did happen? Take the two stories as I leave the central text now. There is nothing more beautiful than Christ's dealing with Simon. Simon stood there, full of honest criticism and Luke says Jesus turned His back on him. Luke says it in this way: He had been talking to Simon, He turned to the woman and talked to Simon. Get the dramatic situation before your mind and you will see the glory and beauty of it. He turned to the woman and talked to Simon. Do you notice how He began? "Simon, seest thou this woman?" Simon said if He were a prophet He would have perceived, He would have seen. Jesus said, "Simon, can you see her?" Simon said if this man were a prophet He would have seen, perceived the nature of woman she is; and Jesus said, "Man, man, can you see her." "Simon, you are saying in your heart that woman is a sinner and if I make a friend of her or allow her to fondle me I shall be contaminated; all the bloom will be dashed from the purity of my own life. Simon, look again." Simon was making the mistake the Pharisees were constantly making, the mistake of looking at the woman as she was instead of as she is. If he had eyes to observe and to see all the facts of the case that day the change wrought in her would have been a revelation of the fact that his philosophy was too simple to encompass and account for the Christ whom he was venturing to criticise.

"Simon, I came into your house and you neglected in your patronage toward me all the common courtesies of an eastern home, and what you neglected to supply this woman has made up. You gave me no water for my feet, she has bathed my feet in her tears and dried them with the hair of her head. You gave me no kiss for my cheek, she hath not ceased to kiss." I think we want a colloquilism to get hold of this, "smothered my cheek with kisses." "She hath anointed my feet with ointments; in brief, Simon, look again and know this: that measured by the common courtesies of every-day life thou art as sackcloth and this woman is as fine silk." Look again. Thus is all the bloom of purity being brushed from this man's character by contact with that woman? In some sacred hour He has lifted her into comradeship with Himself, refined her womanhood and made her fair, beautiful and glorious in the sight of all men whose eyes are open to see. That, my masters, is the central miracle of Christianity and of Christ which men have to account for if they would see clearly the vision of the Lord Himself.

Take finally these figures and what happens? He is gone in to lodge with a man who is a sinner. What happened? There happened (how soon I do not know—it was just in a day, perhaps, or an hour or two, I am not told), but there happened in that house what I am told today is an "ethical revival." Look what is happening! Jesus entering into intrigues with Zaccheus? No. Zaccheus disgorging as fast as he can do so. Things did not turn out as they ought to have happened—as they should have happened. He was not contaminated by contact with sinning men and women. Sinning men and women were lifted, and renewed, and made, and in all the things of coarseness and of evil were sloughed off and the things of beauty and of glory blossoming into being and come to full and final fruitage.

Now, my brethren, all that in order that I may take one step forward, and I ask this question: Who is this? Who is this? Who is this that cannot be placed on a level with men? Who is this that cannot be accounted for by the philosophy that accounts for every other man? Who is this that, coming into conditions similar to those in which I find myself, violates all the issues that happen in the case of a man like myself? Who is He? I am not going to argue His deity, but I am going to ask you to look at the Lord and remember that you cannot account for Him. Unless you recognize that you will have to re-test your philosophy by the actual experience of the Christ, by the actual victories He has won and still is winning in the world.

Who is He? I would like to say two things about Him, if I may—and be patient with me; no man in twenty minutes can say all he knows about this Christ, and certainly not all you know about Him. But recognizing the loneliness of this man of Nazareth, that there is a difference, let us just look at Him again and, as I take these gospel stories and read them carefully, two things impress me. First, His nearness to me; secondly, His distance from me. And now, mark this well, my brethren, mark the paradox of this: It is finally in the things of His nearness that I am most conscious of distance; it is ultimately in the things of distance that I find I am getting nearest to Him. Of all mysteries He is the abiding mystery. Things of nearness—what are they? Summarize them as you will in all the things of my essential manhood I find how near I am to Him. If I take the old analyses of human personality I speak of the individual or emotional powers within the mystery. Within the human ego I find them all in Him; or, if I take Paul's analysis for certain purposes of His teaching and I speak of spirit, mind and body, I find them all in Him; and yet such analyses do for the present moment leave us with a sense of coldness, even while we admit the nearness.

Let us take another method: I am a man of toil, so was He. I am a man of temptation, so was He. I am a man of trust, so was He. May it not be said that those little words cover the whole of the facts of the experience of any man here in any given day—a man of toil, a man of temptation, a man of trust. Every man must work, and God hasten the day when we apply the Pauline principle that when a man will not work neither shall he eat. The dignity of humanity lies in the fact that man shall live in toil. The fellow I pity is the fellow who never works. I have to work for my living—so had He. If once a man comes to the consciousness of it, in fellowship with Christ, when he starts out in the morning to his shop or his office, to business or professional life, to politics, if he be a Godly man, we have heard tonight if he but go in Christ, he is going in comradeship with Him in very deed, for He was a man of toil. Mark the wonder of it. The greater span of His life was not spent in the play-time of childhood, but was spent upon the path on which there beats a fiercer light than ever shone upon the paths of a public teacher.

He is a man of temptation, feeling the whole force and impact of temptation. I am not going to stay or discuss it. I find some men have curious ideas about the purity of Christ's manhood and this fact of temptation. I find some men of the world today

who believe that if a man has not felt the force of sin that he does not know what real temptation is. I venture to affirm that this man of integrity and moral realm (I commit no one else to it, but myself) was a man of perfect physique. I am waiting for some one to paint Him as He ought to be painted. Hoffman, to my mind, comes the nearest to my ideal. I am weary of the inanimate pictures of Jesus. This man felt all the force of temptation. I am tempted and there are only three ways in which a man can be tempted, and they are all there in the wilderness, the whole philosophy of the devil's onslaught on a man's soul is exhausted in that picture.

I am a man of trust. This audience will grant me that. I sometimes face audiences that do not grant it quite so readily. I do not mean necessarily that you are a man believing in God, but you cannot live apart from trust or faith. When you board a train to travel to Winona you put your faith in the man at the throttle of the engine. Every man lives by faith. We are so constructed that we cannot live apart from the principle of faith and of trust. This man was a man of faith. Do you see the things of nearness?

Look again and, O, God! that I could say this next thing as my soul feels it. It is just as I see Him there in all the glory of His humanity, especially in this gospel of Luke it is as I look upon Him, and I am pressing toward Him and saying: "Man of my manhood, human of my humanity." I begin to look at the things of nearness and I stand back and say, no I am not that. A man of toil. So am I, but how He toiled! He worked as a carpenter, so excellently that when He had done His last day's work in the carpenter shop, and His sacred feet would make music with the shavings no more forever, heaven broke silence and said, "My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." That was setting heaven's approval upon the work of a carpenter boy. He so wrought as a carpenter, my brethren, that when presently He went out to preach He wove into the philosophy and appeal of His preaching all His work as a carpenter and builder. "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is worthy of God." Have you ever looked at that? Have you ever noticed it? Look again: No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God. What did He mean? He meant the man who plows a crooked furrow is not worthy of God. "Built on the rock and on the sand." He was talking the technique of His own vitality in the common places of life. He is a man of my humanity, but O, God! the distance. I cannot look back over the way of my work and be satisfied with it when I stand in the presence of this workman, and if you do not feel that distance then, pity the man that does, for I feel it, so help me God.

Look again, brethren. A man of temptation, so am I; but let me speak it solmenly, as a thing that is not to be spoken in an action of boast. I carry and shall carry the scars of my yielding, but He was victorious where I fell, enunciating an ethic so severe that no man who is honest can stand erect in the presence of it. Do you understand the sterness of the ethic of Jesus? Have you read the sermon on the mount? Or have you simply studied it to try and find in it some principles of a better social order while all the while

its demand upon character is stirring, remorseless, awful, terrible. I never trembled in my life until on Mt. Sinai, and for that no praise is due me. I never trembled under Sinai, but when I traveled from Sinai to the Mount and listened to this man teach I tremble yet. Listen (and I will not spoil my illustration by fearing to quote.) Listen to Moses: Thou shalt not commit adultery. Listen to Jesus: He that looketh—a thousand men can stand erect in the presence of the first. God help us! How many of us can stand upright when God puts His ethic upon our soul? Talk to me about preaching the sermon on the Mount without Calvary—I cannot, I dare not do it. I will preach this sermon on the Mount, I will declare this sermon on the Mount. This man of temptation enunciated this ethic of severity and lived it so that until this hour, whatever opinion you may have, He stands the ideal embodiment of bodily purity in the midst of sin and human misery.

A man of trust. I am, but yet look at this man of trust and see the difference. If you speak of faith in God, then He is, to quote the letter to the Hebrews, the final leader. Or if you think of faith in men, what man ever had such confidence in humanity as this man? If you think of faith in the future, was there ever such optimism as this? I know I must live by faith, but I failed and failed, and have been afraid to trust God, and I have been suspicious of my fellowman and had hours of depression when it seemed to me the sun could never break through the darkness and light encompass the world; but He never failed.

His moral conception put Him at an entirely separate distance from all other men and all other teachers. His spiritual conceptions mark this wonderful and strange quality about the teaching of Jesus.

The spiritual conceptions of our Lord: Let me say this first. He is not regarded as having said anything now. Everything He said I can find in the Old Testament. I am told sometimes that He first told men about the Fatherhood of God. A sweet singer in Israel sang it long before He came: "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Now hear me again. I have made you impatient more than once tonight as your minds have been in revolt. He said everything new. Everything He said was new. That is the mystery of the victory of the spiritual conception of Jesus.

Incarnation: Reverently let me touch upon so great a theme. What happened? God came no nearer to humanity in incarnation, but He came into human observation. He had always been near. In Him we live and move and have our being, but in Jesus by the veiling of His glory in flesh He unveiled His glory for flesh, and in those spiritual conceptions His conception of God, His conception of life, His conception of all that lies about it, just beyond the veil He revolutionized all human religious ideals and began their upward march that shall only end when the race, having found God in Christ, shall have found themselves according to the will of God. There is one thing in which He stands apart and away from all other men. It is in that very peculiar and wonderful quality, illustrated in my stories, is ability to take hold of spoilt men and women and remake them. You can dismiss all the rest of what I have said, but, thank God, you cannot dismiss that. "Twice Born Men"—have you read

it? Everybody has read it, I hope. Or, as we called it in England, "Broken Earthenware"—Harold Begbie—broken earthenware. I like it because it reminds me of a great verse in Jeremiah. "If the vessel be marred in the hand of the potter he will make it again another vessel."

There is a peculiarity of Jesus, the final loneliness of Christ, the consummate glory of the Christ, that He takes hold of the marred vessel and makes it again. God be thanked for that! You cannot deny it. That's not ancient history! I dare not call the witnesses here tonight, there would be such a hubbub; every man would want to tell. So in these things He differs, in the distance, in His moral ideals, in His spiritual conceptions, in His power to touch and help men. I find humanity getting close to this man and finding life and finding it again. This is the Christ of the gospels, this is the Christ of the Christian church and Christian experience, this is our Christ. May God clear our eyes to see the vision. May God enable us as preachers, teachers and Christian workers so to teach and so to preach, and, above all, so to live, that this Christ, kin of our humanity, King as well as kin of our humanity, may be revealed to men, not as ideal only, not as ethical teacher, but as transformer, renewer, redeemer, and when that vision of the Lord breaks upon the soul and captures and holds it, then we shall not only call Him Lord, but we shall do the things that He says. May it be so, for His name's sake.

RELIGIOUS INSPIRATION

By BISHOP WILLIAM M. BELL, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

The program of the day having been so radically changed in its execution, and certainly without anyone intending it to be so, I have decided that my relation to the busy and crowded day must be determined by the law of utility. A presentation of the subject announced for the hour would require at least forty-five minutes and we are now within a few moments of the time of the introductory services by Professor Excell. Permit me therefore to speak briefly on the subject of "Religious Inspiration."

The age is witnessing two theories of the religious life, presented at times as if they were contrary the one to the other. One theory puts religion on the plane of mere humanism and eliminates anything like crisis as an element in the religious life. Another theory places an almost exclusive emphasis on the inspirational and supernatural side of the Christian life. Some confusion exists and it does not seem easy to always make the proper adjustment between these two theories.

We talk with all readiness of the inspiration of men and women in the various fields of human activity and achievement outside of religion. For instance: The inspiration of the great poets, the great artists, the great musicians, and we have good ground for so speaking. Transferring our interest and terminology to the realm of religion it seems fitting to speak of the religious life as origin-

ating in an inspiration that comes from God, a spirit consciousness central in the human personality and working itself out in all the social relations and responsibilities to which the individual may come. So-called religious inspiration sometimes has fallen into disrepute because persons claiming this quality have ignored the instruction and control of the Holy Scriptures. There is a safe and ready test for one's religious inspiration; it is the test of co-relation with the Holy Word. A mixture of imperfect religious inspiration with ignorance and prejudice produces the fanatic whose character and conduct are always pernicious and dangerous.

The efficiency of every good thing is conditioned upon its being properly related. Genuine religious inspiration is efficient in proportion as it is directed by intelligence, Scriptural and general. It is often surprisingly efficient, even when encumbered by inadequate fidelity and attention. Its highest efficiency can only come by appropriate preparations, crisis more or less intense, as the case may require; thorough, continuous, progressive process, including occasional deep and searching readjustments.

The religious experience and inspiration is deeper than intellect and reason. It is the fundamental spiritual quality and endowment of the ego central in all personality. It vitally relates the human personality to the Divine Being and to the relationships and environments of life. It flavors all the activities of life with the Christian motives and nourishes the ability for helpful human service by an inward and gracious spontaneity It makes the religious life exhilerating rather than laborious and irksome.

Religious inspiration, even as indwelling such poor mortals as we, is all but an inexhaustable power in human experience. You can never tell how profound a test it may endure with perfect serenity and poise. We can never define the boundaries through which its support, its might and glory will hold. The force and energy in many commodities may be exactly and scientifically measured. Instance a certain amount of coal when used in a railway locomotive in the transportation of freight or passengers. An engineer with so many pounds of coal in his tender knows exactly what is back of him as he opens the throttle and pulls out of the station in the beginning of his swift flight toward the terminal. Not so the spiritual forces and graces. They may not be measured. Keeping schedule, either by the railway engineer or the Christian, is a difficult task, but the latter is more difficult than the former. The power provision is adequate and accessible. No need of dead engines on the highway of the King.

These are days of utilitarian tendencies. We are bent on the conservation of all the forces and resources of nature. The problems of social progress require that we make inquiry as to whether there is a spiritual power and central source of life and influence which can be brought into the lives of men for the elevation of their character to dependable goodness. We only need to scan the pages of the history of Christianity to be convinced that we may not anticipate with scientific accuracy the possibilities of religious inspiration in the life of man, woman or child. The world is always richer than it knows in the material for brave and holy service. We must all have learned in the slight experience we have had with the Christian life forces that we can

never gauge them or understand what is to be the outcome of a surrendered life. No wonder Mr. Moody came back from that trip to Europe to say that he had come to feel that God was searching him anew with the question as to what might really be done by a human life wholly given up to God. So there is always a justifiable expectation of high productivity in the career of any one of God's children. The religiously inspired people afford the realm of constructive power in whom God reserves the right of surprise for the world again and again. God lovingly waits to infill surrendered personality and multiply its power on and on toward the infinite.

We all need to move up to and possess this holy inspiration. Never such exactions upon the individual Christian and the whole church as today. Never such requisition on all the Christian resources as are coming up today from all points of the compass. Never such wide-open doors of opportunity for the doing of the thing which our Lord has programed as are open now. O God, hasten us!

The Christian discipleship of the present is at the crest of all history and in possession of unparalleled facilities for world conquest. We must move forward in this co-partnership of duty and service. The power so to do is of the Holy Ghost. If the church fail here it can only mean her ever-diminishing efficiency. May I ask that in this twilight hour when we halt in this crowded and tremendous day for these few moments in prelude to the message to come through Dr. Morgan that we throw open all the soul galleries heavenward to receive afresh and more perfectly the sweet and limitless endowment of power which the Holy Spirit is ready to put upon all who are being tried in the daily grind of life, religious inspirations for men and women and children? Certainly.

Conviction of sin, conviction for righteousness, and the second generation by the Holy Spirit are steps by which our heredity is essentially transferred from Adam to Christ. Now come the new, splendid and radical adjustments as to spiritual and moral values. Christ becomes sponsor for these and His guaranty holds. He immediately engages to build up the life and make it effective in carrying out His good and holy will.

We shall not diminish by one iota our emphasis on this gracious inspiration. We shall not withdraw by a single scintilla the anchorage of our faith in this high possibility for the people who are about us every day. We are dealing with a hungry age. It has abundance and yet it is in great poverty. He who places his ear to the ground will hear the moan of a starving generation. With all of his astounding achievements man still nestles at the feet of his own conquests and sighs at night as with a broken heart. He falls down exhausted in the realization of his limitations. The race may never be satisfied short of these gracious inspirations. We can burden the tables of the world with the finest menus that dietary skill can possibly provide and invent, we can fling into the air the fleetest airships that human fancy and skill can ever produce; it shall yet be true that man, created in the likeness of God, redeemed by His unsinning Son and sanctified by His Holy Spirit, must ever turn his bruised and burdened heart away from the world and all his achievements to the divine solace.

This religious inspiration works the miracle of the divine acquaintance.

The matter of acquaintance often determines as to audience and interview. We may get to the busiest of men if we know them. So out of our busy life, out of exactions that crush, try, distress and irritate us, it is the joy and privilege of the child of God to lift his clamoring heart, and speaking but a word into the ear of the Infinite Friend, find Him anxious and pledged to come to the rescue in adequate power and relief.

It is high time that there should arise from the vast army of Christ's disciples in this and all other lands the mighty enthusiasms that make for a triumphant advance against the darkness of paganism, heathenism and perdition. There is needed now in the life and devotion of the church a new and consuming passion for determined and unparalleled service in Christ's propaganda throughout the whole world. He is not reading the signs of the times, neither appreciating the compulsions of the opportunity of these eventful days who does not feel the thrill of the mighty summons and offer himself gladly for a share in the current movements by which God is quickening the pulses of the nations. He is ennobling their aspirations, kindling their hopes, re-aligning and coordinating their forces and resources, while at the same time He is preparing the entire race to receive the holy evangel. Everywhere and all around these constructive inspirations are coming into the radius of all human activity and directing the lines of the race's most enthusiastic effort.

We can best learn some things by contrast, and hence, when we wish to undertsand and appreciate what God means by religious inspiration we go to the terms employed in the New Testament to describe the life of the individual before he has come into the experience of this inspiration. The pre-inspiration state is described by such words as "sleep" and "death." These are strong terms and their message may not be ignored except at our peril. It is true, then, that until I am awakened and endowed with His life I am a dead man. It is true until that determining hour I am sleeping when I should be awake and alive. All this being true the manly vigor of the Christian message is self-evident. Religious inspiration is the normal development of the human personality, and the supreme power for all constructive human achievement.

Some young men have certain strange prejudices against even an approach to the subject of religion. They have the mistaken conception that the religious realm is weird, illy defined, uncertain, and that one entering this realm becomes abnormal. It becomes the duty of the ministry and all teachers of religion to correct this sad misapprehension. The glorious and manly functions of religious faith and experience need to be exalted and made plain. One only needs to go out into some of the religious fads of the modern world to find multitudes of people who have gone there hoping that somehow they should be able to lean upon the supernatural and find a power outside of themselves that will deal adequately with the awful tragedies and necessities of human existence. Answering this help-cry of the human heart the glorified and living Christ has never disappointed in the finale the appeal of our penitence and helplessness. Christ is the evangel to every human necessity. He spans life from the cradle to the grave to sanctify and nourish

it. He purposes with each and all to infill, indwell, inspire, direct and command through all the vicissitudes of the earthly career. We surely will be held responsible for great results following these days when great messages have been transmitted from great spirits to great spirits, when great souls have been poured out upon the multitudes, and crowning all, the Holy Spirit has not withheld His presence and ministry. It must be that when this great occasion shall adjourn there shall follow fruitful results throughout the State of Indiana and, indeed, the whole continent and the world. Such is, indeed, the immortality of the Christian service and the power of the Christian truth.

There are various phases of this inspiration and we may well thank God that we are under the protection and the announcement of such an abundant provision for our solace, safety and peace. It may be inaugurated by a crisis which is recorded in ineffacable memory. It may come silently and imperceptibly like the dews of the night. Whether by action on the will, the imagination, the conscience, the judgment, or the spiritual consciousness, the soul sweeps into its holy inheritance of communication with God. It is well.

In conclusion, it is the special function of religious inspiration to fit one splendidly and continuously for religious leadership. Whatever else one may reach in the way of culture and training, the crown of all will come in the touch of God which bestows the distinguishing ability for influence and leadership in religion. Everywhere men and women need to come into possession of these potencies and communions as the supreme preparation for Christian work, as also for all the responsibilities of the human career. Pastors are clamoring for spiritual leadership in the pews, and the pews for spiritual leadership in the pulpit; and the busy work-a-day world, with all its frictions, conflicting interests and social inefficiency, finds itself thrown back upon this final source of power and hope for all the vital adjustments.

In the sweet simplicity of this message of the Gospel I wish to ask and encourage every heart to make its quest Godward tonight. Put in your application, register your presence and appeal before the door of this gracious possibility until in all fullness and power the Holy Spirit has come upon you. In such case you will go down from this mount of beatific communions to praise God for freshened experience and activity, grace and power. Even so may it be.

HE ATTRACTED THE MULTITUDES

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

In the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 1 and verse 1, you will find these words: "The former treatise I made, O Theopolis, concerning all that Jesus began both to do and to teach."

I need not take any time this morning in insisting upon the fact that this treatise also came from the pen of Luke, the beloved physician. Some of you this morning, I have no doubt, have heard Professor Ramsay, to whom we owe so much; and we are thankful sometimes, not that we are considerably troubled at other times, but we are thankful sometimes to be able to stand on the platform of the most advanced scholarship and decision about these books of the Bible. The former treatise, the reference, then, is most evidently to that gospel which bears his name, and the verse is taken as the starting point of our meditation this morning because essentially this little verse at the commencement of this first fragment of church history is the connecting link between the gospel story and this account, which we read with ever-increasing and deepening interest and attention. For essentially the verse constitutes the connecting link between the first and second treatise. This man Luke, inspirationally may I not say, that the verse is a window through which we look back in order that we may go forward. The former treatise made O Theopolis concerning all that Jesus began to do and to teach; not, I beseech you at once to note, not concerning all that Jesus did and talked, but concerning all the He began to do and teach. I would not consider unduly or emphasize any particular word in any particular verse, but I do maintain that the little word "began" there is in itself illuminative and interpretive of that which has gone before and of that which is now to follow. The former treatise: Take the gospel of Luke, pass it in survey for about sixty seconds. In that gospel, written not by a Hebrew but by a Greek, written not for the perusal of the multitude in the first intention of the writer, but for the eyes of a Greek friend; written by Greek for Greek, the master passion of all that was highest in Greek life being that of the perfection of individual. The former gospel is the one in which, in systematic order, with artistic accuracy, Jesus is set before us as the final perfection of humanity.

In the first movement of the gospel He is presented to us in the perfection of His being, Luke alone indicating the stages of development of being and of birth. The childhood and confirmation, that one exquisite cameo of the boyhood of Jesus, which came at His baptism and anointing; first, the physical of being, of babyhood; first, the opening made, the boy at 12 years of age, coming to His Jewish confirmation, then the man in fullness of spiritual power, anointed.

Then the process of fulfilling the divine original intention for humanity, that of revealing to men the process

of teaching, culminating at Ceserea of Phillipi in the vision of human man.

Then the whole process from first to last in human life, coming to His human glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, when God affirms the perfection of all that has preceded.

Luke has another story to tell, more wonderful still, and from that moment of transfiguration he shows us this self-same man with His face set toward that which is full of shadows, and you tread with him the pathway to the cross. The former treatise I made O Theopolis concerning all that Jesus began to do and teach. Twenty years ago at the celebration of the "Passion Play" there was present that most brilliant and erratic of all brilliant journalists, William T. Stead. I am not criticising him. He is one of my friends. He wrote a story of that "Passion Play" and it was read, I think, all around the Anglo Saxon speaking world. He called the story the "Story that Transformed the World." Now, for purposes of hasty illustration, I join issue with the suggestion of that title. No story has transformed the world. I do not mean to say, my brethren, that the world has not been transformed by all those things which have been suggested by the "Passion Play." I believe the world has already been transformed, but not by the telling of a story has the work been done. Never was there such a story, never story so full of pathos, strategy, power, mystery, revelation; never story so wonderful, but not by the telling of the story has the world been transformed. How, then, has the work been done? By that infinite and central mystery of the Christian faith which is that of the living presence in every successive century of the living Christ.

We are not gathered here in these conference days around the memory of a leader whose voice comes dim and far from distant days and places; we are gathered around the living presence of a living Lord who is making Himself as consciously and more accurately and consciously known and felt in this assembly than these men who walked and talked with Him ever knew and felt Him until after His death and resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit.

The things that He began to do and say. And I turn to this book of the Acts of the Apostles and what have I? Now, if I speak very many times in Winona you will find me out in very many things, and you will find out what my own people have really found out and are inclined to chaff me about, and that is always quibbling about the gospel books.

The Acts of the Apostles? By no means! Never was there a more misleading title. I suggest to you that the title of this fragment is this: The story of the continued doing and teaching of the self-same Lord, Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit through His body, which is the church. That, as I understand it, is the story of this book of the Acts. You who have learned the secret art of reading a book through, take this book of the Acts up and read it through, and, my brethren, I suggest to you when you come to those last words you will put the book down with that same feeling you had in younger days, when you were more foolish than you are now, and read serial stories in magazines.

This man—I must confine myself to one line, the thought that is in my own mind and heart, that I desire to pass on to you, the story of begin-

nings; that is the gospel of Luke and, if you will, the other three gospels as well; but let us confine ourselves to one. The story of beginnings is of value to us because it indicates directions and reveals relationships, and so shows to the church forevermore what the church's attitude ought to be and what the church's work really is, and what the church's passion must be if she is to succeed. In other words, all that He began to do and teach in limited, localizing; or, to use the great word of the soliloquy, which I read to you this morning, "straitened circumstances," He is still doing, still teaching by the spirit through His body, which is the church.

May we, therefore, this morning take time to give attention to this one matter only: Let us look back at the beginnings. Not by any means to deal with them fully or finally but in one very narrow particular, a little which I will indicate in a moment, and let us look back at the beginnings, knowing, as we do so, that in them we find the directions and the relationships for our own instructions. Remember that the beginnings were all limited, and the continuity is not limited so far as Christ is concened save only as we limit Him and hinder Him by being unresponsive to the mighty moving of His own life within us by the indwelling of the Spirit of God. The particular and narrowed outlook of the morning is that of the relation of the Lord in the days when He began to do and teach to the multitudes of men and women by whom He was surrounded, the relation of Christ to the crowds.

You will remember then that it is a very narrow line, but it is all that we have time for now. What, then, as I look back to the story of beginnings, are the things that impress me?

First, the relationship of Christ to the multitudes, the relation of the Lord Himself; thinking, not in the first place of His teaching, not in the first place of His works, but of Himself.

Shall we try and look back? You all know the story so well that I may pass very rapidly over it. The relationship of the Lord Himself to the multitudes of men in His own day. My argument is this: That what He was and the relationship of the Lord to the multitudes in those days of straitened beginning is the relationship of the Lord to multitudes today, if, God help us, we let Him have possession of His own body, which body are we if we are linked to Him in life.

First, I say His relationship to the multitudes personally. Then, for a brief moment the beginning of His teaching, because His teaching is to be the same today. The beginning of His doing because His doing is identical today.

Now, as I look back, closing my New Testament, because one hasn't time for individual illustration, and trusting to the familiarity of those present with the story of Luke, what are the things that impress me?

First, that in the days of His flesh He attracted men and men attracted Him.

Secondly, His marvelously accurate knowledge and understanding of men and the almost weird and mystic understanding that the multitudes had of Him.

And, finally: First I repeat that He attracted and was attracted by the multitudes, that He knew and was known by the multitudes; and, finally, that strange double method of His of attracting and repelling—that

sifting process which resulted forevermore in the men who came into contact with Him, either crowning Him or crucifying Him. That, as I see it, brethren, is the story of the relationship of Christ to the multitudes told in brief phrases. I repeat, first of all that he attracted the multitudes. I need not argue, it is perfectly patent in these gospel stories. I do not mean by that that He won the whole of the crowd, but let us face this fact. We may put it all into very rude speech by declaring that one thing the multitudes of His day could not do with Him was to let Him alone. He commanded attention, and as you read the stories (and I now touch upon something a little more fully that I mentioned last night) what we need is to understand that in the days of His flesh our Lord was an attractive personality to all sorts and conditions of men. I affirm that so far as the attractiveness of the Lord is concerned, wherever He came men as men, without regard to caste or class or division, were attracted by Him; not the poor alone, but the rich, not the men who are down low in what we are pleased to call social scale, but all sorts of men were attracted by Him. I know perfectly well what is in the mind of many of you; you are quoting in your mind a certain passage, "The common people heard Him gladly." I know it is written, but what does it mean? My brethren will at once realize that in the phrase "common people" there is a phrase that occurs all through the gospel of Mark where that phrase is written. Follow me: Common people is not wrong, it is perfectly right; what is wrong is what we think "common people" means. The Bible never insults the people we speak of as common people by calling them common—the common people mean all sorts and conditions of men. The word, as a matter of fact, and the rich and gracious old word in its matter of sense, denies what we make it convey.

Whence hath this man letters? You know the technical phrase. It was in Jerusalem, the metropolis, the center of light and learning, that men said this about Him. Whence hath this man letters, never having learned? It was in Jerusalem that question was asked, not in a provincial town—it was in Jerusalem, at the very center of everything, that they said whence hath this man the letters. If you don't see the power of my illustration let me leave the whole subject and get a little way off and come back to it. You remember Savanarolla preaching in Florence; when he first began to preach what the result produced was—that Florence would not listen to him because, forsooth, he had an accent.

I put the whole case now in this final word, and I declare that wherever He came men crowded after Him, they could not leave Him alone. He attracted the multitudes wherever He came. State the case from the other side: He was attracted by the multitudes. I think you are touching one of the deep secrets of why He attracted multitudes. The crowds fascinated Him. He was ever gazing upon the multitudes, and He could not be kept from them. He went up to feasts, not so much for the sake of the feasting as for the multitudes which thronged the city. He couldn't keep away from the crowds.

Carry the great truth over and let me apply it as I run. I affirm here this morning that He has not changed, that He is still the most attractive personality in human history. Even at

this age and at this hour the problem of an empty church in a crowded district, either east or west, in slum or suburb, has found it a deeper and profounder problem—it is the problem of how Christ has been hidden in that church so that the multitudes cannot see Him. If He but be revealed men still crowd after Him. I am not apportioning blame. I am going to say, and say not only for the sake of my own sacred order but for the sake of truth, it is not always the fault of the preacher that the Christ is hidden. A man may stand in his pulpit and preach this Christ, but unless the people who call themselves members of his church incarnate, the things he preaches and live it out so that the neighborhood can see Christ through them, he cannot attract the crowd; but where you have the presentation of the living Christ in the speech of the preacher, and in the lives of the people, I maintain that He is still the same attractive personality. They crowd where He is. He began to be attractive and continued to be attractive. He is still attracted by the multitudes.

Where will you find Christ? Where the crowds are. He cannot be the head of the labor church; He cannot be the president of a capitalists' club because He will have nothing to do with these accidental divisions, because He is attracted by man as man. I speak a thing which technically is not true but spiritually is true when I say in the days of His flesh He never saw whether this man had rags upon him or phylacteries upon the hem of his garment. I go further. Where the labor church is—there in that West End club, with its folly and its rottenness—He is there, because men are there; amid the multiplying multitudes of men thronging and pressing upon all the highways of pleasure, He is there, waiting for a sigh towards Him to answer the sigh with His love, to make and redeem a man. He has not changed.

Not only is it true in those days—He was attracted by the crowds and He attracted the crowds—but He knew them and they knew Him in a strange and mystic sense.

Remember this: You cannot stereotype a method for dealing with individual men. He never dealt with any two men alike. He never said: "Ye must be born again," except to one man. I do not say it wasn't necessary that every man should be born again; I am not talking about that, I am talking about a method. How He knew men! When Simon, the son of Jonah, came to Him, brought by Andrew, what a marvelous picture that is! Jesus looked at him and said: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonah; thou shalt be rock." Have you ever noticed Peter never answered Him? Isn't it a surprising fact? Not if you know Peter. He never said a word. Why did he not say a word? Because he was so startled as he had never been that anybody could be rock. It was the one thing that he was not. I maintain Peter as the greatest human as a human in all the New Testament; elemental man, volitional, emotional, but lacking the master principle, the welding of all into one solid mass of principle. To that man, great blundering man, full of force but lacking the mass of principle, Jesus said, "Thou shalt be rock." O God, He captured him in that moment. A man who believed in his possibility, who knew him and believed in him. He knew the crowd. The crowd knew Him. Not perfectly, not finally. They had no doctrine of His

person; His disciples never had a doctrine of His person until the Holy Spirit came upon them, but they knew Him; but the crowd could not be put off with a disciple, they knew Him. These things are true today. I can but touch upon them hurriedly. He knows the multitudes. It was Charles Kingsley who said: (I cannot quote exactly) "We may choose to look upon the crowds in the mass as subject for statistics and, of course, with possibly for profit, but there is one who knows every ache and pain and thirst and agony of the gin drinker and slattern"—that is true today. Oh, the comfort of it. He knows men and men know Him. You cannot deceive the multitude with a polished stone and call it bread. The crowds know this Christ today and there is a preaching—refined, educated, polished, lacking soul and tenderness—preach it and the crowds will go. Thank God, that they do go from such preaching; but let the preaching be the living Christ, backed by the revelation of the power of Christ and the people who are associated with the preacher in that church life, and they will come. They know. If you want to test your theology don't test it in the seminary, test it in the multitudes and preach it there.

Again, all that is but the beginning. He sifted the crowds. They crucified or crowned Him. I won't labor there. God help me so to say it in two or three seconds as it ought to be said. He is doing that this morning. He is doing it right here on this platform. He is doing it through this house; He always does. He is here because we are here. He knows us. We have the mystic consciousness of Him. He is sifting, and every man and woman of us this morning anew will drive the nail that crucifies Him or will plant the diadem upon His brow.

But the things that He began to teach. I summarize them. What was the teaching of Jesus? It was the enunciation of an ethic and the declaration of a spiritual force, and the putting of the two into relationship with each other.

As I look back at the teaching of Jesus, that is the first and remarkable fact. His ethic was severer than any the world has ever heard, but He never divorced the moral from the spiritual, and He did not count to be morality that which was not rooted in the spiritual nature of man. That, again, is but to state the case and leave it.

His teaching in the second place was characterized by the rare and remarkable combination of tenderness and severity. There are some people talking about love and the love of God in such a way as to demonstrate the fact that they have no understanding of what love is in the economy of God. They seem to think of God Himself as only saying soft, gentle and wooing things. Where in the name of God have you been living? There was white-hot and scourging denunciation of sin and hypocrisy, but remember this: You cannot find me a single instance where He denounced sinners apart from that one of hypocrisy. They said: "We will find out what His morality is, we have caught this woman in the act." He looked back at them and He said: "Whoso is without sin let him cast the first stone," and then He stopped and wrote. I have often wondered what He wrote, and do so yet. I hope that is not a wrong imagination. There is an old legend (it may not be true, but I like it) there is an old legend that He stood and wrote, and these fellows came peeping over. He wrote some name

that no one would understand but that first man, and when he saw it he went. They all went out, beginning from the oldest to the youngest, in single-file procession. O God! Let use see this thing. Taken in the act. You cannot get away from that. "Where are thine accusers? Doth no man condemn thee?" "No, Lord." "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." When you and I have learned to deal with sinning men and women like that, God help us. What a lesson we shall have learned. He is the same Christ, the very same Christ, today as then, and in that sifting process we see what He still is doing and by those methods He still is carrying on His work. He began it and He continues it. What was the doing of Jesus? He revealed. That is the first note in His mission, revelation. Revelation of what? Of God—of man—of the devil. "I am the light of the world." Let us interpret it in this way for a moment: He came into human life and into human history and by His coming God was unveiled, man was explained and the devil was dragged into the light in order that men may know him.

The second note in His doing was this: Co-operation with God on behalf of man against the devil and all his works.

And, finally, not revelation and co-operation only, but, blessed be God, realization! The recapture of the territory of humanity from the dominion of satan and lifting the man back again unto the place from which he fell; and higher yet, into an eternal fellowship and comradeship with Himself. So He began. That is His work today and if we are in His work today, beloved, we are doing these self-same things—revealing God to men. I know what an almost appalling statement that is to make; then let me take the language of Peter himself in his epistle and remind you of it. You remember it. "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood." Now, what is the third? A holy name. A peculiar people, a people for God's own possession. Four things: "That ye may show forth the excellence of God." The great work of the church in the world is first the revelation of God. Dwight Lyman Moody said once: "The Christian man is the world's Bible," and he added, "A revised version is often needed." I quite believe the second part of the statement, but I am interested in the first part. Father, father, your boy won't discover God through the Bible you make him read, but through you. People you pay wages to will come to the conclusion of what God is by what you are.

Revelation of God. Revelation of humanity, and that is a great theme. If we are to co-operate with Christ in His co-operation of God we are to reveal to this world what man really is, and I charge you when you remember that, that you consider carefully that the whole of man is a divine creation, and I pray you to remember that it is only as the whole of life is lived by you and revealed by you that men can ever know God's thoughts when He said let us make man in His own image.

Follow me to the last, most difficult to state here because most difficult to be in such a conference. The man who thinks only of the spiritual life, and forgets he is that man, is libeling God. It is the realization of life in its entirety in Christ which the revelation to the world of what God meant when He made man in His own image and in His own likeness.

Co-operation in the fight against the devil: It is ours to realize. It is ours to be men and women in such living communion with this living Christ; so much at His disposal that He can carry on His work and that by our work men are remade, saved. There is a great high-priestly thought in one of the letters of Paul in which he speaks of offering to God the souls that have been won through his preaching of the evangel. Have you ever thought of that side of your priestly function? It is ours to co-operate with Him in these matters only.

My final word is this: If the beginning was one of limitation, the continuation is not one of limitation, save we limit Him. All this needs no lengthened argument. Christ wants to reach men through us. That is the whole meaning of our Christianity. Or, again. Christ wants to make us such representations of Himself that men shall be attracted to Him by what they seen in us. We need not a crowd and one voice but loneliness and quietness, in which each man for himself and herself the preacher, and those who listen shall say, am I such an one that because of what I am men are attracted to my Lord. On the other side, am I so at His disposal that He can reach men through me? I simply pass because we know it so well. Don't theorize about this thing. Let us get down to business for one minute. He wants your eyes. Listen! He wants your eyes that He may look through them at men in all the tenderness of His own love. He wants your feet made swift and beautiful for Him. He wants to get down into that slum district. He wants to get into the midst of that suburban district. He cannot get there unless we are at His disposal to go. Are we at His disposal?

He began. He is going on. He was limited and straitened at first by the necessities of the case in the economies of heaven. He is being limited and straitened today by the failure of His people. May God grant that the outcome of this conference may be for many of us that in the measure possible to us we shall be at His disposal, that through our eyes He may look, and with our lips He may speak, and with our feet He may run, and with our hands He may touch, and with our hearts He may love the multitudes. And when that is so we may rest assured that by this revelation of the Christ, active through us, men will be attracted to Him by what they see of Him in us, and may that be the great outcome of our waiting upon Him, for His name's sake.

TRAINING THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

By WILLIAM SHAW
General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

The church has passed through many stages and has been characterized by widely different methods and by repeatedly changing emphasis. The early church was a simple fellowship of those who believed in Christ, and who purposed to follow Him. It was a layman's church, a company of witnesses. Its central thought was Christ.

As the church developed in numbers and in influence it perfected its organization, created its priesthood, and became a religious oligarchy and a political power. Its members were trained to respect authority, obey the church and believe in its sacraments. It was the age of ecclesiastical authority. The church was the dominant idea.

Then came the reformation, with its emphasis upon the Bible and the individual conscience. This was the age of dogma; and as a natural consequence, with the emphasis upon intellectual belief and independent judgment, it also became the age of sectarianism. It was a period of great preachers because it was a time of great hearers. The Bible was unchained and became the property of the common people. Religion was rescued from the unknown tongue and the dead languages, and was translated into the common language and life of the people. It was the era of intellect. The creed was the all-important thing.

Then came the great missionary awakening. The eyes of the church were turned from the force to the field. The world, with its sin, its sorrow, and its injustice, loomed up. Religion was seen to be something more than belief; it was life, and life as a whole. Creed must be matched by deed. The mind of Christ must become the mind of His church. The will of God must be done on earth as it is done in heaven. The church must be trained to do as well as be. Service was to be the keynote. This era has been marked by the organization and development of the Sunday school, the missionary society, the prayer meeting, the Society of Christian Endeavor, and kindred organizations.

It has also been a period when outside of the church a multitude of societies have been organized for religious, philanthropic, social and civic purposes.

This is the era in which we live, and increasingly the world will demand of the church, as a test of her orthodoxy, a life of service such as is outlined in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel. To meet this demand the church of the present must train the church of the future.

History shows that, with possibly one exception, every change in emphasis in the church has met with the determined opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities. Old organizations, vested interests, official position, and settled habits all protested against any change.

It is so today, and the application of the new light that is breaking from the Word of God to the social,

civic and economic life of our times will have to run the gantlet of criticism, misunderstanding and opposition in common with all the advance movements in the church in ages past.

But if, as we believe, the church is the body of Christ, by which His mind is made manifest and His spirit revealed, then the body should be trained in every part—its eyes to see, its ears to hear, its tongue to speak, its hands to serve, its feet to carry the gospel news to the uttermost parts, its mind to understand, its heart to worship, and its will to obey.

This, like all other training, should begin in childhood if it is to be successful; and it must be continued step by step to match the physical and mental development of the child.

To meet this need, the church has in the Sunday school its department of teaching, and in the Society of Christian Endeavor its department of training. I have no sympathy with the idea expressed by some prominent educators that to be religious is an unnatural and abnormal experience for boys and girls. I confess that sometimes it appears to be so, but it is only because we have cultivated an abnormal type of expression for the religious life.

Recognizing this fact, Christian Endeavor tries to develop and direct the religious activities of the young people in perfectly natural ways. It sees in youth a time not only of great mental activity, but of great motor activity as well. Through the Junior society the children receive a memory training that supplements the work of the Sunday school, and on their committees things are given them to do, small in themselves but large in the eyes of the children, that link their little lives to the church and make them feel they are of service to Christ.

In the Intermediate society they are carried through the critical period of adolescence, that time of visions and dreams and crystallizing ambitions. While forming their friendships here, they are led to make Christ their friend. With all their other visions they get a vision of service for others that appeals to their altruistic spirit. Their ability is developed by having responsibility placed upon them. Their success or failure will be largely due to the quality of leadership that is supplied to them.

And now we come to the young people's society, which in many churches must meet the needs of all three departments. After twenty-nine years of experience we are just beginning to understand its possibilities and to realize that it is so flexible and adaptable in its methods that it can be made to meet any local needs. Anything that a pastor wants his young people to do can be done through Christian Endeavor. Through the quiet hour and the cultivation of the habits of daily Bible reading and prayer the personal spiritual life is developed. Through the Tenth Legion the Bible idea of giving is inculcated, and tens of thousands of our young people are being trained in the principles of Christian stewardship. In the prayer meeting the devotional spirit is cultivated and provision is made for the expression of religious experience, which is absolutely necessary if lasting impressions are to be made.

It is an interesting fact that ministers and missionaries in large numbers ascribe the choice of their life work to the influence of their Christian Endeavor training. On the committees the members are trained to

work with others and to realize that confession of Christ means not only safety in heaven but service on earth as well.

The social life of the young people, instead of being a void filled with "don'ts," is made sweet and helpful by legitimate pleasures. The missionary activities of the society broaden the horizon and deepen the devotion of the members as they catch a vision of the world's need and the Master's method of meeting it. Through fellowship in service the young people have come to realize the essential oneness of our evangelical faith, and are ready to respond to any effort to bring the disjointed parts of Christ's body into practical working union, that the world may know that God has sent Him.

What we need is a clearer vision of the fact that the church, like the Christ, is in the world as one that serves; that it is here, not to save its life, but to lose it; that it is here, not to exploit the community for its own aggrandizement, but to spend itself for the redemption of society; that it has a definite task committed to no other organization; and that the doing of this work demands trained workers.

Our greatest anxiety and effort today are to get people to come and listen to a sermon, and we estimate our success by the number of persons that come. Christ's method was to train a group in the principles of His kingdom and then tell them to go. If our church members today would go the people would come. But the trouble is that eighty-five per cent. feel that they are called to be saved and about twenty per cent. realize that they are called to serve.

The church of the future must have a membership trained to lead in the application of the principles of the gospel of Christ to the social, civic, and industrial life of our time. The church is in the world if not of it, and must not only cast out demons but also fill the void.

That was a scathing criticism by Ray Stannard Baker, who, when writing about the work of the churches in New York, said that the only time when multitudes of the people in the East Side knew there was such an institution as the church was when its representatives interfered with some form of amusement they indulged in.

In a republic like ours the well-being of the people is regulated by law. If we want a righteous government we must vote it in. Protests in prayer meetings will never purify our politics unless they are followed up by ballots at the polls. The old saying was that you can't mix politics and religion. If that is true, then democracy is a failure, and the sovereignty of the people a curse.

In the industrial world the tyranny of capital is alarming even our most conservative economists, and a readjustment of the relations of capital and labor must be made. From the days when Rome ruled the world property has been in the eyes of the law more sacred than human life. Indeed, within the memory of men before me today, human beings were counted as property and their lives were in the hands of their owners.

The church will not be true to her high privilege if, in the attempt to make man master and money the servant, she stands simply as a critic of methods or as defending the rights of vested interests. She must lead in the demand for justice and for at least equality of opportunity for all men.

In all this effort to train for serv-

ice there are undoubtedly faults and failures, but the success of the church of the future will depend upon the use we make of our opportunity to train the young people of the present.

THE UNITY WHICH JESUS TAUGHT

By W. E. BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

Text: John 17:20, 21

If you could imagine the disciples together, not long after the ascension of Jesus, talking over the three years spent with Him—those years which had been so strange, so tragical and so full of the unexpected—and they should begin to inquire among themselves as to the one thing they remembered best and with keenest comfort about Him, I wonder what they would say.

Certainly the cross with its bloody spikes, and the Gethsemane sorrow for those who saw it, stayed ever before them, and some of those marvelous miracles could never be forgotten; in fact, everything was memorable, and there might have been at the first some differing opinion, but somehow or other it seems to me that as they would think it over for just a bit of time, that they would all agree and say that Jesus the Master never seemed so tender, and yet so incomparably sublime; never so touched the hidden springs in their souls' deepest depths; and never so satisfied their aching hearts that were just then filled with pain, sorrow and thoughts of coming dispersion, as when with eyes as clear as the unclouded sun, He looked up to Heaven as if the Father He addressed were visible, and with voice sweeter or nobler, than which heaven or earth has never heard, He poured out His high-priestly heart, and prayed that the glory of His victory over the world might descend from the Father upon them, that they might be one, even as He and His Father were one, and that they might be with Him where He was and behold His glory.

What a splendid volume it would be if we had all the prayers Jesus made during His ministry, and many times I think I would like to read one of the prayers of intercession He makes for us in the upper world before the throne of God. But if we had them all, none of them could reveal more clearly a heart more intensely human in its sympathy and appreciation, and at the same time more clearly unveil the sublime God-like nature of His soul as the one we have recorded in the 17th chapter of St. John, and out of which we have taken our text tonight.

This prayer is in some respects the most precious keepsake of the past. In the first part of it He prays for Himself, that He might have again the glory which once was His before the world was, because now He had glorified the Father's name and finished His work, and to this we can all add our humble approving "Amen."

In the second place He prayed for His immediate Disciples, that in a world which hated them they might be kept and sanctified through the truth in order to their perfect joy.

In the third place He prays for us

all, the whole church, that we might be one, even as He and the Father were one, and that we might be one in them.

And to this last petition, notice please. He adds the ultimate purpose of this unity for which He prayed, namely: that the world might believe that He was the Christ—the sent of God.

Now if this was the purpose of this oneness for which He prayed, may we not well pause and seek for the real nature of this unity, if so glorious a purpose is to be served by it?

Of course to begin with it is really a oneness of life, and consequently a community of nature to which Jesus refers.

As the Father and Son are one in nature, so in Christ; if so be His spirit dwells in us, we are made "partakers of the divine nature;" that is, begotten by the grace of the same Spirit by reason of which there is communicated to us a hidden principle of common life, making all its possessors one together and distinct from all others.

A divine mystery! Yes, but a blessed fact of Christian experience. I can't explain it and I don't attempt it. The Bible uses four metaphors to explain it, but neither one nor all of them together can put it clearly within the grasp of finite intelligence.

In I Cor. 6:7 the figure is that of two pieces glued together. But such a union, though close and strong, is not vital.

In Eph. 4:15 the figure is that of the head and the members of the body; this is vital enough, but the members of the body are not all alike closely united to the head. But in Christ one is as near as the other, however weak or subordinate.

In Rom. 6:5 the figure is that of the graft and the stock. But the graft is always of a more excellent nature than the stock, while that is not true in this case.

In Eph. 5:23, 25 the figure is that of the marriage union. But close as this is and precious, it is not inseparable, for death dissolves it.

No, full of meaning and helpful as these metaphors, borrowed from nature may be, we feel their poverty still when we listen to the words of Christ "one in us as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee."

It is not an essential union of course, as though our being were merged and lost in His, but rather that He so makes our being through the regenerating processes of the word of truth to be the habitat of His own divine spirit, that our spiritual life becomes identified with His, and He lives in us as a quickening, vivifying, vital force.

The unity, however, for which Jesus prayed does not end here. For just so surely as it is a oneness of life, that life must manifest itself in outward development according to its nature.

There are such things as first principles and this is one of them, and the oneness for which Jesus Christ prayed among His disciples and those who should believe on Him through their word, was a oneness which was to spring as naturally from their community of life and nature with Him as the enameled calyx springs from the lily bulb or the massive oak instead of a potato from the peculiar and distinctive life hidden in the acorn.

And it is this unity in its outward development I want to emphasize tonight—the thing for which Christ prayed and in order that the world might believe that He was the sent one of God.

This unity consists, as I take it, in three things:

First. It is a oneness of faith, or a community sentiment.

If our union in Jesus Christ is a

real and vital one, then certainly it ought to reveal itself in a steadfast adherence to the teachings of Jesus Christ concerning Himself. If we believe in Him, we must believe in His words.

There is no doubt as to the teaching of Jesus Christ concerning Himself. He esteemed Himself divine, and if the record of His teaching is to be received, He must have been so, else He was a colossal imposter or hopelessly unbalanced in His brain.

A writer has remarked that our conviction of the diety of Christ rests unshaken and unshakable upon the whole impression left by Christ upon the world. But even if Christian apologetics were deprived of such evidence, abounding as it does all about us, it is not an incredible thing when I say that if the church with her feet planted firmly on the infallibility of the divine record has presented to the world a solid front in defense of her belief in this one great fundamental of the Christian religion. The question mark which many are placing today behind the diety of Jesus Christ would not be there, at least in many minds where it is found today.

That the world might believe in Him, in His essential deity as the Son of God, was the purpose of the unity for which He prayed, and the unhappiest feature of the great Christocentric controversy which has ever been going on, is not that now and then some notorious one of the world has hurled against this great and precious truth his shafts of criticism and unbelief, but that in the church itself seeds of uncertainty have been sown by those who have stood to minister in His name.

There is a tendency today to doubt the miraculous; to accommodate our theology to what is called the scientific spirit. There are professors in some of the theological seminaries today who seem to have forgotten, if they ever knew, the truth of what Henry Drummond said, namely, that "a religion without a miracle is an absurdity;" professors who must be modern or nothing, and must consequently see to it that all the supposedly miraculous is explained on natural grounds.

A class in New Testament Greek some time ago in one of the schools of theology were studying the story of Christ walking on the water, and the twentieth century professor told his class of course that they must accommodate the miracle to modern thought, and that Jesus did not walk on the water at all. He was walking on a shore and mist rose up to about the height of his knees, and to those on the little boat it looked as though He was walking on the water. And when one of the more persistent members of the class asked him how he explained the fact that Peter walked on the water for a while and then began to sink, the wiesacre of theology smiled assuringly, and said that they were near shore where the water was shallow, and Peter stepped out on some long sedgy grass which in a measure held him up and he thought he was walking on the water, and then he lost this nerve and began to slip and slide, and thinking that he would sure go down he began to call for help.

This is no exaggeration of the systematic effort which is made in some places of learning to apologize for the egregious blunders and errors which they suppose the ignorant writers of the word of God to have made. This tendency to deny the miraculous and the supernatural, manifests itself chiefly at the point of attack against the virgin birth of Christ. The modern assault upon this precious and vital truth seems to have begun about twenty years ago with a German

preacher by the name of Schrempf. It has come down these years and today, however much you might be shocked, you would not be greatly surprised to hear it said from a modern pulpit that the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ is not of vital importance. Not essential you hear it said, to the worth of the incarnation; not essential to the sinlessness of the Christ. But surely it is a hazardous thing, as Dr. Orr has said, "for erring mortals to judge of what was and what was not essential in so stupendous an event as the bringing in of the "first begotten" into the world. And I wonder if Prof. A. B. Bruce was not right when he said that "with the denial of the virgin birth is apt to go the denial of the virgin life."

I have gone up and down this country and sat in the presence of white-haired ministers of the Gospel and heard them tell of the times of refreshing they used to have when strong men wept and young and old were bowed down with conviction, and then I have heard as you have in these latter days of a drift toward skepticism, and I have seen as you have, with humiliation and anxiety, the failure of the church to reach, as she ought to reach, the surging multitudes about her, and I have wondered how far astray we should go if we looked for one of the principal reasons of the present prevailing conditions in the undisguised attitude of many of the ministers and not a few of our theological seminaries toward what are really the fundamentals of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Many a child of a once bright faith has gone into the house of God and then out again with a weary, unsettled heart, feeling the force of weeping Mary's statement, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," and many a one, tired of unbelief, has come groping after God, and looking for assurance but has gone away with nothing but the brittle husks of uncertainty and doubt.

"Father, I pray," said Jesus, "that they may all be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me," —that the world may believe. But what do you imagine the world thinks when a minister of Christ stands in the Christian pulpit, and in the name of Christ denies His virgin birth? What do you imagine the world thinks when a minister of Christ discredits the immaculate conception, and so puts the stigma of shame upon the name of the mother of Jesus, and sends her son down the ages as the illegitimate offspring of a fallen woman?

What do you imagine the world thinks when a professor of theology declares, as did one recently in my presence, that it is a childish thing to believe that Christ rose from the dead in his body?

What do you imagine the world thinks when a preacher proclaims from the pulpit of a Christian church that the Christ of the resurrection was nothing more than a "formless phantom, a bodyless ghost," and that Jesus, the son of men, in His divinity was in no wise different in quality from other men in theirs, but only in quantity, being somewhat more divine than the best of other good men.

Is it not true that with many preachers it is no longer "to the law and to the testimony," but to the court of opinion and to what they choose to term "the consensus of scholarship?" In fact, I heard one of them say but recently, "there is no longer any such thing as an infallible Bible." Then listen! I believe in being liberal; no one despises bigotry of thought more than I, but I am not

so much afraid of being illiberal as I am of being untrue, and what I say to you, I would that God could in some way bring every preacher to feel as He stands to declare His word, and it is this: If I cannot bring myself to believe in what I am once convinced the word of God declares to be true, then I honestly hope for the courage of my convictions and the fairness with my fellow men to leave the pulpit rather than to remain and minister to my intellectual pride, and possibly to my purse, by preaching from a word in the inspiration of which I have no explicit faith. "That the world might believe."

Second. It is a oneness of love or a community of affection.

If we have the same nature with Christ; the same life; if we have His spirit, how can we do otherwise than love each other and live in peace?

I wonder how far astray we would go if we should say tonight that the best test of any religion is what it will do for the life. Men do not gather figs from thistles, nor do they grow pineapples on poison vines, and so the world has a right to expect that the spirit of Jesus Christ, if so be that any man has that spirit, shall bear fruit of its own kind and the fruit of the spirit is love, and that means all bitterness displaced. It is long-suffering, and that means patience under injuries. It is gentleness, and that means a sweet disposition towards your brother.

Now, the word of Scripture is this: "If a man say I love God and hateth his brother he is a liar," but when the world sees us hating each other and manifesting a spirit of revenge and malice it not only brands as a liar the man who believes his profession, but it turns away if not with disgust, then with suspicion or at least with indifference, from a faith which, while claiming to be from Heaven, has for its followers so many who manifest in their lives only a trifling caricature and a hollow abhorent mockery of what a heavenly faith ought to produce.

Here is a real story: Mrs. S. and Mrs. H., sisters in the church, were hand and glove in their friendship and love. If ever brethren dwelt together in unity these two certainly did. Every social function they planned together. They went shopping together, and it seemed as though they could not live apart. At last in their affection for each other they planned a trip across the water. They studied their Baedaker and the French grammar together, and at length arrived at the hotel in Paris. Mrs. S. told the porter to bring the "la baggage" up to the room. "O, my dear," said Mrs. H., "it is not 'la baggage,' but 'le baggage.'" "No; it isn't," said Mrs. S., "it's 'la baggage.'" "No; it isn't," said Mrs. H., "it's 'le.'" "Well, it's 'la baggage' in my book," Mrs. S. snapped back, and then they had it out. They were tired and dusty; the journey had been long and they were irritable. One insisted that it was "la" and the other was determined to have it "le," and it ended by Mrs. S. ordering the porter to bring her "la baggage" and Mrs. H. insisting that he should bring up her "le baggage." And so the porter brought up the "la baggage" for one of them and the "le baggage" for the other.

When the ships sailed for America these two women were on different vessels; different trains carried them into their home town, and those two sisters in the church have split that little city right in two in the middle socially, commercially and politically. Their husbands took up the fight and their friends took sides, and when one of the men ran for mayor the

other let his money flow like water to defeat him.

Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, but what do you imagine the world thinks when it sees a thing like that? What do you imagine the world thinks when it sees the demon of hate stalk forth in a church where brotherly love ought to prevail, and with drawn sword pierce the very vitals of the church until it bleeds and dies? What do you imagine the world thinks when it sees an elder shake his fist in his brother's face in the vestibule of the sanctuary and threaten him with coming revenge?

What do you imagine the world thinks when it sees one faction in the church take possession of the place of worship and hold it against the other with the unhallowed instruments of warfare in their hands?

The world is looking at you and me with the eyes of an eagle, but if we are like the Roman actor who cried to heaven with his lips, and at the same time pointed earthward with his gesture, how can we expect the world to do otherwise than stumble over the painful, pitiful inconsistency between our practice and our profession?

"A new commandment," said Jesus, "I give unto you that we love one another, even as I have loved you." And it is for the want of this love, and because there is so often in its place slandering and backbiting, and jealousy and strife, and malice and bitterness, that God cannot bless His church nor bless the world through it.

I have been where the streams of grace could not flow, and a cold unfeeling chill seemed to hold everything in its grip until some professed follower of Christ, moved by His gracious spirit, sought forgiveness and reconciliation with his brother, when it seemed as though all the fountains of heaven broke to pour their floods of grace down upon us, and sinners were converted by the scores. And I believe if those who bear the name of Christ were indeed one body, one before God in a fellowship of brotherly love, one before each other in real and genuine affection, and one before the world in a love the world could not mistake, there would be such a turning to God as would cause all heaven and earth to shout for joy. "I pray that they may all be one, as Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

Third. In the next and the last place, it is oneness of action or a community of service.

If the splitting up of the Church of Christ into its multitudinous and multifarious divisions ever had any purpose in the mind of God, and we sometimes wonder, unless it was to teach us, through the humiliation of failure the utter futility and sheerest despair of ever winning this world for Christ, save as we ceased hiding behind ecclesiastical embattlements singing "Hold the Fort," and began to march out with factions forgotten and ecclesiastical jealousies left behind and shoulder to shoulder, one body in Him, advance upon the powers of darkness in the name of the Lord of Hosts, then surely we have had time enough to learn this lesson, and in the face of what is confronting the Church of Jesus Christ today—a condition which has become more serious with every passing decade—to continue in disunion seems to me to be not only absolutely foolish, but absolutely sinful.

The church is face to face with the mightiest problem of its time. We are in the midst of social and industrial conditions such as ten decades

ago were never dreamed of. The forces of corruption and crime are bold and brazen and vice is exploited by machinery well organized and of tremendous power, and the world, the flesh and the devil seem to be entrenched in the very house of God itself. This situation obtains not only in America, but here in America the problem is harder and still more perplexing because of our shifting and heterogenous population and other conditions peculiar to the newer world. And yet in this country where it is needed most we have less of federation and less of co-operation than in any other Protestant land.

Dealing just for a moment with our own present situation permit me to say that we have been perpetuating every form conceivable of denomnationalism and sectarianism until today we find there are fifteen kinds of Presbyterians and fourteen kinds of Baptists and seventeen kinds of Methodists, twenty-four kinds of Lutherans, and so on. I came nearly saying ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

I am not now thinking of the economic reasons for federation—although these are powerful. We must confess with humiliation, brethren, if we are honest, an awful extravagance and waste in handling the wealth which God has put into our hands. The unnecessary duplication of expensive organizations and boards and publishing houses, and all too often congregation, are the things to which I refer.

Take one illustration: In Allegheny there are three Presbyterian theological seminaries. A Reformed Presbyterian with an investment of $100,000; it has nine students. A United Presbyterian with an investment of $500,000; it has forty-two students. A Presbyterian with an investment of $800,000, and with only eighty-eight students. And what different thing of any vital consequence does one preach than the other? It is not fundamental principle that separates any of us, but it is opinion which is not necessary to the essence of the Christian faith.

The world's Missionary conference, recently adjourned at Edinburg, marked what I believe to be the most significant event in church history since the days of the apostles. It was the church marshaling at last for the conquest of the world, and for one I am heartily in sympathy with the comment made on the story of the Angelican bishop in India who desired the missionaries of other denominations to help him prepare a catechism and proposed to them that all the points agreed on by all Christians should go in the body of the catechism, and all the points they did not agree upon should be put in the appendix; and some quick-witted genious with good sense suggested that we "follow the example of modern science and cut out the appendix."

Brethren, I have never found place for any note of pessimism in my message, but the church, it seems to me, is at the greatest crisis of her life. The world refuses to be conquered by a divided church.

There are powerful reasons, as recognized by the Edinburg conference, for federation of forces on the foreign field; and while even on the home field the working force in general is far too limited. In many places the forces overlap and interfere at a great extravagance of God's money and a great sacrifice of His men. The church in the city is almost appalled now at the task before her. But at the present rate of increase it will not be more than thirty years until the population of the city shall be larger by 20,000,000 of people than that of the country; and while

the city population increases and the problem of its evangelization increases the church in the city is growing relatively weaker in its presence.

And in view of the present situation; while the seething social unrest of the hour, the mighty inflow of the foreign population, the daring corruption of politics, the dancing delirium of worldliness, and other exigencies thrust their problems upon us and the world, four-fifths yet unsaved, beckoning to us out of her travail of hope, and with such a responsibility resting upon us, the call to the church is not to the defense of denominational pride nor the wasting of energy over the dead issues of the past.

I do not mean to say the points of division were never significant (though never enough I warrant to justify the rent and disrupted condition which has so long prevailed.)

The word of God is so indefinite about forms of government and worship and other things, that the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal and the Baptist, and all the rest of them can say, "My way is the old way," and quote Scripture all day to prove it. The truth is as Dr. Hodges says, that "Nobody knows what the old way was. It is as lost as the old table and the old chairs in the upper room where the church began."

I know some of the brethren feel keenly along these lines and I would not be unmindful of the respect an honest opinion deserves. I have in my pocket a letter of great length from a leader in one of the denominations showing me how close to his heart is the point of issue between his denomination and others; namely, the exclusive use of the Psalms in the service of song. But this is not fundamental, and let me ask this church tonight: "Have you in all these years of separation brought the denomination out from which you went or any other one infinitesimal of an iota of a hair's breadth nearer to the Psalter as the best and only book for use in the worship of God through song? Then certainly the probability is you never will."

The Presbyterian church and the United Presbyterian church ought to be one. There are other churches that ought to be one. I sometimes find myself wondering if the day of an American Protestant church is not yet to dawn upon us. But call the men who advocate it dreamers or prophets, as you choose, there can be no doubt that an irrepressible movement toward federation of some kind is upon us.

"Men of statesmenlike qualities," declares John R. Mott, "are required in the Christian ministry today in numbers greater than ever before to direct the irresistible movements of co-operation, federation and union which are gathering momentum among Christians all over the world." "It is a movement," he declares, "which cannot be withstood, and being essentially in line with the prayer of our Lord, it is irresistible. It should appeal," he says, "to the strongest minds, the largest hearts and spirits with the widest vision," and may God hasten the day.

There is an iron bridge that spans the Ohio river and it bears at either end this sign: "All Military and Funeral Processions, when crossing this Bridge, must break step." The massive structure can stand up under tremendous weight, but it cannot bear the strain of the united muscular movement of so great a body of men.

Church of the living God, we have broken step; alas! all too much. Let us catch step and march together with the Son of God as He goes forth to war, and the very foundations

of unbelief will tremble and totter and utterly fall before our all-conquering tread. God is calling us together that He may show to the world what a church really united in Christ can do. And when the unbelieving world sees us marching side by side with the storms of domestic strife calmed by the genius of love and our warring differences all forgotten in the one supreme desire for the glory of Jesus, then will we begin to see the fulfillment of our Lord's prayer: "Father, I pray that they may all be one as thou art in me and I in Thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," and there shall be "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is over all and through all and in all, and the world with its voice of unbelief silenced forever shall at last come and worship Christ as God, and as it comes with glad hallelujahs on its lips, whether we be with those that tarry on the earth or with those that meet Him in the air, whom He shall bring with Him." We shall all join in the song—what it shall be I do not know, but I have sometimes thought it would be

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCHES?

By REV. EDGAR P. HILL
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Just now the churches are being severely criticised for their lack of adaptation to modern conditions and their general inefficiency. About a year ago an article appeared in an eastern magazine describing the religious situation in New York City. The writer insisted that the churches in that city had ceased to be a vital factor in municipal affairs. The crowd surged past the houses of worship almost as unmindful of their presence as if they were located in Africa. The people in the pews are indifferent to the work of the churches and to the city's religious needs. The writer made the interesting statement that more religious work is being done than ever before, but, he insists, the churches are not doing it. The settlements, the philanthropic and reform bureaus and the Young Men's Christian Association are doing the real religious work.

About the same time that the New York situation was being analyzed a symposium appeared in another magazine under the heading, "What is the Matter with the Churches?" A number of religious leaders endeavored to answer the question. Almost without an exception the writers admitted something radically wrong and then proceeded to make suggestions.

In the popular literature of the day the churches are ridiculed. In popular fiction churches are described as being under the control of plutocrats who muzzle the preachers and silence every honest soul who dares cross the threshold.

Traveling evangelists often scathingly condemn the churches for their worldliness and spiritual apathy.

Even the religious press has got into the way of assuming that church services are uninspiring and church work ineffective.

These criticisms might be arranged in three groups. First, the churches are ceasing to be vital factors in the community life, organizations which were strong and commanding twenty-five years ago are weak and struggling now.

Second. The churches are indifferent to the great reform movements that mean so much to the perpetuity of our national life. Labor leaders and reformers declare that the churches take no interest in such movements as Socialism, law enforcement and temperance.

Third. The churches are doing little in the way of philanthropy. The work of ministering to the poor has slipped into the control of outside agencies.

In considering these criticisms several things should be given a place.

1. Our churches are not all they should be. They are composed of weak, ignorant, struggling men and women. They have not identified themselves with the church on the assumption that they were better than other people, but because of the conviction that they have their many failings and their desire to become better. It is unreasonable to expect such people to respond with promptness and unselfishness and courage to every appeal for their co-operation.

2. Never, perhaps, in the world's history was the church confronted with such a task as is before it now here in America. This is the melting-pot of the nations where the oppressed of all nations, with their sodden ignorance and their age-long prejudices, have flocked. Take the problem of evangelizing the Jew for example. Christendom has been wrestling with it for centuries and thus far has failed. When, therefore, our churches back away from portions of our cities in which the Jews throng, need it occasion any surprise or show evidence that the churches are weaker than before? Today the moral problems of the nation are thrust on the church for solution and men become impatient if they are not worked out at once.

3. The churches were never intended to be reform bureaus. What kind of a wild-west show would a church become if an attempt were made to line up the people in the interests of every reform that might appeal to the pastor? Professor Raushenbasch seems to think the churches should lend themselves to the program of Socialism and thus take the lead in the great struggle of the masses for better social conditions. But what kind of Socialism shall the churches advocate? When one either advocates or attacks the teachings of the Socialists he is almost sure to find himself in a whirlpool of conflicting currents. It is dangerous business for a preacher to place the stamp of his approval or condemnation on such a reform as that which is known by the term Socialism. It would be suicidal for a pastor to attempt to array the membership of his church in the interests of any political program or economical theory. Rather is it the business of the church to train up reformers; clear minded, conscientions, courageous men like Judge Lindsey, William Jennings Bryan, Governor Hughes, Theodore Roosevelt, and to send them forth to rally the hosts to the battles of the kingdom.

The third thing to be said concerning the criticism of the churches

is that we are becoming all confused concerning the chief business of a church. We are magnifying the immediate but smaller needs of men while ignoring the greater but not always so apparent.

It is a beautiful ministry to give food to the hungry, to teach children to sew, to cook, and to make hat-racks. The physical and intellectual needs must be cared for quickly and lovingly, but what insanity is this to imagine that showing a girl how to sew or a boy how to drive a nail is equivalent to preparing them for heaven?

The fourth thing to be said concerning these criticisms is that the churches, after all, is the greatest agency for good this world knows. It is really doing the work of reform and of philanthropy. It is not only supplying bread for the soul, but bread for the body.

The Anti-Saloon League is nothing more than a federation of the churches for driving out the saloon. The Young Men's Christian Association is a federation of the churches to reach young men with the gospel. An investigation of the settlements of New York City revealed the fact that almost without an exception the workers are church members who were trained in the churches to do the very work they are doing. Make a list of the great benevolent movements of the day; the laymen's movement; the Sunday school, with its millions of scholars and teachers; the young people's organizations; the reform clubs; and all the rest. They are doing the work of the church. Let us be reasonable in our study of the situation. Let us remember the splendid promises given to the Church; victory is perched on her banner and the day of her complete supremacy will surely come.

MEN IN THE CHURCH

By FRED SMITH

[Stenographically Reported]

Dr. Johnson, and friends of Winona Bible Conference: It is a peculiar pleasure after some years, not having been at this conference, to come back and participate with it, very especially so to be presented by Dr. Dickey whom I have known so long, and then to be aided and encouraged by the presence of Dr. Johnson, one of the closest friends I have in Christian work. I want to say frankly that after having ridden from the White mountains all the way here and talked twice, I said to a friend last night that it was a type of ecclesiastical insanity. I wonder why I had made such a journey, but if you go to my room and see the notes I have taken of things I have heard since yesterday afternoon, you will realize that I have taken enough to nearly fill a barrel.

It seems to me every man who speaks on this platform speaks of his hobby and therefore you will not be surprised if I am to dwell with you this afternoon in this first period upon my hobby.

I will be misunderstood unless you remember distinctly three or four things. First of all, I want you to know what, when I speak this after-

noon, of the necessity of a new emphasis if we are going to evangelize the men of our nation, I want you to remember that I have been for nearly a quarter of a century (I am sure I don't look that old) one of the secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association. I was born upon Christmas night and at my birth an old minister was sent for, more than twenty miles across the prairie, that he might come and put his hands of blessing, benediction and baptism on me that very night; for it was known that I would be the last there would be of that family, and my mother wanted to know that I had been consecrated to the ministry. My mother said to the minister: "When you baptize my boy, baptize him to the ministry." I am stating this that you may understand that I am not criticising the ministry. I am a minister by pre-natal consecration, by laying on of hands the night of my birth; by deliberate choosing later in life by laying on hands of ordination, and in all my ministrations of the future.

The blindest pessimist in the religious world is that man who just shuts his eyes to what is going on and then declares everything is all right. That's the worst pessimist in the world, and if that interpretation shall be placed upon us, then you may call me a pessimist.

I want, first of all, to say to you that whatever may be your present impressions, I am going to declare that we are in the midst of a fearful crisis so far as the young men are concerned in their relation to Christian things, and my topic is to be the topic of men in the church.

I wish all of you might have heard Dr. Hill this morning. I think he is not here now and I can say without embarrassment that I have not heard anything so superb for five years as his message this morning upon "What is the Matter with the Church?" I want to come to that topic perhaps in a little different way.

Now, don't you cry "trite" and "commonplace" with two or three illustrations I am going to use. The other night twenty-one business men sat around a lunch table in the Lawyers' Club in the City of New York. They were the guests of Christian business men. Those twenty-one men represented in their clients about forty million dollars; they were there that very day to launch an eight-million-dollar business proposition, and they dispatched it with that alertness of the American business man. And when the end of that period, when an hour was not necessary and a few minutes were hanging on their hands, the host of the occasion started around the table to each one of his business associates and asked each of the twenty-one men their religious views. Seventeen said they were church members. Of the seventeen, fourteen declared they had put it out and were done with it, and only three of the fourteen were pretending in any shape, manner or form to go to church. I believe that is typical of the commercial world today. The twenty-one men represented forty millions of dollars, seventeen of them church members and fourteen of them said they had cut it out, and, as I oberved that, I said there is a crisis in the commercial world.

I sat the other night at dinner at the home of the president of a great university. I had spoken the day before in that town. He said to me: "Mr. Smith, I listened to you with some interest yesterday; indeed, most of it I listened to with great interest; but do you know your whole message broke down at the last?"

He said, "You gave the whole thing away in the last five minutes." And I said to him, "I would be very glad to have your correction if that be true." "Then," said the president of the university, himself a churchman, "in the last five minutes you appealed to those young men to relate themselves to the church; and," said the president, "I was conscious the audience collapsed on you at that point." Said he, "I am perfectly convinced that the next generation of college men will not be churchmen." He said: "They may relate themselves to fellowcraft and Christian institutions, but with my contact with churchmen I am fully convinced that the next generation of college men will not be churchmen."

When I heard that I said, "I presume that is typical of the relation of college men."

On the night before Thanksgiving last year I arrived in St. Paul. I stayed over Thanksgiving and over Sunday. On Saturday night a Christian plumber came to me and asked if I would not like to attend a meeting of plumbers on Sunday morning. I told him my custom was to go to church. He said: "You had better come with me once." I went with that Christian plumber to a meeting of the plumbers of the Twin Cities to vote whether they would go on strike. We were there from 8 o'clock until twelve o'clock in a room filled with tobacco smoke and foul air, beer passed down over their heads, and the smoke was so thick you couldn't see, and for four hours I listened to such an arraignment of this country and its standards as I never heard in my life, and about every third speech related somehow or other to the fact that the plumbers felt the church was against the workingmen. I said to myself: There is a crisis in the industrial world, in the commercial world, in the educational world. I need only all this, explain in it any way you will, here is the solemn fact: By actual statistics, the latest ones we have, with male and female we have lost somewhere about three millions and a little beyond, young men that ought to be in the church. That is, as comparing the two sexes, about three millions men somewhere are lost. We have three millions more young women and women in the church than men. Therefore, I say there is a crisis. Let me add this thing: It is a crisis so colossal that when I meet sometimes the leaders of Christian activities I am amazed of their complacency. They absolutely seem to be at ease, and when you press for the actual conditions you will get an answer concerning the condition of the finances, and if they are fairly well met there is a kind of a subtle contentment that creeps over us and tells us we are going along prettey well.

If I am half true in my statement, the more vital question is what has caused the crisis with over three million men in the church? If we would bring the church up to what it ought to be, we must find quickly three million additional young men. If I am right in my analysis, what has happened that has divorced in a large sense so many men in religious life? When I refer to that crisis, I am not speaking of the men we listened about last night, and I was in sympathy with every word of it. Neither am I speaking of the intellectual monstrosity or of the millionaires; I am speaking of that great body of men that represent them that can be classified as the average men in the path of life, for they are losing their sharp, keen edge of the value of religion if

they are feeling themselves estranged from the church.

Fifteen years ago I was sure I was a specialist; ten years ago I began to be in doubt; today I don't know whether I am or not.

There's an old doctor in our town, who practiced forty years as a medical missionary in Africa. Some time ago he had a case of inflammatory rheumatism, and after he had treated the patient for three months, he came to the doctor and said: "Will you kindly explain to me what inflammatory rheumatism is?" He said: "Is it a difficulty of the blood or muscular trouble?" And the old man with a sad look in his face said: "I don't know; forty years ago I could have told you. I am not as sure concerning my analysis. I am not as sure now as I was fifteen years ago." The more a man thinks, the more he is fitted to doubt oftentimes his own position. The difficulties I am going to name are the most severe ones. I have been twenty-two years on the picket line. Twenty-two years serving the church, out on the line where I have heard some things. What has occasioned the crisis, if I am true?"

First, many men in this country are feeling their religion has no claim upon them; many young men in this country are feeling that the church has no claim upon them because of a kind of insane type of religion that has been exploited everywhere. I know I am not going to be popular for five minutes; even if not, it is better to be true, and I am going to say to you that insanity in religion is driving hundreds of thousands of men outside of the church. There are thirteen million young men by the last census between the ages of thirteen and thirty-five. Of that thirteen million young men, eight million five hundred thousand of them said over their own signatures in the census of ten years ago that they were not churchmen at all. Eight million five hundred thousand had no church relation whatever, Catholic or Protestant. I venture this suggestion: Of that eight million five hundred thousand non-churched, non-evangelized young men in the United States, not to exceed five hundred thousand believe that they could ever be freaks; eight million of them are of the humdrum steady type and when they see the freak idea played up in religion they turn away and say "we cannot be freaks and therefore we cannot be Christian men."

May I add this: Give us more sermons upon the last verse of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, "They that wait for Jehovah shall mount up with wings like eagles and shall run and not be weary"—then put your accent on the last—"They shall walk and not faint." More sermons on the blessed Christian life and less about Pentecost.

I have just been at two great events. I have seen Oberamergau and the "Passion Play." I don't hesitate to say to you, save money for the next ten years and see the "Passion Play" and go early enough to spend sometime in the Bavarian Islands. From there I went straight over and attended the missionary conference in Edinburgh, the most beautiful convention I have ever attended, and I think I am not going too rapid when I say the most powerful convention in the history of Christianity was the Ecumencial Conference which closed its session a few weeks ago in Edinburgh. It was the great, powerful, sane, sound, dignified work that would appeal to any man anywhere in all the world, and the United States of America, just now in its religious life, needs a real revival of downright

sanity in religion, and I wish there might be one convention held. (Most of the men we hear on this platform, and I am one of them, most of them are freaks—we are not typical by a long ways.) This one thing has happened: We are making a fearful mistake and picturing religion as a kind of fanaticism that the average man does not believe he is capable of. The next thing that has happened is that we have largely neglected the authority of the book we call the Bible. Follow me for two minutes. Has it occurred to you what has been going on with the book which we call the Bible? This is not quite true, but practically true. Of all the people in this audience certainly ninety per cent. learned the majestic truths of Jesus Christ from the old King James version. Then there came a time when that version did not satisfy the demands and they gave us the revision. Then not satisfied with that we waited fourteen years that our American representatives might initiate the American revision. Not satisfied with that, we come out with the Twentieth Century New Testament, which, in my judgment, is just a cheap piece of American rag-time, and we have been leaping from one thing to another until the men of the world are looking on and saying the Bible is crumbling and falling to pieces.

I am liable to be called a hypocrite right here, and I pause long enough to clear myself. I hold in my hand and read most frequently from the American revision. I use the American revision. I believe it is the best we have. I am not against revision; certainly I am not against scholarly study and investigation of the Bible, and I will go a step further and say this: Probably no man has done the Bible greater harm than the untutored, unlearned man who stands on the platform, throws his shoulders out and says, "I believe the Old Book." If you will by some process tell me that there is a doubt about the authenticity of the four gospels, if you will tell me that there is doubt as to whether some portion of Isaiah ought to be in that book, if you will establish that fact, I will establish the second fact, namely, you have cut the nerve that will never stop a man this side of the ditch. Either preserve the authority of the Word we call the Bible or lose our case, for that is the Christian's book.

Another thing is a type of fanaticism that has made the average man of the world believe that to be a Christian he must go into some form of hysteria. Still another thing is that the land is filled with such a spirit of revellers that religion has found a second place in the minds of our people. Irreverence is in the air. Just this much perhaps will help: The Hudson-Fulton celebration came to New York City, and in that celebration the greatest issue of New York City was to find a place somewhere to sit or stand and see the parades. Fifth avenue was the focusing point, and I cannot describe to you the shock that came to me when I saw the Marble Collegiate church, the Brick church and every last church on Fifth avenue, with one exception (and the one exception was St. Patrick's cathedral) had made themselves into "bleachers" and sold out for $2 a head.

Irreverent in our attitude toward God. I want to feel when I walk into the place where I worship God, I want to feel it is not a vaudeville or a bulletin board or a public billboard; I want to feel it is the house of God, where I may worship. We are turning the church in many

places today into a cheap vaudeville, ready to get down to any kind of vulgar refrain to challenge the attention of a passing mob for a few minutes.

I say this with care now, lest I myself be guilty of what I am trying to warn about. I am afraid there are some men I know if Jesus Christ had a name—John, Tom or Jim; I speak with care—I am afraid I know some men who get so familiar that they would call Jesus by that other name. The very holy names are names that men can toss off flippantly, as though the had had personal interviews in fleshly presence. This land of ours today needs a new lesson in what it means to be reverent, and I believe the multitude of men outside of the church today who just toss up dice as to whether it is the church on a pleasant afternoon or the park are the men who have brought the two so close together that they see but little difference, and irreverence is sapping the life spiritually of many of our men.

I believe another thing that occasions some of the crisis; much of it, indeed, is the cheap interpretations of sin which are being passed around. Sociology has done some of that, and yet I am so fearful lest by making a mistake I dare hardly give it a passing sentence. The other night I was in an evangelistic service and I heard a man in one of those hysterical services inveighing against dancing, card playing and theatergoing. There sat on the front seat an old man and that old man shouted "Amen! Hallelujah!" until he made the place ring with his acclamation of approval, and one time the evangelist stopped and said, calling him by name: "You would not go to the theater, would you?" And the old man shouted out, "Never!" That old man is the champion of orthodoxy. Yet he is the worst old devil that goes loose in that town. Why, he is as crooked as a ram's horn in business; he has robbed the widows and orphans and everybody knows it. The evangelist was making himself absolutely ridiculous. He was making himself the enemy of the kingdom of God in the minds of hundreds of young men who sat back in that audience.

It is time we take a definite stand against sin and cut clear to the quick, whether it is the biggest man in the town; and young men in large numbers are saying that we dare not do it.

May I put a remedy? Three things that I want to see the church do. I have been naming some difficulties. Have I anything constructive to add? What will win men? May I say to you I expect to see the day when those three million young men that are lost to the church now will be found; I expect to see the day when there will be as many men in the church as there are women. I have no shade of doubt about the future of the church. I stand today, not a pessimist, seeing the church disappear; but I want to stand this afternoon as a man seeing the sun rise on the best day the church has ever known.

First, raise your standards of what it means to be a Christian up high. If you think you are going to win men you won't do it by leaving the platform and coddling them. I went to church the other day particularly to hear a certain minister, and this man was preaching on the fact that the door of his church was so high, so broad and so wide that Lincoln could have walked in. Here was a man preaching about the high, wide door, so wide that Lincoln could have come in, and then he went on to say: "We in our church have no creed and

ask no questions. Come in." There were about 150 in the pews. And in disgust I went to another church, the same kind of people, the same kind of church building. There a perfect pack of people and a man preaching, not fanatical, but a man preaching a doctrine you would call very old-fashioned, and a perfect pack of people to hear him. I said something is wrong. The way this man preaches makes the door pretty narrow, it is doubtful if very many could get in. I went out from that service and went back to the other church and I went in to call upon him—half past ten Sunday night. I said: "My friend, explain this to me. You are preaching tonight about the big wide-open door and I see the folks haven't come in, and I went over to the other church across the street and it is packed to the doors." He laid his head down on the table and said: "You are right, Smith. I have got a theory but it don't work."

I can empty any church in this country by going into it and preaching liberality in doctrine and conduct.

Leave out those churches which admit by confirmation, which church in this country do you believe is standing most rigidly for a virile doctrine?

If—I speak in kindness now—if liberality were a charm or magnet, what church ought to have the largest membership? The Unitarian church. If liberality is a magnet, the Unitarian church ought to conquer the world, and we are scared out of our boots about the Unitarian church. They lost in the last ten years 4,458 people. I am not a Baptist, therefore I can speak of it with liberty. The Baptist church, which makes Christianity a different thing and makes it mean something, has increased 1,660,000 souls in ten years.

We must call upon men for heroic service. If you pastors think it is any fun to go to church sixty years twice on Sunday and hear you preach and expect at the end of sixty or seventy years to go to heaven, you have made heaven an expensive proposition. I have seen the time when if that was the price of heaven I would give it up.

I tell you what men want—young men want to know—it is that they are a part of the army that is going to win the fight; and you can have all that you want of them. I believe any church in this country can have all the young men that you will make place for to actually do something.

Theological schools of every kind—and don't get "cheap" now in your criticism of the theological school—where would we be if it were not for the theological school? But those of every kind and denomination are having a time because they cannot get students; they are having a difficulty. Right in the midst of that along comes the student volunteer men, and what do they ask? The student volunteer movement goes into the colleges and asks the most brilliant young men and women of the nation to do what? To go into Africa, China and India and lay down their lives. What is the result? They get so many that they don't dare publish the number that have signed the declaration.

The other day a young man came to Silver Bay where some of us have been. That man was the dummest man in the lot. They said he was a college man, a brainy man; but he went around that camp of six hundred the dummest one of the lot. And one day the lake was rough, (it is a cold, perilous body, very few if any sail

boats, no yachts on the lake), it was at its worst. Several young men stood down there and one of them said, "I dare anybody to try and swim the lake today." Two miles to the other side. This young man, who had been plodding around there like an insipid humdrum, went back to his room, never said a word until a little while later he was seen coming down with a bathing robe on and stood by the lake. He then said to another who stood there, "Will you row a boat if I try it?" And the other fellow said he would; and across that lake he swam until he touched the rock on the other side, and instead of getting into the boat and rowing back, he simply turned around and swam all the way back again. That night when he walked down the street he walked down like a new man. He was a hero of the camp; he had been challenged to a great task and he won, and it made a man of him. God knows whether I am true, but this is what I would like to hear: I would like to hear the church stand up and issue such a challenge to the young men of this country that it would literally stagger them with its proposition, and then I will stake my reputation on the challenge that they will fill every church in the land.

Will you go home to your church—layman, pastor, business man, Sunday school superintendent—and will you see to it that a program big enough for the young men of that town is outlined, and at least that a chance is given to answer to the call? I believe you will find men there?

WE ARE HIS WITNESSES

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

Let us turn to the Book of the Acts of the Apostles and the text for the evening is found in chapter 5, verse 32: "We are witnesses of these things and so also is the Holy Ghost, who God hath given to them that obey Him." May I say this preliminary word: Every hour that I remain here makes me feel more at home because you are getting patient with me and to understand my method of laying out whole sections of scripture in order that we may have their textual light upon the particular text.

In order to understand our text we need the chapters preceding and immediately following. So far in the messages which it has been my privilege to deliver to you, mark the lines of our thought. He spoke first of that which to my own heart is the central secret of rest; that of getting into the will of God, the burden which is lightest, of the burdens for those who dare yield themselves to its keeping, then we attempt to see the Lord and Master set out into clear relief by reason of the background and the criticism of the Pharisees. Then we turn to that initial word of this book of the Acts in which the writer says that the former treatise was made concerning "all that Jesus began to do and to teach," and we look back to those beginnings that we might discover the lines of directions for His continued doing and teaching

through His body, which is the church. Last evening we took the 8th verse of the first chapter in this book, those final words of commission from the lips of our Lord and Master, in which He said to His disciples and says to His disciples today—for He is living—"Ye shall be witnesses in the city where you dwell, in the country of which that city is the center, in the neighboring country, just over the border line of your own land, and to the uttermost part of the earth," and in attempting last evening to notice the historical circumstances, the essential charge, the varying campaign and the present compulsion of that great message, you will remember that I passed hurriedly over the word that described the character of our service—the word "witness." I come back to that thought tonight and it is to be the theme of our meditation. We will note here that the words are spoken by the apostles, by Peter almost surely as the spokesman of the rest, "We are His witnesses." The Lord had said "Ye shall be my witnesses." They now say "We are His witnesses." So far in the book of the Acts of the Apostles we have what? Chapter 1, the first glimpse of the disciples under the old conditions prior to Pentecost. Chapter 2, 34th verse, the account of the coming of the Spirit in fulfillment of the promise of the Father through the Son and the institution and creation of the Christian church. Then from verse 5 in chapter 2 to the end of chapter 7 we have the first things in Jerusalem—the first impression which the church made upon Jerusalem. They said these men were full of new wine, the first impression. Let me just take you over the ground rapidly. The first impression, what was it? They were arrested. I mean the men of the city; they were amazed, they were perplexed and attempted to account for what they saw and heard. Remember, not preaching arrested Jerusalem, but transformed men and women so full of light and love and life and joy they couldn't keep from singing; that was the gift of tongues, not the gift for preaching, but the gift for praising—and the city was arrested, amazed, and began to cry for their expulsion. That was the first impression and when a church makes that impression the chance of the preacher is come. The mistake we make today is in often imagining that the preacher has to make the impression by his life, and the preacher's opportunity is created by outside work.

After the first impression, the first message; a model pattern for the New Testament preaching unto the end of time. Notice the first sermon was an answer to the inquiry of the crowd. The crowd said, "What is this?" And Peter arose and he said: "This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel." He the risen Lord hath shed forth this. Thus He epitomized the whole service. (Many sermons gain by being epitomized.) They said, "What is this?" They were told this is that which your prophets told you would come. And how has it come? By the man you crucified. He hath shed forth this. Then immediately following the first message you have the first opposition. Peter and John, who had been so much trouble to each other in the early days by reason of the fact that they were of such different temperaments; Peter, the practical man of affairs; John, the mystic dreamer, forever looking toward dim horizons and wondering what lay over the other side. You know the last picture of them in John's own gospel is this: Peter,

restored by his Lord graciously, not only to favor and fellowship, but to fruitfulness and service; Peter suddenly turned around and said to Jesus, "And what shall this man do?" Do you see it? This man is always dreaming about something—give him something to do. That's the last picture of John in the gospel story. Now, look! Pentecost has put the practical man and the poet into partnership. The man of affairs and the man of dreams have gone together up to the temple. Peter and John are now together in happy comradeship. One great fact of the mystery of the spirit is this: It puts into true fellowship and service men who are entirely opposite to each other in temperament. Peter and John are together.

What next? The first communism, when, in the very fullness of their love "no man said that aught he had was his own and they had all things in common." Then what? The first discipline. A terrible chapter. The life in that early church was so strong and pure that a lie couldn't live within its borders. Annanias and Sapphira. Then the first persecution, and that is my text, in the midst of it. Just beyond it, the organization, the appointment of deacons—and if you want to know the qualifications for office in the Christian church, read the sort of men they appointed to be deacons. Then the first martyr, Stephen, and so ends the story of the first things.

Here at this point is the story of persecution. I have not read this picture. It begins at the fifth chapter, verse seventeen. The high priest arose up and all they that were with him, which is the sect of the Sadducees, and they were filled with jealousy; they laid hands upon the apostles and cast them in public ward, but an angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors and brought them out and told them to go back and speak in the temple, and speak the words of life, and back they went to speak the words of life.

I am no artist. If I were I do not know anything in this New Testament of mine that I should more covet to paint as an actual picture than this scene in the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and I should feel thankful to God if there be some young man, some young woman here, some artist, who will take the suggestion. No greater picture as a picture could be painted than the picture of this scene. The apostles were captured and put in ward. What is it during the night that has happened of which the high priest has no knowledge? The picture that I want to see painted is the picture of that assembly in the early morning hour of the next day. Mark with what care Luke tells us the make-up of that assembly: "The high priest and all they that were with him, the whole council and senate of the children of Israel." Do you catch the significance of that description? The high priest, they that were with him, the whole Sanhedrin, all the men of light and leading in Jerusalem, the men of dignity, the men of august presence, the whole representation of the forces in Jerusalem of the ancient religion, the highest and the best and the noblest men are gathered together in order that they may have arraigned before them these troublers of the peace of Jerusalem, in order that they may, if possible, stamp out this heresy of the Nazarene. When you begin to paint that picture, remember this: You will need all your pigments and your colors to paint those men in their

dignity. That is one side of the picture.

Where are the prisoners? They have been sent for and the message has come back to this august and magnificent assembly that they are not in the prison; and as I look upon that assembly I see not now principally the dignity of their robing, but the perturbation of their countenances. While they are discussing the problem a hasty messenger comes and tells them that "these men you put in prison are preaching in the temple." "And they sent and brought them, not violently, for they feared the people"; and my picture is complete.

There are the men of the old economy, men of strong faces, men of light and learning and leading and power, of august presence, robed in the dignity of their position; and here in front of them, confronting them, a handful of men. Not a man of note among them, not a man that counts for anything by the scales of human greatness; not a man of whom anything would ever have been known apart from the fact, the central fact of their relationship to Christ. You won't want very many colors to paint those men, you paint them in the russet garb of the Galilean peasant and fisherman—put all the colors in the robes of the priests; but you will want a color that you cannot mix to paint the eyes of these fishermen. There is a light and a glory there that won't yield itself to your pigments. Do you see them confronting each other? Mark another thing, (for all this is preliminary, I am only getting ready to preach), look carefully, note that the make-up of that Sanhedrin is rationalistic. The Hebrew people had fallen on such evil time that their high priest was a Sadducee. What was the Sadducee? I am not going to enter into any long argument concerning that. I will content myself with a New Testament definition of the Sadducee. He was a man that believed neither in spirit, in angel or resurrection. That is the New Testament definition. In other words, they were all rationalists in religion. The men who were getting rid of the supernatural everywhere—they have their successors. When they began to talk to each other these men and fisher-apostles, what did the apostles have to tell them? Everything they said ran diametrically against the philosophy of their Sadduceeism. Over against the rationalism of the Sadducees they put the definite and absolute experience of their own lives.

There you have the picture of the time. Rationalism and spirituality in religion stand confronting each other.

Now mark the converse. The high priest said to these men: "How dare you preach in this name when we straightly charged you you should not preach in this name?" That is always the charge of rationalism. Listen to the whole answer that we may centralize our thought upon the actual words of this text.

First: "We must obey God rather than men." That was the first thing. And then it always seems to me, beloved, as though Peter knew he would never have that opportunity or a similar one for preaching the gospel and he packed into that brief sentence all the cardinal points of the gospel.

Christ has illuminated our intelligence so that we know God has touched our emotion, so that with love God has captured our will, so that we are carrying that burden, and we know no other burden than the doing of the will of God. The only

"must" in our lives is that we "must obey God rather than men." That is the first thing he said. Then those central declarations of the Christian faith, and finally this supreme challenge, "We are His witnesses."

Now for the text: "We are His witnesses of these things and so also is the Holy Ghost." Mark this function of discipleship. We are His witnesses of these things. The force of discipleship, "and so also is the Holy Ghost," and there is the story of responsibility to the end of civilization.

Take this, principally for this evening hour, the function of discipleship, the office of the church. "We are His witnesses of these things." Beloved, in order to have true understanding of that I want to ask this question; it may be an imaginative one, but you will follow me. I wonder, when Peter said that, where he put his emphasis? I ask the question because in an attempt to answer it I think we shall illuminate the situation to take those words and let me recite them without light and shade, without emphasis at all. "We are His witnesses." When, then, was the emphasis? Did he say: "WE are His witnesses of these things?" I think not. I am quite sure that's what he would have said before Pentecost, the whole emphasis would have been upon the personal pronoun before Pentecost. Some of us would say, with great official dignity, "WE are His witnesses of these things." I believe when Peter said it in his own mind the sense of the personal was entirely lost in a conception of the relative. "We are His WITNESSES," and yet, beloved, I do not believe the principal emphasis was there, for I believe this man, when he said "We are His witnesses" was conscious of the fact that a witness is only of value in proportion as the thing to which he bears witness is of value, and my profound conviction is that the emphasis in that was placed by Peter and must be placed by us upon the word that we do not seem to be conscious of. The church's work in the world is not that of impressing upon the world its own importance and dignity. The church's work in the world is to impress upon the world the reality of these things. What things? Let me put them, not in the words of Peter, but in another form. Christ risen, God hath raised up Jesus Christ, whom ye slew, hanging Him on a tree. Christ exalted, Him hath God exalted to His own right hand to be a Prince and a Savior. There are the fundamental facts for which the church stands in the midst of every age, of every city, of every land. These things: Christ risen, Christ crucified, Christ exalted, Christ at work. The church's business is to prove these things to all men and to every age, to bear such witness to the reality of these things that men shall be compelled to believe them by reason of the witness bearing.

I leave, my beloved, those four things for your own meditation, contenting myself now with this remark: Keep these things in your thinking and in your attempt to present them in the order in which this apostle declared them in the hearing of that august gathering of the Sadduceean priesthood and senate in Jerusalem.

First, Christ risen. That must always be, as it always has been, the true note of apostolic preaching, and the first note.

Listen: Christ crucified is not the first note—Christ risen—but the risen Christ, the crucified Christ, the crucifixion revealed in the light of resurrection. Take the resurrection away

from the Christian system and what is the cross? Take the resurrection away, deny the actual resurrection of our gracious Lord, and the cross—what is it? How shall we state it? It is a tragedy, it is a failure.

Listen: In the light of the perfection of the man who was crucified, it is the severest and most awful condemnation of the idea of beneficence and holiness in government that the world has ever seen.

In view of the perfection of that life, if the life end with the cross, and there would be no resurrection, then I have lost faith in God. But see the risen Lord and let the light of Easter morning flash back upon the darkness of Good Friday, and begin to understand the cross is too high for my climbing, too deep for my fathoming; as high as heaven and deep as hell, and defies the analysis of the theologian and the explanation of all philosophy. The cross interpreted by the resurrection and consequently the first note of apostolic preaching, the first fact that we have to give evidence in the world is that of the risen Christ. Then the fact that this risen, crucified Lord is by God exalted to His own right hand for two purposes: To rule, to be a Prince and a Redeemer, to be a Savior, and then the fact that He is not only the risen and crucified and exalted Christ, but that He is actually at work, actually at work giving repentance and remission of sins to Israel.

How one would like to dwell upon the cardinal facts, "these things," and that is what we are in the world for. The church is not in the world to entertain the world. The church is not in the world to educate the world. It is in the world to make these things real vital things, to a sinning world, the world blundering on in its sin, wilfully sinning, smirched, soiled—preaching the gospel of a crucified Savior—but the blood can put sin away.

"All Hail Immanuel!" That is the song. He is the uncrowned King. Preach in the world the fact that He is not removed to a far distance to leave the world to work out its own salvation, but that He is at work giving repentance and remission of sins, remaking men and women and lifting them to the height of His own glory.

These things. How are these things to be made known? We are His witnesses. I am going to remind you of something you know, very old and familiar. The Greek word translated "witness" is the word from which we derive our word martyr, and I am going to put that word in here now. Jesus said: "It is not for you to know times and seasons which the Father hath within His own hand, but when you are embued with power from on high you shall be my martyrs." The apostles said in the presence of the Sanhedrin, "We are His martyrs." We have come to use that word martyr of men and women who seal their testimony with their blood—who die for the faith. Note that a man never dies for a faith that he holds, but for a faith that holds him. I am not going to suggest that we take that word from that association. It is a great association. "The noble army of martyrs praise thee." The reference in our thought when we sing the great "Te Deum" is that those who suffered and died praise Him. It is true. Beautifully true; but, brethren, these men were martyrs before they died. Fires of persecution never made martyrs.

I go back to the history of my own land, the days of persecution when

our fathers were led out and put to the stake and dragged to death. What did the dying mean? Did the dying make them martyrs? No; the being a martyr made them die. If persecution should break out tomorrow in this land, what would it do? Make martyrs? No; discover the martyrs. The fire would sift and the men and women who are not martyrs would never die. What, then, is a martyr? Let us use the word very carefully. What is a martyr? A martyr is a man convinced of a truth, captured by the truth, revealing the truth. Do you follow me? A martyr is a man who is convinced of a truth, who yields obedience to the truth of which he is convinced so that the truth is able to take him and make him himself an incarnation of the very thing he believes. Then the man becomes a revelation in flesh of the truth. We men who have heard the truth, who have believed that truth which we have heard, who have yielded obedience to the truth which we believed, who by that truth have been transformed until we have incarnated the truth—we are witnesses. Let me get at this from another angle. "You," he said to the Sadduceean high priest, "you affirm that there is no resurrection, that there is no Spirit, that there is no angel, that there is nothing but the material, that there is nothing beyond, no supernatural, no spiritual." Listen: "You slew a man, a man who said ere you slew Him, Fear not them that kill the body and after that have no more that they can do. You, Sadducees, said when you slew Him, there was no more after that. He is alive. You deny it. You deny our doctrine of the spiritual and our resurrection of Christ." Listen: "We are witnesses. We are what we are as the result of these facts, of our belief in these facts, of the change that has been wrought in us by believing the facts, and you have no right to deny the fact we affirm until you can account for the change which the fact has wrought." That is what the church has to say to rationalism. There is no use lecturing about a new religion which is coming from your central east or central west—I don't know which. We are His witnesses. "High priest, Sadduceean, I am Peter. Before you deny my argument, go back will you and see me as I was three years ago, when I first met this man. See me as I was in the last weeks, when I followed Him, and now get to know me." "We challenge investigation," said Peter. "Compare us, what we are, with what we were; the change wrought in us is the argument of the veracity of the doctrine we preach."

Our business is to be out upon the highway dealing with men, bringing them to Christ, into the presence of truth, constraining them to teach obedience and showing them by the results produced in other lives the truth of the doctrines that we hold at the center of our own life. That is altogether too general—let us be more particular. My business as a Christian man is to be a proof of the thing I preach. "Though I preach with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love"—that's the preacher's chapter. Mark the infinite succor, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." It is true—it is true. Unless behind the preacher's word is the preacher's life, the preacher's word is a blasphemy and an impertinence in the eyes of heaven and an insult to humanity.

Witnesses. Not men who talk alone, men who live. Not men who say, but men who are. Here is a

test question for the success of your own church, your own life, of your own ministry. Are we witnesses of such things?

Witnesses. That, my brethren, is the true function of discipleship, of the work of the church, a witness to Christ, a demonstration of the reality of the doctrine in the actuality of the life.

How are we going to do it? If that word were the only word to be said, I dare not have said so; it is because this man did that day declare the profound and underlying secret of success, in which I can but in brief words touch in these next ten minutes.

"We and the Holy Ghost." The splendid, almost overwhelming daring, courage and heroism and audacity of these men. There came a day a little later—and Mel Trotter reminded us of it the other evening when he said it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us. If we said that today, it would almost sound irreverent. Why? Because of the general level of our living. If the church of God were true to the standard of the power of Christ and the Holy Spirit we should still say in our assemblies, not that it is carried by a majority, but that it seems good to us and the Holy Ghost. And what is the answer? How shall we ever arrive there? Only as we begin here. I want it to be not only a word searching my own heart, but yours, my comrades, in this witness; I want it to be a word full of comfort, for if there is a man trembling and saying "I am not sufficient"—listen—"We and the Holy Ghost." A laird in the islands of Scotland years ago gave a faithful servant of his, Donald, a little farmstead. Now Donald had not been particularly thrifty and when his laird said to him one morning: "Donald, I am going to give you yon farmstead for your own and you may just live there and farm it for the rest of your life." Donald, having no money of his own and no capital, looked at his lord and said: "I'm afraid I cannot work it." "Why not?" "I have no capital." Said his lord: "I am going to take care of that, too; I will invest enough to find you capital to work it." He looked up and said: "If it's you and me, I think we can manage it." It is very homely. "We and the Holy Ghost," and with all reverence I say tonight, if that be so, if it be the Holy Spirit and me, I think I can manage. I know I can manage.

Let me give you two sentences and ask you to find them at your leisure.

First. The Holy Spirit witnesses of Jesus only.

Second. Only the Holy Spirit witnesses of Jesus. The Holy Spirit witnesses of Jesus only. Get hold of that, will you? A great many of you know it experimentally. Then listen to me patiently. I want to get hold of my youngest friend here who is struggling through the christian life. The Spirit witnesses of Jesus only. He does not come into the life of a man to make that man conscious of His coming. He comes to make that man conscious of Jesus Christ, and do you know I believe we have often gone astray right there. Men and women are waiting for some coming of the Spirit as if they shall be conscious of the coming of the Spirit. If He comes in all His fullness into your life what will be your consciousness? Not a consciousness of Him but a consciousness of the Lord Christ Himself. That's the test. Only the Holy Spirit witnesses of Christ. No man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Spirit. I cannot know the

Lord Christ but by the Holy Spirit's interpretation. He uses for that purpose this Holy Word He has given to me, but the word itself cannot reveal the Christ to me save as I am dependent upon the Holy Spirit and He illuminate the page and so reveal the Lord. Brethren, that is what He does. How does He do it? First, revealing to me some fact about Christ; and then demanding that I obey the fact revealed, and when I obey realizing in my character all that which He revealed.

I never shall forget the moment when something concerning my Lord came to me like a flash of light and glory. Mark me well—something which I thought I had known long before it. It was in my own study in the quietest of preparation, about in the year 1894. I was reading my gospel of Matthew, and I came across a text I had positively preached before; and suddenly the whole thing flamed with light and this was it: "When He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion." It is no good my trying to tell you what I saw that day; no man can pass these visions on to other men. A man who wants to tell me about his vision is suffering from nightmare in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred. Paul had a vision and Paul said, "Things I cannot utter." He never tried to tell you what it was, and I cannot pass that on. You could not pass on some of the things that have come to you. Don't try it. But that day that word came to me and I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him. Moved with compassion—I don't hesitate to say it—it was the Spirit illuminating for me something about the Lord. Now, what does it mean? You never get an illumination like that by the Spirit but that the Holy Spirit calls you to some new attitude of life, some new activity. A revelation like that of the compassion of the Lord demands there shall be the answer, of sacrificial service in partnership with that compassion for men, for the hour in which the Spirit reveals to you the compassion of Christ is the hour in which the Spirit reveals the condition of the multitudes that made His compassion, and if you are His you will begin to live in compassion; and I would not boast (may God deliver me from it, and if there be a touch of pride in it, have mercy upon me) but to His glory I want to say this: In that hour the foot-rule of prudence was destroyed and the weights and measures of my care for self work burned up, and I said: "O, God! As I know myself here and now take me unto the uttermost of me, use me for Christ." Oh, I haven't been true to Him all the way. The Spirit shows you something of Christ, that vision asks you to say "Yes" and follow and be what your Lord was.

What is the matter with the church of God today? Arrested development. Why? Because we have disobeyed some vision and when we do there is no more light until we go back and obey. I believe I dare venture to say it, that at this moment, over this whole audience in many instances, light is shining; and you know that there, six months ago, a year, ten years, you know you lost your communion with Christ because you disobeyed. Back, back, men and women, and start again for your lost power to witness when you grieved, when you caused sorrow to the Holy Spirit, by whom you were sealed unto the day of redemption; but when there is the answer to obedience, then He works into the fibre of the character that which was revealed in

the existence of Christ, and we grow up into Him in all things and in the proportion of that growth is found the proportion of our power to witness for Him in all the world.

May this be the beginning with all of us, the beginning of a reinstatement of our responsibility, a rediscovery of the forces at our disposal; and then by the good grace of God, a new witness, my beloved, not for the argument of the philosopher, not for the theology of the divine, valuable as both are in their place, but for the living witness. The world is waiting. Paul knew what he wrote when he wrote this: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain waiting." Waiting for what? For the manifestation of the Son of God, a prophetic word, as some of us believe, in connection with our Lord's advent. The healing of creation's groaning can only come by the manifestation of the children of God, who are the witnesses of these things. May He make us such witnesses.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

By W. H. W. BOYLE, D.D.

John 14:6: "I am the Truth." John 8:32: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." 36: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."

Jesus was speaking to the Jews. The heel of the Roman oppressor was on their bleeding hearts. Temporal deliverance under a restored kingship was the burden of their prayer, and, within that burden, for the sensitive ear, there was the intenser cry of an intenser need—a spiritual need.

1. The craving after liberty was nothing new; the instinct is common to the human heart, but the method of Jesus for attaining it was new.

The world has tried the method of force, and sometimes legitimately. The flame of enthusiasm has never burned more brightly than at the mention of men who have broken the gyves of oppression—a Gideon, a Judas Maccabaeus, a Washington. And had Jesus resorted to force, His magnetic leadership would have scored for him victory, but His kingdom, He declared, was not of the world. Legislative enactment has been successfully tried. The statutes of Lycurgus, the great charter of the Barons, the habeas corpus of the Puritans, the Declaration of Independence have been splendid events in the bloodless conquests of human progress. Yet, voting men free is not the pledge of a complete liberty. The stroke of a pen in the hand of a Wilberforce or Lincoln may do the one; the discipline of centuries may be needed to secure the other. Civilization in a very true sense is the school of freedom. Golden ages have again and again been announced in the slow evolution of mankind toward permanent betterment. Reverent science is another name for the enfranchisement of the human mind. It was Sir John Lubbock who said that to teach a native of Basutoland to sit contentedly on a stool six inches above the ground was to advance him half a century in social estate. History, holding her impartial pen, makes record, as shackles of error and igno-

rance fall, and the world of men moves into clearer light. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

It stands to reason that the truest enlargement of man in the unit or the race is enlargement upward. As Dr. Munger has it in his most excellent book, The Freedom of Faith, "The knowledge that liberates the powers of a man's being heightens him as well as broadens him." So that the real emancipation of truth are moral emancipations. Nobody needs to be told that a man may be outwardly free, and yet inwardly a slave. The low passion of avarice may make the rich man a slave to his belongings. The siren song of pleasure may become the mocking laugh of a tyrant. Insidious unbelief, whose "I don't know" grows into an insult of faith in "I can't know," makes the skeptic the slave of his doubt. Broad phylacteries and narrow sympathies made the form-loving Pharisee the slave of his sect. The divorce of doctrine from duty in any age makes the defender of a creed a slave to its articles. And, with such things as these in mind, the teaching of Jesus was plainly this: No man can be free, with a permanent quality of freedom, who is not subject in the entire range of his being, conscience and mind and heart, to the command of Him whose daily action squared with the requirement of absolute rectitude, whose standard of morality makes error of any kind an alien principle of life—"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."

So that the true definition of liberty in its diversified relationships is the true definition of life. What, for instance, is true social liberty? What but the willing obedience of the social fabric at any level to the fair proposition of Him whose sermon on the mount is the changeless charter of God's freedmen and whose prayer to the Father, at the close of it makes every man his brother. "We turn to Jesus of Nazareth," says Charles Wagner, of the new movement in France, "because we hear Him speak a natural language, because we hear beating in His heart the heart of all."

What is true ecclesiastical liberty? What but the reasonableness of intelligent faith, writing for itself a lovable creed, not an impossible one, and striking hands with the sacred fellowship of saved men everywhere in a broad-gauge principle like this: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." What is intellectual liberty, related to this? What but intellectual honesty, giving to reason the fullest and freest exercise, but mindful ever that there is a territory of life in which reason is helpless without a guide. One of the artists has a symbolic picture in which reason is represented by the figure of a seeker looking bewildered to an untracked valley before her, while faith with the sense of the unseen in her face, takes with one hand the hand of reason and with the other points over the valley to the sunlit heights beyond it. Faith is intuition conquering circumstances and it is faith's prerogative to say to the world and thinking men in it, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

2. Just here we come to the question of Pontius Pilate, the question of the ages, "What is truth?"—essential truth.

And I believe the definition is clear only in him who was able to say with a confidence that challenged the sternest contradiction, "I am the truth"—in character and precept and influence, "I am the truth." Schiller was thinking of relative truth when he said: "Truth never is; it always is appearing." Max Muller expressed in different words the same thought

in this: "Truth is the property of God alone; search after truth belongs to man."

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as new truth, though there may be new apprehension of it. Discovery is not the same thing as creation. Discoverers of truth there have been in all the ages—illumined lives lived close enough to God to catch fragments of His thought and fling them down to the minds of men at lower levels.

The law of gravitation was the law of the universe before Newton, and the law of blood circulation was the law of the human system before Harvey. These but revealed the mind of God along the line of specific law. The seers and singers of old were revealers of God—what the divine said, they trembling said again. The reverent scientist of today who locates a new star is a revealer of God, and so is the scholar who brings to his fellows a new aspect of truth. Wonder in the face of a child asking questions at bedtime is search, and so is the baffled look in the face of a sage. To think God's thoughts after Him is later to reveal Him.

The unique and absolute claim of Christianity is made in this, that its founder and prophet is at once the author of truth and its supreme revealer. The actual value of humanity is humanity plus Jesus Christ; no estimate is just or adequate which omits Him. So that touching the two great facts around which all the teachings of the Bible are crystallized, viz., the nature of God and the destiny of man, the word of Christ is absolutely the last word. Orthodoxy of opinion is Christ's way of thinking and orthodoxy of practice is His way of living. At once He is the preacher and the message, the teacher and the truth, the life-giver and the life.

Theology is the doctrine of God and what Christ taught about God is true theology—not speculations concerning God, but expressions from Him. The main attributes of diety for the heathen mind was power, and to this corresponded in man the attribute of fear. For the Hebrew mind, in the light of a special revelation, the attributes of justness and mercy were added to that of power, and to these corresponded in man the attribute of reverence. To this attribute, half-wonder, half-worship, Jesus came down with a new inspiration, and, when he declared with the hand of a sympathetic brother on the head of the race, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," the meaningless abstraction of philosophy were no longer God and the warrior dieties of mythology were no longer God; the "Everlasting Father" of Isaiah was "very God of very God," with all His attributes written into the meaning of one great word—God is love. So that, beholding in the tenderness of Jesus the long-suffering of God, and in the tears of Jesus the solicitude of God, and in the self-renunciation of Jesus the heart of God, reverently we clasp Him as a kinsman in the flesh and feel in very fact that the Infinite Himself is our own.

And this true conception of the Godhead carries with it, as the lesser is contained in the greater, a true conception of man in his need and nature. "There is a continent," some one has said, "in every man's soul lying undiscovered; blessed is he who becomes a Columbus to himself." The sentiment is a fine one, and yet, this is true that it is only in the light of divine discovery that man really comes to himself and then comes to God. "By the grace of God I am what I am," said Paul, the persecutor; so said Augustine the confessor, and Whately, the logician, and Romanes, the scientist, and John Converse, the

man of affairs. So accurate was the survey made for the Hoosac tunnel that the walls of the excavations, approaching from the different starting points, joined each other within a fraction of an inch. Even so with spiritual truth; the movement Godward, starting up from the side of man's need, is met by a revelation of grace coming down to meet it, and the divineness of the plan is found in the fact of the perfect match between the demand and the supply.

"In every, O my Father,
Slumbers sweetley here my child."

It was Coleridge who said: "I know the revelation of truth in the Bible is true, because it finds me." And it was an unlettered peasant who, when asked what she believed and why, replied: "God is well pleased with his Son, that is what I believe; I am well pleased with Him, too, and that is why I believe it." In the intellectual sense truth is defined in the terms of reason; in the ethical sense it is defined in the terms of duty; in the spiritual sense it is defined in the terms of loyalty to Jesus Christ. So that as a planet moves in its orbit and is free under law; as a river flows between its confining banks and is free, so a life brought into harmony with the law of a spiritual relationship in Jesus is free with the glory of a liberty that knows no fettering cord but love—

"He drew me and I followed on
Charmed to confess the power divine."

3. It is clear that in this freedom of personal faith there is involved a personal obligation—an obligation for at least two things—the assertion of liberating truth and the illustration of it.

(1) By the assertion of truth I do not mean the defense of truth, but rather truth defined in the terms of life.

I am glad we do not live in an age when orthodoxy and heterodoxy are the big words. Truth, as truth, needs no defense; it is its own defense, even as a ray of sunshine is its own argument. Just as there is conflict of light and darkness in the natural world, so there will always be conflict between truth and error, but to truth belongs the throne. "A lie on a throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still, and a lie on a throne is on its way to defeat and truth in a dungeon is on its way to victory.

I believe in a definite formula of faith—some central credo in life upon which to fall back when unbelief hisses at the foot of the cross, some chart for the high seas of life, some sheet-anchor for the storms; but I need no article in my confession of faith that is not translatable into conduct in daily action. It is always possible to be spiritually conservative and yet intellectually progressive. In the liberty of a freedman's faith it is my privilege to keep the center of my circumference as a thinking, responsible being at the cross, with all its impelling convictions, and then let the radii of liberated thought go where they please—out into the investigations of science, out into the deductions of philosophy, out to the infinite, conscious always that my magnetic center holds me. I may be a moral comet with an erratic orbit of thought and affection, but I always swing back to Him whose love is life.

Orthodoxy is just correct thinking, and correct thinking in the realm of religion is Christ's way of thinking. The problem of sin perplexes me—its origin, its mystery, its retribution. I turn to Jesus and with His wounded hand He writes one word, "Calvary"; and then I know that no one can have light views of what sin is without having low views of what God is. The problem of human life perplexes

me—its hope, its inequality, its suffering. I turn to Him who felt it all to find His attitude to life, not that of the stoic, for he wept; not that of the pessimist, for He rejoiced in spirit; not that of the skeptic, for He prayed; and then I know that the white wings of faith upon which He daily rose to victory were these: "Not my will, Father, but thine be done." The problem of the future perplexes me—its mystery, its certainty, its promise. I turn to Him whose daily perspective took in eternity to find that in His philosophy of life He had run His pen through fear of death and had written in "Falling asleep." Buddha in saving his people from their sins annihilates them; Jesus in saving His, immortalizes them—"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

(2) A second obligation is the illustration of truth in life.

The question of faith is ever the question of a speaking God and a listening man; everything depends upon how man listens and how he obeys. A fine philosophy about truth will never save a man from the worst that is in him and the world; a warm admiration of it will not—truth made animate in duty is the great thing. Love is always credible to the heart that holds its divine passion and truth is always credible to those who accept it and live it.

The psalmist has this: "Thou desirest truth in the inward part"—that is, getting away behind the action to the motive that inspires it. The apostle has this: "Speaking the truth in love"—that is, the weighing of words in the scales of the heart; that is, the rebuke of the unfair and the false. In the vestibule of a western seminary there stands a marble statue of heroic size. The figure is the figure of Truth. In her right hand she holds a sword with which she has struck a mask from the face of Error, while with her left she holds back her white garments from its defiling touch. And that figure, to me, is Christ re-incarnate among men for the victory of the lofty in aim and ambition over the ignoble, for the triumph of honor over every false way. "What we need," says a noted English statesman is "a resurgence of sincerity." It is a new and striking phrase and what he means, I think, is a reassertion of the social conscience—a bending of man's crooked to God's straight; sincerity in business, sincerity in social relationships, sincerity in friendship, sincerity in the holiest religion of all, the daily task.

Thomas a Kempis, in interpreting the Master's triple claim, "I am the way and the truth and the life," says in the simplicity for which we love him: "I am the way, walk thou in it; I am the truth, accept it; I am the life, live in it."

The call is to the heights, and it is the sanction of faith to follow. To obey up to the measure of the light we have we at length say with Fichte, on the way to the market-place, or the home, or the school: "I am a priest of truth; I am in her pay; I will do, I will dare, I will suffer anything for truth."

"May the God of truth sanctify you wholly."

BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

I will read the lesson this morning from Paul's first chapter, 3d verse, Epistle to the Ephesians. "Blessed be the Lord God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ, even as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world." 13th verse: "In whom ye also having heard the word of the truth, the gospel of your salvation, in whom having also believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance unto the redemption of God's own possession, unto the praise of His glory." 7th verse of the second chapter: "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus, for by grace have ye been saved through faith and not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works that no man should glory, for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works which God afore prepared that we should walk in them." 19th verse. "So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God, being builded upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief cornerstone. In whom each several building, fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple in the Lord, in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God in the spirit." At the 20th verse, the third chapter: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus, unto all the generations of the ages."

My dear friends, in one brief word, let me thank Dr. Dickey for his kind words and assure him that any measure of help I have been able to give to this Bible Conference has been out-weighed by the measure of help it has been to me in very many ways. I must cast myself, this morning, upon your patience. I hope to make you hear but I am just gripped a little with a cold of the throat. Bishop Anderson, I think I am correct in reporting John Wesley as having said, "The best cure for hoarseness from preaching is more preaching," and I venture to try the cure, trusting it may be such.

In Paul's last letter to the Ephesians, chapter 1, verse 1, chapter 5, verse 3, there are two phrases which I propose to bring together. The phrase in the first verse, first chapter, the phrase in the third verse of the fifth chapter: "To the saints as becometh saints." My theme, as you will immediately see, beloved, in this, my final message to you, is that of saintship according to the revelation of the scriptures. It may appear as though this is, indeed, an unwarrantable wresting of texts from their context. Let me assure you it is not so. I am not going to take these phrases in separation from all that lies round about them, but rather as indicating the full value of the whole of this

wonderful letter in certain directions and in certain applications.

To the saints. And we immediately understand that the apostle's words are for those who are saints, and within that manner of address there is included, if we may but discover it, the whole argument of his letter, for the chapters that immediately succeed chapters one, two and three are chapters unfolding the meaning of that conception of life which is conveyed by the word saint.

As becometh saints. And in that there is crystallized the whole of the apostolic appeal, for chapters 4, 5 and 6 are occupied in setting before us the kind of life which becomes those who are saints. The whole argument, I say, is exclusively suggestive in the manner of address to the saints, the whole appeal is given with force in the phrase of the third verse of the fifth chapter, "As becometh saints." And I am going to take three minutes to show still more clearly that that is, indeed, the scope of the letters. This letter, like every one of the letters of the New Testament (especially the letters that have come to us from the pen of Paul) has a dividing line indicated by the word, "therefore." My young friends, let me say, always watch for the "therefore" in Paul's writing and for the central one on the one side of it, the doctrine, and on the other the duty: First, the creed, then the conduct; first, the enunciation of a truth and then the revelation of the triumph that succeeds it. Paul never wrote doctrine for the sake of writing it, but always to show its relation to duty. Paul never enunciated duty as though men could fulfill it apart from doctrine, but always he referred to doctrine that underlies the duty, and so in this great letter we have, at chapter 4, verse 1, the dividing "therefore." "I, therefore, prisoner of the Lord Jesus, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation." What is the vocation? The saints. What is the worthy work? As becometh saints. Take the first three chapters of the great letter and let me condense them as to words: Chapter 1—Predestination. Oh, it's there; you cannot escape it; what it means is another matter that I remit to the theologians. Chapter 2—Edification. That is, the carrying out into history of the eternal purposes. Chapter 3—Vocation. That is, the final purpose of God; the purpose of the past realized in the future through the processes of time; predestination, edification, vocation of the church.

Take your last three chapters and you see the conduct that is worthy of the calling. First, concerning the church. There is no single verse, Dr. Dickey, in the New Testament that has come more often to my mind during this Conference than when Paul begins to show the responsibility of the saint about the church.

Listen! Endeavoring to keep in view, I venture so to translate the Greek word, not to keep, not to guard, as with a garrison, but to keep in view the unity of the spirit, that is our responsibility about the church, not uniformity of position, not unanimous of mind, that is doctrinal; but unity of the spirit, which is essential. We are not to create it, we are not to defend it; keep it in view and live in the power of it, and that has been done here for a week in this Bible Conference. Beyond the responsibility of the saint concerning the church, responsibility concerning personal life, family life, household life; finally the responsibility of the saints in the presence of the devil and of his emissaries, and the contents of the letter is before us.

Now! To the saints as becometh saints. So many Christian people are afraid of the word "saint." I have heard men say—Christian men, office-bearers, truly Christian men—"Well, you know I don't profess to be a saint." Let me at once say to you, if you have said this thing, if you are not a saint, you are not a Christian. Why is it the people are afraid of the word. Well, I do not know where to begin to answer that inquiry and shall not take up many minutes. People today are principally afraid of saintship because during recent years, out of the movements which have been followed with mighty power and blessing to the church, there have come results full of peril to the church. Don't be surprised at that; it is always so; every new manifestation of power in the church creates a new method of peril and danger to the church. I think we all recognize that during the past generation God has wonderfully visited His people in a restoration to them of the understanding of the great biblical doctrine of the person and power of the Holy Spirit. Am I not right when I say that during the past generation more books have been written on the work of the Holy Spirit than in the whole history of the Christian church from Jesus Christ until a generation ago? Out of that new revelation, that new manifestation have come great movements, associated with what we are glad to say the deepening of the spiritual life, and out of those movements have grown grave and great perils to the Christian church. I sometimes think that out of those movements has come a type of saintship as unlike the New Testament saintship as the saints of the middle ages were unlike the saints of the New Testament. The idea of the saint which is abroad today, alas, all too widely, is that of a person separated from the world by all matters that are ordinarily material. People who have withdrawn themselves from this and that and the other of the actual and natural things of life, until they have made themselves entirely unlike God's humanity and imagining that that is spirituality. That is one reason why some men today are afraid of the name saint. And out of it has come this fact, also, that a great many unholy things have been done in the name of holiness; that a great many unsaintly things have been done by those who have professed to have attained some new height or level of experience or saintliness, and there has crept into the men who are claiming a peculiar quality of saintship, bitterness, censoriousness and criticism that does more to keep the world from Christ than anything else we have seen in recent years. I speak, beloved, with a great and grave sense of solemnity, but on the other hand, is it right we should abandon a New Testament word, or fail to understand what the New Testament word denotes because it has been misinterpreted in recent years? I think the failure lies deeper. I believe we have not yet escaped from mediaevalism. I believe the spell of the false conception of the great masters in art is still upon us, and I believe that which lay behind it, the false conception of saintliness which came to the church in those dark ages, is still upon us. You ask me what I mean by false conception in art. I only ask you to look at the picture of any great master of the middle ages. Let no one imagine I am such a fool and Philistine as to criticise art when I am no artist, but I have a right to criticise art when art attempts to interpret the New Testament, of which I venture to say

I know something. However, I will not trust my own criticism. Let me remind you of John Robinson's criticism of one cartoon of Rafael. He points out that in that wonderful cartoon of Rafael's, wonderful in technique, in color, in all those things which are essentially things of the artists, that that cartoon is not a cartoon, but a caricature, when it thinks to express the truth of the New Testament story. Some of you have seen the picture. It is the picture that John has given us in the last chapter of his gospel, that some of us were looking at yesterday. It was of the disciples gathered at the seashore in the glory of the early morning. Rafael has painted the scene with matchless art, and there in the background of the mountains, and standing between the mountains and sea, a group of twelve disciples (as a matter of fact there were only seven there) and there is an ecclesiastical reason for the band of the twelve, with which I am not going to deal. Look at them again and behold the twelve disciples on the shore. Look! Every one of them robed in garments ecclesiastical, full of delicacy, full of beauty—none but an artist could have painted those garments as they appear on those men; but follow me to the rear. Those men had been out fishing all night. Get hold of it? Don't look so dull about it, some of you! I want that thing to get hold, because I am at the heart of my subject in an illustration. Rafael had no idea that a fisherman in his fishing garb, wet and bedraggled with the toil of a night, could be a saint; but that is the truth; that is what the New Testament says. There is a phrase often on the lips of men today—I have heard business men use it in business connection. A business man says to another: "That is a great scheme, but it is a council of perfection." You have heard that phrase; I wonder if the man who uses it so easily today remembers where it came from? The phrase, "council of perfection," has come to us through the great Roman church and councils of perfection in the Roman church are instructions for those who are going to take church orders and become saints by entering into a monastic life. What does the phrase mean? That the ordinary man in the rush and hurry of life, in the hurly-burly of every day, amid all the things of the present life, cannot obey these councils; that the only way in which a man can enter into a fullness of saintship is by retiring from the world, shut himself away in monastic seclusion and then obey these councils of perfection. That is a false idea of saintship. The spell of it is upon us still and when a man does say today, "I do not profess to be a saint," sub-consciously he is repeating the tradition of the bygone age that imagines if a man is to be a saint he can only be a saint by coming into entire separation from the actualities of the dead level of every day living. My brethren, that is where the mistake is made and where we are entirely wrong. The monastic system —let us be fair to it—the monastic system was born of a great and holy passion, not the passion that gave rise to it, but the method by which the passion attempted to insure the aim and ultimate was wrong. Men said, let us retire from the world—shut ourselves within the walls—that we may purify our life (I said let us be fair, let us see this thing through), and that thus, by purification, we may be able to pray for the great world that is left outside. The passion was a fine passion, but what happened? That which always will happen.

When a man removes himself thus from the ordinary things of everyday life he takes himself away from the friction that is necessary for the perfecting of the jewels of God. When a man takes himself away from the midst of the world's sin and sorrow and anguish and lives apart, he cuts the nerve of prayer; you cannot pray for the world's agony unless you live next door to it and put your heart by the side of it. You cannot live the pure life by separating yourselves from all those forces that tend to perfect character; these are the fundamental things to which I want to draw your attention. Let me end this thought by a quotation; I quote from the "Song of Solomon"—never mind, dear friend, what your view of it as to inspiration, I am going to use it, whatever your view is. I will take your view for the moment, whatever it is. You say it is only an eastern love song; quite right. I quite agree —just an eastern love song, with all the purple of the East in it, and all the throb and passion of the Orient—and would to God we had a little more of it in the Occident. I take it as a love song; only remember that the man who wrote it knew other things and knew perfectly well that the finest figure of speech in which Jehovah ever spoke to His people about Himself was the figure in which He spoke of Himself as a lover. I claim I still hear God in the wooing love song of the Bridegroom and the answer of the Bride—Christ the Bridegroom and the church His Bride—at least I will borrow it and use it so.

Now, listen to this: The Bridegroom is singing of the Bride and He says of her this most strange and curious thing: "As is the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters." Not merely a comparison but a revelation. The lily, the lily, the lily of gorgeous beauty in Palestine. Where does the lily flourish? The lily is a hardy perennial that blossoms in soil that produces thorns and comes to greatest perfection where the frost bites and the winds blow and the sun burns. "As is the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters" is not only the word of the Christ for His church but of Christ for every individual Christian. If Christian character is to come to perfection of beauty it will not do so by being shut off in the unnatural atmosphere of a religiousity that fails to understand the relation of man to his religion, but it will flourish as the man or woman who is Christ's will live in the place where the frosts do bite and the winds do blow and the storms do sweep. Saints are made by fire, by friction, by all the things from which we must shrink, but not by being shut away from them. I will leave that general discussion of the theme and in a few words I ask, What did Paul mean by a saint in those passages? I showed to you there are three descriptions of these people. He calls them saints to begin with. In the course of those three chapters he says to them three things concerning themselves. First, you are God's possession. Secondly, you are God's workmanship. Thirdly, you are a habitation of God by the Spirit. It is almost ruthless to take those little descriptions out like that, but I am going to do it and do nothing other. I may put them into other words. A saint is the property of God, the workmanship of God, the home of God. I am not dealing for a moment with the experience of saintship, I am not dealing with what our fathers used to call the "state of saintship," but with the standing

in the economy of God; that is, with the essential fact. Who are these men? Paul describes them as men and women who are faithful in Christ Jesus, which does not refer to their finality but to the fact that they do live by faith in Him, that they exercise faith in Him, that faith with them was an act by which they came into an attitude, being the act repeated in every new moment as it breaks upon the life. Paul says these three things: First, you belong to God; secondly, you are the workmanship of God; thirdly, you are the habitation of God.

My dear brothers and sisters, the trouble with this thing is you all know it. It is not new. What a good thing it would be if the preacher dare to be still now and let this congregation take those simple thoughts and say them again to your own hearts. I tell you what we will do—I will say them about myself. Don't you think of them in regard to me, but you make yourself the speaker while I speak. I am the property of God. That is fundamental, that is the first thing. It is not enough, it is not the final thing. I am the workmanship of God in process today, and yet perfected, not yet having apprehended that for which I have been apprehended, not yet having attained or been made perfect; but I am the workmanship of God. I am the home of God. I am the property, the possession of God. I— What does that "I" stand for? That word, in the language second in magnificence to every individual as God is the first. "I" is the second; that word that stands for individuality, personality, for intelligence, for emotion, for volition, for spirit, for mind, for body. I belong to Him. I am completely beaten, I may as well confess it. The thing is so disastrously familiar you can go to sleep, knowing I am saying a thing that is true. Wake up and think of it! I think the hardest work of the preacher today is to get men and women back to the amazing astonishment of the commonplaces of our faith. I belong to God. I. Every fibre of the physical life within me, every moment, every hair of my head, every pulse that beats, the whole fact of my personality. I belong to Him and yet, God forgive me, if I am saying this thing with some sort of emphasis that robs it of its beauty. I awoke this morning and the first scripture that came to my mind was this: "Thou hast filled my mouth with laughter and my lips with singing," and I thank God here, with absolute sincerity, for the saintly sanity of the message by which we were arrested and condemned last night, the message by which some of us were made, thank God, to laugh and the folly of not laughing. Your humor belongs to God. How dare you stifle it? Your pathos belongs to God. How dare you boast your dry tears and tell your boy that tears are not manly? We belong every moment of time to God. Did you say a tenth of your income? No; ten-tenths of it, so that every last red cent of it is to be spent to His glory. That is saintship. It is the first fact. I must not stay with it because I want to get to the next; that helps me to understand the first.

I am His workmanship. All those of you who know your Greek New Testament cannot read that without the music of the Greek word singing itself through your soul as "poema." It is that from which we derive our word poem. I do not mean to say that Paul meant there at all that we are poetry, but the word for workmanship in the Greek suggests a work (I have no right to say this because it is

God's work, and yet I will say it)—a work of art—a work of beauty ultimately, not only for use but for beauty, not only gracious but glorious, we are His poems in the larger sense of the word. We are His workmanship, and yet look at the whole of the text and you will see that it refers not to a finished product or the finality of an article but to a process. How shall I illustrate that of Paul which shows what a saint really is? I know no better way than by going back into the Old Testament. Journey back to the Old Testament and go with Jeremiah into the house of the potter, for it is there that I have the most perfect illustration, for my heart at least, of what it really is.

We are His workmanship. Observe a very remarkable thing in this; that in my own country, in the district where my first church was situated and what we call the potteries, the place where the actual work is done, is still called by the very name Jeremiah called it, the house of the potter; and if you go down into these old potteries you will see the very thing going on that Jeremiah saw when he went into the house of the potter. The potter standing before his wheel, the wheel like a table, turning, turning, turning. How is the table turned? By the foot of the potter. He is treadling with his foot in every old potter's house you go into, and as he treadles the table goes round. He takes there a piece of clay. That is the first illustration. His property, but there is no beauty in the clay. Quite so; but there is no beauty in any of us when God gets hold of us. The clay is the sort of stuff the potter wants and the potter cannot do the work he wants to do with any other material than clay. It is no use putting steel filings on that table. The potter cannot use them; and so don't forget this, that while man has lost his vision, his value and his victory, man is the very stuff God wants in order to fulfill His highest purposes in the world. There is in man that which is to be found in nothing below him in nature, in nothing above him in the universe of God; that in man, which is neither in the creation below or the angel above, the capacity for the revelation of God—that is the great mystery of human nature. The clay is now put upon the wheel. Now watch the movement. The potter's foot is turning it. The potter's hands are on the wheel and the clay. Now for the vision beyond the physical. What is he going to do? I don't know, but look! Look at the thing you cannot see. That is always the most real thing. What is it? In the mind of the potter there is a thought, a thought of service, of beauty, a purpose; and I am standing here. I cannot see it. He cannot make known to me what it is. If he speak of it I cannot understand it. If he attempt to define it no definition can ever include the thing to be defined; and, reverently I say it, thoughts in the bosom and heart of God that He cannot give expression to in words. That is the meaning of incarnation. Watch the potter. The thought is in his mind but I do not know it; his hand is on the clay. Watch the deft fingers, crushing, spreading; and as I watch, the shapeless clay is coming up, taking form and fashion and presently his fingers lift and hold before me a thing, exquisite in every line, beautiful in design, full of purpose—that is the potter's thought, concrete thing. Another man may see it—that is saintship. We are His workmanship. On the wheel of circumstance—the flying wheel of circumstance—o'erwhelming us, flying at times with its speed, and on us the hands that

press. O, God, help us to get the comfort here. Some of you are there this morning. You are feeling the awful pressure that is upon you, the fire and the burning and the grinding. We are His workmanship. What is the central principle? Sovereignty of God. Ah, but there is something at the center of the principle. What is at the center of the principle? If the central principle be sovereignty, what is the center of the principle? The heart of the potter, and we too long look at the potter and think of his power and forget the potter as to his heart. We are His workmanship. Not yet perfected. Beyond the pressure on the wheel, the fires that fix the colors. Oh, suffering men and women, suffering men and women, my brothers, the fires that fix the colors. His workmanship. Not yet have I attained, not yet am I made perfect; but I am a saint, I am His property—ugly, useless clay. Yet the very material God wants to do His work in the universe, and I am His workmanship. He has taken me in hand and by stress and strain of daily life, by discipline, by sorrow, by song, by laughter, and by tears, the potter is making me a vessel to His own honor and to His own glory, and yet there is the thought behind that needs no very long exposition.

We are the habitation of God. The home of God. That is to say, brethren, He isn't working merely by pressure from without, every figure breaks down, but He has entered into and dwells within, and He is working in you toward His ultimate purpose from within. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you to work and to will at His good pleasure. The saint is the dwelling place of God Are you born again from above? Then you are a saint. Oh, but you say, "I am not worthy." I am not touching upon that yet. "Oh, but I never lived on the level of those great ideals." I am not dealing with that. Who of us has lived on those levels? Let us see what God means. You give yourself to Him. In that moment you are His property. His workmanship. His home to the saints.

And now the closing word. "As becometh saints." How shall I describe the life that is becoming to the saint? By the same three figures and in a few words only. The saint is God's property. The saint lives as becomes a saint when he ceases to rob God of His own property. The saint is a saint as God's workmanship. The saint lives as becomes a saint when he ceases to hinder the potter at His work by laying plastic to His will. The saint is the home of God. The saint lives as becomes a saint—now don't be afraid of the holiness, the way I put it—I do it for a set purpose. The saint lives as becomes a saint when he makes God at home in his own life. You say, "What do you mean?" I mean this: There is only one house in all the world where I am really and finally at home. I go to the house of my friends and they put up a welcome, "Make yourself at home," and I know there are homes in which one feels very largely at home, but I am never quite at home. I hope on Wednesday morning next to get on board the "Mauretania" and to plow the sea until she touches the other shore, and then so swiftly as I may away to a cottage by the sea, and when I cross that threshold I will be at home. What does that mean? It means there is no room locked against me—there is no room in which I am not welcome. Don't be afraid of the homeliness of my illus-

tration. No door locked against me. My home. You are God's home. Have you got any door locked against Him this morning? The hall of the imagination—what pictures hang there that you do not want Him to see? The palace of the affection—what love is hiding there that you do not want Him to know? Take that bunch of keys that hang at your girdle this morning, quietly, without sign or sound of human being, and hand them over to God. Now, Lord, enter. That is the whole secret and if He comes in He will destroy the picture. Yes, He will; but He will put better on the wall. If He comes in He will turn out that love, but He will give you a deeper, nobler and a diviner affection. Let Him in. Make Him at home as becometh saints. His property—no longer robbing Him. His workmanship. No longer hindering Him. His home, with every door open for Him. God make us such saints.

Now, I have got to say one thing more. There's a man somewhere here this morning, or a woman somewhere here this morning, you are saying: "Yes; I know it. It is all true; I believe it, I am interested in it. It is not for me." Why not? Why not for thee? "Well, I gave myself to Him and I saw the light and the glory, but I have robbed Him I have robbed Him. I have locked the rooms of the home away from Him and at the center of everything I have hindered Him, and I am spoiled—I am spoiled." I thank God for that figure of the potter, and I thank God for the figure of the potter because when Jeremiah watched the potter Jeremiah sang about the potter. and what did he say? (O, God, there's no music like it to my heart): "If the vessel be marred in the hand of the potter he will make it again." There, that is the gospel. You say: "My life is marred and spoiled, I have not been a saint according to the pattern." He will make it again. I don't want to press this, but I am bound to tell it to you as it struck me. I shall never forget a year or two ago when I read again that which I had read hundreds of times that which I had never seen, of the thirty pieces of silver—the price of a slave, the blood money of the Son of God. What did they do with it? They bought the potter's field with it. What is the potter's field? The scrap heap. Oh, soul of mine! The potter's field is bought with the blood money of the son of God. That is what we meant in England when we called Begbie's book "Broken Earthenware." I think your title is perhaps better in many senses, "Twice Born Men." I would like to see them both on the book. Broken earthenware. Scraps of the potter's field—hardened, smashed, spoiled vessels. But He, He, and He alone can put on his hands and mold them. If it had not been for that I would never have stood and talked to you this morning. My brother, you say: "God gave me a message and I haven't given it, and while there has been blessing in this conference I am an unhappy man." Jonah was sent to Nineveh. Do you remember it? What a pity it is people stop with that voyage of all voyages. He was sent to Nineveh and did not go, and I have always admired with what magnificent manliness when he ran away he paid the fare. There in Jonah is another text. The word of the Lord came unto him a second time. You know what I am talking about. I would have been out of this ministry if my being in it had depended upon my faithfulness to the

first charge. I know the wandering and unfaithfulness, but blessed be God! the word of the Lord comes a second time. May God make us saints according to the pattern, to the glory of His name.

CONSECRATION

By REV. HAROLD F. SAYLES, Evangelist, Chicago

The act of consecration lies at the foundation of all success. The man in his business, profession or trade, or the man in the field of sport must give himself to his work with a consecration that grips him or he will accomplish little. It must be a consecration that means the loss of sleep, the sacrifice of pleasure, the forgetting of time or it will mean little to himself or others. A young man once asked Edison to give him some one sentence or motto that might inspire him in his life work and the great man said to him: "Don't watch the clock." Some one has said that consecration is the foundation of Christian success, meaning the human foundation of course, as we all understand that Christ is the divine foundation, for the Apostle Paul has said: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," (I. Cor. 3:11). But we are apt to forget about this foundation, just as we may forget about the foundation of a beautiful building. We rush along the crowded thoroughfares of our great cities and ever and anon we come upon a great building, and as we stand and admire it we forget that away down out of sight are the bare, homely foundation stones. While we admire the building we forget about the foundation, and so as we see the great Spiritual building, the church, rising in all its grandeur and power, we forget that it rests upon the foundation of consecrated effort; the tears, sacrifice and prayer of a comparatively small number of those on our church rolls. Statistics show that 90 per cent. of all the money given by the church is the gift of 10 per cent. of the membership, and I suppose that the bulk of the work also is done by about the same number. There is, therefore, a great need of added workers. The Apostle Paul was familiar with the Jewish service, and the altar with its victim. As he beheld this dead carcass lying ready to be offered to God in sacrifice, he exclaimed: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice." He wanted the people to give their bodies to be used willingly for Christ; and today God wants a consecration that is practical. Let me emphasize this thought. How beautifully Miss Frances Ridley Havergal has set forth this subject in her popular hymn:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing,
Always—only for my King.

"Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

The consecration that some people make is very much like the consecration of certain lands that Louis XI., in 1478, gave to the Virgin Mary. In the deed he stipulated that the revenue from these lands should go to the crown. There are those who will publicly give themselves to Christ but make a mental reservation that they will do as they please and when they please. Let me say to any one who has not consecrated himself to Christ fully: First, if you would be a happy Christian you must come to God with a complete and full consecration. There is no one so unhappy as a half-hearted Christian. We are told that "when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began." (I. Ch. 29:27.) Joy always follows obedient service. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them" were Jesus' words as He taught His disciples the lesson of serving others. I will say more. Second, if you would be a growing Christian you must consecrate yourself to the Lord's service. Shall we think only of financial, intellectual and social growth, and make no progress in our spiritual life, remaining year after year in the same condition? A mother would feel very sad if her little babe in the home should fail to develop and grow, lying in its cradle year after year and never being able to creep upon the floor, or uttering an intelligent word. I knew of such a babe that lay in its cradle for twenty-nine years, never developing beyond the infant mind. How sad our Heavenly Father must feel as He sees some of His children living on year after year without any apparent growth. If you grow you must yield yourself and your powers to Christ in a consecrated life. You remember that Paul says, in the verse following the one I have chosen for my text: "And be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." (Rom. 12:2.) If we would prove God's will we must obey His commandments; and this we cannot do without having sweet experiences in His love and grace, and surely in this operation of proving His will we must grow. Again let me remind you that: Third, if we would be useful Christians we must consecrate ourselves to God. Why? Because not until we have reached that point where we can say "Yes" to the demands and the commands of God will we be of much use in the Kingdom of Heaven. There are many who have gotten the idea that to live this surrendered life means to give up all that's worth living for, to have no more pleasures or good times. This is simply because they are viewing the matter from the world's standpoint. Mr. Spurgeon has told us of a man in England who had a fruit farm and made a specialty of fine varities. He once invited a friend to visit him and see his fine fruits and enjoy them with him. The invitation was repeated several times, but the man never came. One day the fruitgrower met his friend and on being reminded of the oft-repeated invitation given him he said: "I guess you think my fruits are not as fine as I claim them to be, and you think it hardly worth your time to visit me?" "Well," said the friend, "the truth is, I was some time ago near your place and drove by. Along the outside of your farm I noticed fruit, lying in the grass, that had fallen from the overhanging branches and I stopped and picked up some and sampled a number of the trees, but every one was poor; some were

sour, some were bitter, others tasteless and wormy, and, to be honest, I just came to the conclusion that you overrated your fine varities." With a convulsion of laughter the fruitgrower exclaimed: "My friend, I went twenty miles to get that fruit you ate. I bought the poorest I could find and scattered it all about my place, under the overhanging trees, so that those who might find it and eat it would be so disgusted that they would not climb over the hedge for the good fruit, thinking that upon the outside a fair sample of that within." So it is with many who pass along the edge of the garden of the Lord. They find a "thou shalt not do this," and a "thou shalt not do that," and they say, "Oh, that is bitter," and "that is sour." They find a "thou shalt do this," or a "thou shalt do that," and they, "Oh, this is wormy," or "that is no good," and judging there is nothing to be enjoyed in a consecrated Christian life they refuse to enter it, and so know nothing of the sweet fruits the Master has for them within. As you cannot judge of the beauty of the stained-glass windows of the great cathedral by passing on the outside of the building and simply glancing up at them, so one cannot judge of the joy and happiness found in the consecrated life by viewing it at a distance, or from the world's standpoint. Possibly there is some one here who has given himself to Christ and attempted this life and failed because of discouragements. If so, let me say to that brother we are all subject to temptations, dark days and clouds will come to dim our vision, but remember the sun is shining beyond the clouds and we are to keep right on remembering this. Some years ago it was our privilege to climb the Righi of Switzerland. Our little party started up the western slope, which was very gradual at first, taking us through pleasant meadowland, farm and woodland. We realized, as we caught a glimpse of the landscape now and then through the trees, that we were being lifted above the little town nestled in the valley below. After a time we found ourselves coming into that which seemed a fog or mist, but which in reality was a cloud. What did we do? Did we try to make ourselves believe we had accomplished nothing? That we were no nearer new and more beautiful scenes and experiences than when we were in the valley? No! no! but with greater zeal we pushed on saying, "Let's get out of this," and so on we went until at last we stood upon the summit and in triumph watched the sun as it went down over and beyond the great sea of floating clouds, above which we had climbed and which had shut out from our view the scenes of life below us, leaving us to be occupied with the glorious beauty and grandeur of that part of earth which reaches nearest toward heaven. So let us mount upward in our Christian life and if at any time we find ourselves being surrounded by clouds, let us not try to make ourselves think that we have not made any advance, but say as we said upon the Righi, "let us get out of this," and make it cause us to push upward with greater haste. In conclusion let me ask you, "What is your life?" "What are you living for?" "Simply to have a good time, as the world measures such a time, or to do good and be a blessing to others and have something to show for your life at its close?" We used to sing a great deal the song, "Must I Go; and Empty-Handed?" You may be familiar with the song but not with the

incident that inspired the writing of the hymn. A young man who had wasted his life was lying upon a sick bed. During weeks of suffering Christian friends talked and prayed with him and he was led to Christ and to rejoice in his salvation. One day, as he lay taking a retrospective view of his life, the thought of the wasted years so overcame him that he exclaimed, "Lost! lost! lost!" thinking that no one heard him. His mother, overhearing his sad exclamation, came to him and said, "What is the trouble, my son? Haven't you peace with God?" "Yes, mother," said the boy, "Jesus saved me, and I trust in Him, but must I go and empty-handed? I have nothing to take to Him." May the Lord help us all so to live and labor that when we come to the close of our lives we may enter into His presence with our arms filled with the golden sheaves!

THE WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

By REV. G. N. LUCCOCK, D.D.

An eminent American, distinguished in educational and political circles, honored by his country by an appointment to be one of its representatives at The Hague Peace Conference, honored again by his church in being chosen delegate to the World's Missionary Conference, declared the latter to be the most significant assembly of men he had ever attended. It should be added that from first to last the conference was distinguished for its lack of "gush;" perhaps the most remarkable for the large number of orators, famous and finished, who kept unbroken silence to the very end. One had the feeling throughout that never before had he been continuously in such an atmosphere of repressed eloquence. It is not the purpose, in attempting to report the Edinburgh Conference, to exclaim over its greatness or pile up superlatives in its description, but rather to set forth in direct and simple fashion just what it was, leaving to your own imagination to complete and surround with suitable atmosphere the scenes which can be but barely outlined here. You who are familiar with Winona understand from your own experience in reporting its Bible Conferences how impossible it is to put atmosphere into a report, and that after all it is in the atmosphere of a great conference that its best is given and received. A Winona audience is specially qualified to imagine the atmosphere of other great conferences.

The Preparation.

For nearly two years hard work, painstaking and far-reaching, had been going on in getting ready for this conference. Eight commissions had been charged with special tasks, the results of whose careful and systematic toil were to be the basis of the deliberations in Edinburgh. Official delegates on a definite principle of representation, coming from the whole Christian world, were formally chosen and accredited. These numbered about 1,200. There were also about 200 missionaries assembled from the wide-world field and a large number of other representatives of the churches and missionary societies accredited to important meetings other than the main conference in

Assembly Hall. The local preparation was extensive and minute. Not only was there a fine provision for hospitality but perfect facilities for making the most possible out of the days of privilege had been arranged as by the skill of men, masters of their problems.

The Organization.

Machinery could not be more complete. Three great halls were provided for simultaneous meetings. The official conference was held in the Assembly Hall of the United Free Church with three daily sessions. A carefully arranged order was scheduled for each day, which not only fixed the respective places for the chief reports but gave an agenda for topical discussion. Each delegate found every morning by his breakfast plate a pamphlet containing the printed minutes of the day before and an outline of the ensuing day's proceedings. The distribution of floor privileges was carefully guarded. Intending speakers were to send their cards to the chairman, Dr. John R. Mott. (The University, the day before the Conference opened, conferred the degree of LL. D. on Mr. Mott and that of D. D. on Mr. Speer, who is the second layman in the history of the University to have received this honor.) Dr. Mott made an eminently fair and efficient chairman. His flashes of wit many a time eased the audience and smoothed the way of business. He directed speakers to face the clock, as such position made it easy for every one in the hall to hear. "There are other obvious advantages in a speaker's looking at the clock." Usually not more than half the people who sent their cards to the chairman could be given the floor, although the time for floor speeches was limited to seven minutes. Once after a woman had made a capital talk Chairman Mott remarked that out of seventy cards or so that had been sent to him for that day only one bore the name of a woman, "which fact offers an interesting problem in psychology."

The Spirit.

Allusion has already been made to the difficulty of reporting the atmosphere of a conference. At least some marks of its spirit may be indicated.

First of all, the spirit of the conference was scientific. Its work was comprehensive, thorough, open-minded. Try to grasp the significance of eight commissions engaged for nearly two years in gathering the facts, weighing them and setting them out in their significance for the deliberations of the Conference, in the following general studies:

1. Carrying the Gospel to all the world.
2. The native church and its workers.
3. Education in regard to the Christianization of the national life.
4. The missionary message in relation to the non-Christian religions.
5. The preparation of missionaries.
6. The home base of missions.
7. The relation of missionaries to governments.
8. Co-operation and the promotion of unity.

Taking the first as an example—three sections, one in London, one in New York and a third on the continent—were about two years in preparing the report. A questionaire was sent out to some two hundred representative missionaries. After the material had been assembled it took a force of thirty clerks three weeks to prepare and send to the different sections this material in proper form for their consideration. When the report of each commission

was finally ready and had been submitted to the Conference, its various features frankly discussed, a further revision in the light of the discussion was to be made before publication in the reports of the Conference for the church at large.

No less marked was the business spirit in the work prior to and during the sessions. It was well said that foreign missions was no longer a sentiment but had become a statesmanship. No board of directors of a great business concern, no cabinet in the council of a king or president ever addressed themselves more practically to their problems than did these representatives of the Church of Jesus Christ to the economic questions of the kingdom of the world. And in their councils were not only missionaries and preachers but men eminent in statecraft and men who were captains of industry, giving their best to the practical problems of world evangelization. The speaking, after all, was the least impressive feature of it all. The Conference itself, as a deliberative body, wrestling with the practical question of how to make evangelization world-wide, was far and away the most significant and suggestive fact during that great ten days in Edinburgh.

But the spirit there was supremely devotional. The hours set apart for intercession were conducted in a way rare for thoughtfulness, humility, earnestness, direct pleading and uplift. Men who thirty years before had been in that same place during the Moody revival said the atmosphere now was as the atmosphere then.

Cumulative Convictions.

From some meetings one takes away impressions. I have some very distinct impressions of the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau—favorable ones, too. But one brings from the conference something deeper than impressions. He brings convictions that grow and keep growing with distance and lapse of time.

First, here is the conviction, deepening all the while, that the great business of the church is foreign missions. That there should be in current use a distinction between home and foreign missions is the church's shame. The field is the world. But let us not attempt to drop the distinction until we have earned the right to say there is no difference between home and foreign missions until by fidelity to the great commission we have made the distinction obsolete, until by our rendered duty there remains no place in all the world that is foreign territory to the light and privilege of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

A second conviction, deepened by the definite presentation of the land that remains to be possessed, is that the task is possible only through a united Christianity. It is too big for a divided church. The missionary conference in 1888 was an experiment. That in 1900 was stamped by the spirit of comity. That of 1910 spells unity. Not a sentiment, not a thing just to talk about in conventions and at banquets, but a recognized and accepted practical, working necessity. No surrender of cherished convictions, no forced organic union, but a working Christian's frank response to the needs of time and circumstance.

And growing out of these, with other things to reinforce it, a third conviction, namely: that there is at this moment promise, such as Christendom never before imagined, of world evangelization immediate and rapid in its progress. One might mention among the reinforced considerations the marked tendency to

a fairer distribution of gifts to Christian work. We have been spending over three hundred millions to give stereopticon vividness to the gospel message as urged upon the one hundred millions born and reared in its light, while less than twelve millions in money to give just a candle-light glimmer of the story of God's love to the six hundred millions born in and abiding in the darkness of gospel ignorance. That's not fair; and the church is ready to see and acknowledge and repent.

But exceedingly encouraging is the realization of the unused possibilities in the great force now calling for recognition in the church on the field. We are about to pass into an era of great national churches on the foreign field. Their proper organization, development and proper autonomy will require time, great care and patience; and we shall be compelled to lay less stress on the Anglo-Saxon prerogative. We must make way for and give play to the national consciousness. When a Swiss delegate suggested modestly that the great societies ought not always and everywhere to insist on native converts learning English, Chairman Mott recalled that a certain professor on the continent had once said to him: "You Anglo-Saxons have changed the Lord's commission and made it read, 'Go into all the world and teach English to every creature.'" After all, it has been well said that missions exist to make missions unnecessary. It will be a great day for the kingdom when the native churches are trained and equipped to be the army of Christ in their own field. The movement in that direction is one of the most marked and hopeful signs of the times.

Meantime our duty is not less but the more imperative, for the world's sake and our own sake. It has been said that one prolific cause of cancer is over-nutrition. Too much of the church's energy and resource are spent on feeding itself. The life of its own members is conditioned on their sharing and not eating alone the Bread of Life.

"'If I have eaten my morsel alone,'
The patriarch spoke in scorn;
What would he think of the church were he shown
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,
Godless Christians, with souls unfed,
While the church's ailment is fullness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone.

"'I am a debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,'
The mighty apostle cried;
Traversing continents, souls to seek,
For the love of the crucified.
Centuries, centuries since have sped;
Millions are famishing—we have bread,
But we eat our morsel alone.

"Ever of them who have larger dower
Shall heaven require the more.
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,
Ocean from shore to shore;
And East and West in our ears have said
Give us, give us of your living bread,
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"'Freely as ye have received, so give,'
He bade who hath given us all.
How shall the soul in us longer live
Deaf to their starving call
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
And His body broken to give them bread,
If we eat our morsel alone?"

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN THE ORIENT

By WILLIAM SHAW
General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor

One of the most convincing testimonials to the fact that Christian Endeavor was born, not made; that it is a Spirit-filled movement, not a man-made organization, is its universality. It has not only found a place for service in eighty denominations, but in every nation as well. It meets the needs of the young people in the Orient as well as in the Occident.

As we gather here in this sunset service, in this center of religious influence, in the heart of our Christian country, I am reminded of a sunrise service in a heathen city, in the heart of the second greatest heathen empire in the world.

It was the morning of November 24, 1909, in the city of Agra, India, in connection with the Fourth World's Christian Endeavor Convention. This wonderful gathering had brought together nearly four thousand native Christian Endeavorers and more than four hundred missionaries, representing all the evangelical denominations at work in India.

They had come from the borders of Thibet and from under the far-away shadows of the Himalayas, from southern India and Ceylon, from the Punjab and Bengal and Burma. Karens, Burmese, Tamils, Telugus, Mahrattas and Hindustanis gathered in their picturesque native costumes with the representatives from Great Britain, Europe, China, Australia and America, in the first great World's Convention to be held on heathen soil.

The sessions of the convention, held in the great vice-regal audience tents that were lent to the convention by the viceroy, were all of surpassing interest. But the closing sunrise service excelled them all. It was held on a little hill back of the convention encampment. Representatives from all parts of the world were there. Rev. William Carey, the great-grandson of the famous pioneer missionary, was the leader.

The mist of the early morning and the smoke from the hovels of the heathen city at our feet covered the plain like a veil. Above the mist soared the great bubble of a dome of the Taj Mahal, the most absolutely perfect and beautiful building in the world. It is built of purest white marble, and the interior, from floor to dome, is covered with inlaid tracery of mother-of-pearl and precious gems. It took the labor of 22,000 men twenty years to build it, at a cost of $20,000,000 for the material alone.

There it stood in all the radiant beauty of its perfect lines and exquisite workmanship, the tomb of an empress, the supreme embodiment of human love, the love of the heathen emperor for his wife.

In gathering upon the hilltop for the service all unconsciously we had grouped ourselves around a little cross made of two straws that was standing in a little mound of earth. Evidently some Hindu Endeavorer had been there before us for his quiet hour of communion with God, and had

made this simple emblem of his faith and left it in the ground.

Lifting it up, Mr. Carey said: "There in that glorious building is the supreme expression of human love, but here in this simple cross is the supreme emblem of divine love, the love of God for men." As he spoke the sun arose, dispelling the mist, and glorifying even the earthen hovels of the heathen city. It was prophetic of the rising of the sun of righteousness in the darkness of heathenism, dispelling the gloom, and revealing the face of the Father through Jesus Christ, His Son. This is what Christian Endeavor is trying to do there as well as here.

Today Agra and Winona, the East and the West, are united in the bonds of Christian fellowship and in the service of the Cross, whose upright beam unites heaven and earth and whose cross-bar encircles the globe.

GOD IS LOVE

By BISHOP W. L. ANDERSON

[Stenographically Reported]

Our text may be found in the first epistle general of John, the 4th chapter, the 7th, 8th and 9th verses. "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." In this was manifest the love of God towards us because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.

The place of love in the life of man is the subject which our text gives us and I am perfectly aware, of course, that to begin to talk about love in connection with gospel story is somewhat like launching out upon the boundless ocean. For even more boundless than any sea which appears upon the map of the world's geography is that love of God, which is broader than the measure of man's mind. And it is not at all with the expectation that I shall be able to bring you in any sense of the word a comprehensive discussion of this great theme that I have elected to lead your thoughts along this line this evening, but there are two or three aspects of love suggested by the text which I trust we may consider for a little time with mutual profit and edification, that is, our love as God's environment for the life of man. Love as God's interpreter of the life of man and love as God's endowment of the life of man. Let us think, then, for a few moments of love as God's environment for the life of mankind. Now God always provides an environment for every form of life which He creates.

The environment which He provides is always perfectly adapted to the life which he seeks to serve. For the great fish family He provides the waters of the mighty ocean. For the humble worm the soil of the earth's surface, for the bird life the circle of the open sky, for the beasts the fields and the forests. Thinking of the environment which the gracious Heavenly Father has provided for the physical well being of man, we find it in the common air that we breathe, the splendid atmosphere in which we have all been delighted

this glorious Lord's day, and I may call your attention in passing to the fact that has been reserved for the men of this generation to discover the marvelous curative and healing properties that are to be found in the common air that we breathe. With the wisdom of the new form of treatment that is being given to certain diseases, notably to the victims of the dread malady, the white plague, known commonly by the name consumption, that it is required by the modern form of treatment that the patient shall live an out-of-door life, eat out of doors, sleep out of doors, take his recreation out of doors, do his work out of doors, if he is able to accomplish any work. It is simply required of him that he shall expose the surface of his life to the curative properties of the common air, and certainly it is not too much to say that more hope is held out to the victims of this dread malady of the human family by this new form of treatment than by all the remedies that the medical profession has been able to discover up to this day and age in the world's history. To me it is a beautiful thought that the gracious Heavenly Father has so environed our physical life where, unconsciously to man himself, warfare is being made relentlessly and insistently upon every species of impurity and upon every form of disease. It is a beautiful symbolization of the fact that our great God hates uncleanliness and would drive it forever from the habitation of man, His child, whom He has created in His own likeness. Coming now out of the realm of man's physical in the higher realm of his spiritual life and thinking of the environment which the gracious Heavenly Father would provide for his spiritual well being, we find it is the purpose and enterprise of this gospel which we believe and which we preach to provide an environment of life under the influence and inspiration of which man shall come to his highest and divinest possibility. And I am perfectly clear in my own thinking that one of the chief reasons up to this time in the world's history why the members of the human family have not more largely entered into that divine estate is due to the fact that up to this time in the world's history society fails more largely to provide God's environment for the life of man as it is found in the law of love. Even as Christian people we have only partially accepted this doctrine. We have accepted it, thank God, for our home life. How jealously we guard our home life, how careful we are to see that the unkind word is never spoken, the uncharitable thought never entertained. You know homes and I know homes, thank God, that are like a bit of heaven let down to earth, whose environment is one unchanging illustration of the heavenly principle of life as it is found in the law of love. Blessed is the man who has a home like that. He can meet any number of discouragements in the larger relationships of life, he can brook any form of opposition from his competitors in business, he can fail again and again in the attainment of life's dear and cherished hopes so long as in his home life he may have the air of pure unselfish and heavenly love, he can carry a smiling face, and brave heart, and a strong arm. And blessed the woman to whom it is given to create such a dwelling place as this for her companion, and for their children. The highest mission, I hesitate not to say committed to the members of the human family, is the mission committed by the hand of Almighty God

to the Christian wife and mother in the making of the ideal Christian home. Greater than the bulwark that is being built by the combined power of our army and navy is the bulwark to our free institutions that are being built loyally, lovingly, patiently, faithfully by the Christian wives and mothers of the land; for in the final analysis of things, the very perpetuity of our free institutions depends upon the faithfulness with which they perform their God-given tasks. God bless them everywhere—north, east, west and south—in the fulfillment of their great divine mission.

And then we have accepted this doctrine for our church life. We say that the church was built by the King of love. It is established upon the principle of love, if its life is to be in any sense of the word consistent with its fundamental ideal; it must realize in a good measure the environment of life. We have all noticed that many of the dearest and sweetest friendships of earth have been found in connection with the church relationship. We may have thought it was a mere accident. It is far distant from an accident. It is due to the fact that the church of God more than any other institution upon the face of the earth furnishes the atmosphere that is congenial to the making of dear and lasting friendships. When a friendship takes root in Christian soil no wonder it abides through the years. It reaches out over the mystery of death and claims as its own forever those who have passed within the vale. Yes; we have accepted this teaching for our church life, for our home life; but now, if I understand it, it is the purpose and enterprise of this gospel to create an environment of love in the larger relationships of life to the more general attitudes and relationships of life, so that when we pass from out the sweetness of our home life and the sanctity of our church life we shall still realize that love is the paramount valuation. What a world this old world would be if as men passed out of their home life and out of their church life, into the world's business competition, into its social contact, into its political affiliations, that everywhere and always the hearts of men should be under the supremacy and legacy of this divine principle of life as it is found in the law of love. Every now and then there is an outbreak that gives us pause. Men look at one another in fear and consternation and by the very expressions upon their faces they are inquiring as to whether the foundations of our free institutions are tottering. Race against race—interest against interest—party against party—until there is opposition and we have to rest for the time being upon our military law for the protection of property and of life, and men look here and there and philosophize as to this method and that, as to the solution of these modern problems that vex our modern civilization.

I stand before you tonight in the name of the Son of God to declare to you with absolute confidence in the truthfulness of my declaration that there is but one solution for all these problems and that is in the acceptance by men everywhere of the great divine doctrine of human brotherhood. When every man shall recognize in every other man his brother and treat him as such, then shall come the end of the disgraceful scenes that blot the face of our fair civilization, then shall arise the dawning of the day for which the treasured Tennyson sighed: "When all men's good shall by each man rule; peace like a shaft of light across the land

and like a line beams athwart the sea through all the circle of the golden year."

And may the great God speed the coming of that great day for His name's sake.

A little time ago our sister nation, Great Britain, sent us as its official representative one of its most learned and distinguished citizens in the person of Mr. James Bryce. It was not his first visit to America. As a result of one of his previous visits he had written that great work "The American Commonwealth," a permanent contribution to the governmental literature of the world. But coming in his official capacity and landing in our great commercial metropolis, he sent word back to his fellow countrymen on the other side of the water that to an intelligent Englishman landing in New York City it was immediately apparent that he had arrived in a country where business was king; and I suppose New York City, with its hustle and its mad race after wealth, would make that impression upon almost any intelligent observer from whatsoever nation. We must as Americans plead guilty to a tremendous emphasis upon material prosperity. Our material prosperity up to this time in our national history has been the wonder of the world. We have made respectable beginnings in other lines, but in no department I think we may say safely has our progress been so phenomenal as in the accumulation of material wealth. Some one on the other side of the water, I don't know who, has satirized this spirit of our nation after this fashion:

"France has her lily,
England has her rose,
And everybody understands where the shamrock grows;
Scotland has her thistle on every downy hill—
But the emblem of America is a one-dollar bill."

After all, whoever it was who wrote it, he realized the spirit of the typical American, but did you ever know an American who was satisfied when he got a one-dollar bill? If the author had said a thousand-dollar bill he would have come much nearer the truth. But the typical American is not satisfied until he has literally bushels of them. Let us not forget that man lives not by bread alone. "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, when wealth accumulates and men decay." The church of Jesus Christ is set in the midst of these national issues and relationships, so to permeate the life of the nation, so to mold its institutions, so to fashion its law, so to control and direct its life in its manifold unfoldings, that the representative of every nation arriving upon our shores in the not distant future shall be able to send back word to his fellow countrymen on the other side of the water that he has at last arrived in a country where love is king. Love is meant to be Almighty God's environment for the life of all mankind, but as love is God's environment for the life of mankind, it is equally true that love is also God's interpreter of the life of mankind and herein lies a truth of wondrous beauty and significance. Let us come to it by way of familiar illustration. Those of you who have noted the tendencies in literature in recent years cannot have failed to note a development, a very remarkable development, which we might characterize as a development of nature-world. There has been created in this country in the last twenty-five years a new development of literature that

groups itself about God's great beautiful nature world. The theologians of the long, long ago taught that this world belonged to the devil. Just exactly where they got their theology for that kind of teaching it is not easy for us to discover or imagine, but we are coming to see that this is Almighty God's world. Philosophy has spent a great deal of time wandering in waste places but has come around at last to this point of view, that the only rational principle for the interpretation of the national universe as we find it is to accept it as the expression of the mind of God; and so theology and philosophy have joined hands to give us a more rational, a more Christian, a more wholesome attitude toward the material world in which we live. No general of men has lived that has appreciated as we appreciate in these times those splendid words of the philosopher-poet, Coleridge, who says:

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

We are coming to see that every little creature that breathes the breath of life is God's creature. No generation of men has lived who has appreciated as we appreciate those splendid words of our own American poet in which he says:

"Let me go where e'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds over all that's old,
It sounds over all that's young—
Over all that's fair and all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

"It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only with the rainbow glorious,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

"It's not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of bursting flowers,
Nor in the loudest, mellow tone,
Nor in the cloud that bursts and showers;
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Ah, blessed is the man who has a soul in him with which to catch the divine music from out the vast universe of the great God. Some of us, shame on us, are content to listen evermore to the glamour and discord of the earthly life. The man who has the wisdom to live in his inspiration can never fall into pessimism, but must live a life of splendid rational optimism. I need not tell you that a man who can write like that about nature is a lover of nature. Look into the life of that poet, study the method by which he became a great interpreter of nature, and you will find he loved everything in God's great beautiful nature world, the trees, the fields, the flowers and the thorns, and the rivers and the meadows, and the lakes and the valleys and mountains, everything in God's great beautiful nature world appealed to him. He held communion with nature in all her varied forms, he gave his heart to nature in love and nature in turn gave back her heart to him, and he became one of nature's high priests as an interpreter because he came to his task with the key of love in hand. You can never see very far into any subject until you become enamored of that subject. You can never see very far into any truth until you fall in love with the beauty of that truth.

Now this principle is capable of very practical illustration. Here is a little fellow in the public schools. He is full of mischief; as we sometimes say of him "he is all boy," and

let us not be disturbed about that, that is what God meant him to be, and therefore what God made him to be, and in due order of time if his development be normal he will put away childish things and become a man, but for the time being his life is so superabundant that it shows itself in the most unexpected ways. Every time the back of the teacher is turned it is an occasion for the little fellow, and an occasion he is not slow to take advantage of, and he has done it so frequently that the teacher has at last come to feel that patience is no longer a virtue. Go and talk with her about the little fellow and ask her about his future and you will not get a very favorable account. She will tell you that he does everything under the stars but apply himself; he thinks of everything outside of the gates of heaven but his lessons, and for that reason it is not likely he will ever come to much. Oh, no; that boy has no great future. But just step around the corner there and sit down in the home of his mother and ask her about him and you will hear quite another story. "Why, yes," she will tell you, "Willie is a mischievous little follow, of course he is," but she expects that. If any day come that did not bring some prank she would begin to wonder if it would not be wise to send for the doctor. While he is full of mischief he is in no sense a designing boy; he is a good boy at heart, there is not a thing bad about him and one of these days he is going to become a great man—there's not the slightest doubt about that. Her hopes are centered in him—he is going to become a great man. Which of those two, think you, is the truer interpreter of the highest possibilities of that boy's future? You have already answered that question to your own thought. You have said, "Why, the mother is the better interpreter of his future." Of course; why cretainly she is, and for the simple reason that she is the better lover; the truer, the deeper, the finer, the stronger, the diviner lover. Trust a mother every time to interpret the wild life along the line of its highest possibilities better than teacher, better than friend, aye, let us confess it, better than father—for there is no love outside the gates of heaven like the mother love, and the mother is the better interpreter of the future of that boy because she is the truer, the stronger, the deeper, the diviner lover.

I used this illustration some time ago when at the close of the service a very intelligent young lady came to the altar and said: "Open confession is good for the soul; I have come to make a confession. I am a teacher in the public schools and I have that boy in my class, of course. There is one feature, however, that you have left out of your illustration —the mother has one such boy and the teacher has fifty or sixty." I would not be understood for a moment as being uncharitable towards the teacher, but my point I think is clear. The mother is the better interpreter for the simple reason that she is the better lover.

Note how vitally this principle is expressed in the text "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." Would you expect a loveless man to interpret a loving God? Why, it is a radical contradiction upon the very face of it. There are many ways in which we may learn much about God. We cannot go forth through the fields or by the seaside or down the trickling stream or far up on the mountain without seeing the evidences of His wisdom and power.

We may learn much about Him as we go forth in the great universe of nature or as we study this revealed word of His redemptive thought and purpose, but the great revelations of God that master us come to us as we love our way into the heart of the great God.

No man can see far into the depth of the divine nature without loving his way into that great, splendid, divine vision of the purity and glory of His being. You may apply this principle very widely, you may go back to the early morn of history, you may come down through the successive generations, you may apply it to those who have spoken the various languages, and you will find the great interpreters of life, the great seers of life have been the men and women whose hearts have been mastered by the power of love. It is sometimes said that love is blind. It would be impossible to make a statement more false than that. It is blind, thank God, to the little favors upon whom it bestows itself so lavishly. Not until God touches our eyes with the power of a great, all-masterful, unconquering love can the scales fall away from them and we see life as God sees it. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." "He that loveth not knoweth not anything, for knowledge comes by love." Love is God's interpreter of the life of man, even as it is God's environment of the life of man. Every now and then, as we go through pathways, at every turning point of the pathway we meet men and women who are thrusting upon us the superficial valuations of life, who would teach us that the here and now is more important than the yonder and the eternal. How shall we brush them aside and take hold of the heart, kernel and substance and beauty and glory and power of life and understand it in something of its mystery and majesty and mastery, even as God understands it. Ah, we must make way for love and live for love's sweet sake and climb up to the vision of the divine One as it is unfolded by the principle of love. Yet once again, and finally, love is also God's endowment of the life of man, and this is true in two or three respects. True, in the first place, on the nature side. Man is born with love. It is as natural for him to love as it is to breath. If men only understood that as inevitably as the needle points to the pole, so every man becomes like that which he loves, men would be far more careful in the choice of the objects of their love. Tell me what, deeply and truly honestly with yourself and before God, you love most and best of all and I will tell you beyond the peradventure of a mistake what manner of man or woman you really are. Yes; man is born with love and then, as if the human family was not a sufficient receptacle to hold all the love that the great God of love would pour out upon the earth, there is something in all the sub-human forms of life that is quite kindred to us in our human superiority. We refer to it as instinct, but it is quite closely akin to love. Dr. Van Dyke has well said:

"There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love lends a glory to the night;
There is love that stirs the heart,
And love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward—
That's the noblest and the best."

And that leads us to the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord, and the love of God in Jesus Christ be-

comes the endowment of love in the life of man in a very significant way. There is a marked distinction between the very nature love and the Christ love. The nature love loves its own by kindred, by congeniality of taste, by oneness of purpose and motive, by equality of culture. Love loves that which is loving, lovely and lovable. What manner of men and women we would be if we did not love these objects about us so transcendentally beautiful that they call forth our admiration and deepest affection. But the Christ love knows no such distinction as that. It overleaps them all and pours out itself upon the unloving and unlovely and unlovable in order that by loving them it may lift them up to a worthier and diviner ideal of life. I am glad to believe as I do believe that more and more the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is getting into the spirit of the love of its Lord and Master. We are coming to feel pretty uncomfortable on the great occasions of the year to sit down at our splendid Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners until we shall have provided that the family in the next street has something besides bread and potatoes for its repast. The church of God, thank heaven, is getting under deep conviction over the enjoyment of its fine preaching, splendid music and great triumphs of architecture until it shall first have provided for the uplift of those who sit in the darkness and the shadow of death. Think of the great laymen's missionary movement that has swept over the country from north, south, east and west, one of the best evidences that the church itself is growing into the sacrificial spirit of the love of its Lord and Master. When a man enters into the Christ love he begins to develop the capacity of love like God loves. That is it. To love like God loves, and our lives really never become redemptive in quality until they partake of this sacrificial quality of the love of our Lord and Master. We are going to gather in a little time about His table to receive again the emblems of His broken body and His shed blood. Let us carry away from this table of the Lord a beautiful expression of the unity of spirit that has characterized this Bible Conference during these recent days this thought: that by the cultivation of the Christ love in our hearts we shall be able to love somewhat like God loves.

Can you think of anything that gives such transcendent dignity and greatness to human nature as to be able to say of it, with all its weaknesses and limitations, it is able to live essentially the life that God lives. Keppler, after working out one of his great mathematical problems, said it occurred to him as he was working out that problem that he was thinking God's thoughts after Him; a great thing for a human mind to do, but he who lives the Christ life may make even a nobler confession. The great God meant that every man's mind should be endowed with the riches of His own great life, so that a man or woman under the sound of this service this evening who feels life is a little, narrow, restricted affair let me say, in brotherly kindness, it is no one's fault but your own, for the Lord has provided that the life of every man shall partake of the qualities of His own great life.

My friends, love is all of life. Take out of life its high and holy loves and there is nothing left worth the living. The sainted Drummond wrote a beautiful little monograph upon that chapter which I read which he

entitled the greatest thing in the world. Yes; and we may go one step further and say not only is love the greatest thing in the world, it is the only thing in the world that is worth while, and the man who misses love in its glorious human and divine fullness, no matter what else he gains, misses everything that is worth the having—and the man who gets love in its glorious human and divine fullness, no matter what else he misses gets the kernel, the substance, the sweetness, the reality, the power of life. Oh, I know how in this day and age in the world's history we estimate men. We say of this man: He is worth $50,000, another $100,000, another a million, and so on up to a figure that is so vast the human mind cannot grasp it. One of these days, friends, we will see the shameful hollowness of estimating men after that fashion.. I passed the office of a business man in New York the other day. As I passed along I said to myself, "What a poor man he is," and yet I had not forgotten the splendid country seat among the hills; or in the bank, near his office, where he is probably the owner of a large block of stock, or that probably in some safety deposit vault he has a great pile of securities from which he cuts the coupons regularly, and I said to myself, "What a poor man he is." I suppose he would think it very strange if he knew that a poor preacher had walked along in front of his office and thought of him as a poor man, but I am willing to leave it to you. I happen to know something about the business methods of that man and to know he has so abused the confidence of his friends, so turned their confidence to his gain and their personal loss, that nobody outside of a little handful of people cares whether he lives or dies, and I submit to you that a man toward whom his fellows feel like that is a pitiably poor man, no matter how fine his country seat, how vast his possession of stocks, bonds and lands and securities. The richest man in this world, to say nothing about the future, is not the man who has the most earthly goods; but the richest man in this world is the man whose life is richest in love towards his God and who has given expression of his love towards his Heavenly Father in honest, earnest, sacrificial service for his fellowman. He is the rich man here, he is the rich man forever. Seeing, then, love's relation to our life shall we note, as we have again, this expression of the divine love in its fullness, fling wide open the door of our hearts that love may come in and reign and rule and mold and master and fashion and form and direct and control in every activity of our being; coming at the very floodtide from the throne of God, bearing away all our sin, smiting away all our loneliness, shining away all our clouds, kissing away all our darkness, and smiling away all our fears, and making God so real, and bringing heaven so near that we shall go out from this week of glorious divine privilege to live and move and have our being consciously in the atmosphere of God's eternal love? So may it be with us through the pilgrimage of the earthly pathway until at last we shall see this great principle, which is the very essence of the heart of God Himself, blazing upon His throne; and hear it billowing forth from the heavenly chorus, and behold it unfolding itself in His blessed smile of acceptance and forgiveness through all the boundless ages of the eternities to be.

THE APPEAL OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES TO THE CHURCH OF TODAY

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

My theme this evening is that of the appeal of the Acts of the Apostles to the church of today, and if we need a text, a paricular text (for my text is the whole of that book), if we need a particular one, let us find it in the words of the second part of the eighth verse, chapter one: "Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in Judea and in all Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

In one of those wonderful missionary volumes that has come from his pen, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has said: "The man who finds God's plan and works with Him mounts His chariot and with Him rides towards the final goal of the ages, conquering and to conquer."

A great work as it seems to me.

Mark the necessities: First, to find the plan of God; secondly, get into definite co-operation with Him in His work.

Tonight I am severely interested in the first of those thoughts of finding out the plan of God. My very dear friend, and your friend, Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago, in that wonderful piece of fiction that came from his pen under circumstances of trial or distress (I refer to Monk and Knight) is a sentence that had a very profound effect upon my own life. It ran something like this: "True statesmanship consists in the discovery of the direction in which God is moving and in the getting of things out of the way for Him." I think perhaps if you put those two quotations of mine together you will see that which is in my heart when I say I want to speak in this assembly this evening on the theme of the appeal of the Acts of the Apostles to the church of today.

What I am going to do is attempt simply to lead you back to that book. We cannot now give any attention to the details in its teaching, but I am convinced that in the proportion in which we see the general movement of it we shall hear the appeal which this great book is making to us; and I pray we may be constrained, each man and each woman of us, according to the measure of our capacity, to respond to that appeal as we have never done before, and yet let it be understood—I pause for a moment longer in this matter of introduction—let it be understood that we are going back to look at these things tonight, not merely that we may be familiar with them.

There is a book, I suppose not very many on this side of the Atlantic have ever cared to read it, but some few of you may, perchance, have read it, a book written by that wizard of words, George Burrough, entitled "Wanderings in Wild Wales." In that book he tells how in Wales he had climbed the slopes of the mountains and arrived at one of the summits and his guide was pointing out to him the streams which were supposed to be the source from which the rivers of ..... flow toward the sea. George Burrough

said to his guide: "These are the sources? Well, then, let me stop and drink of them; it's not enough that I should see them, I must drink of them in order that when in days to come I tell the story of my visit I may be able to harangue so that men shall believe me."

If this evening we are coming back to the springs among the mountains it is not merely to say that we have been there, it is not that we may drink of them in order that we may be able to harangue concerning our visit here, but it is that we may drink of them that their force may make just such men and women as God would have us to be.

There are four things I would ask you to notice in this study. First, taking those words I read to you as the way of entrance to the book. First, the historic circumstances under which these words were spoken.

Secondly, the essential charge of these words of Jesus.

Thirdly—and for that the whole book is needed—the varying campaign issuing from this word of Jesus, linked to the coming of the Holy Spirit; and, finally and briefly by way of application, the present compulsion of these words.

If you will get the divisions you can think the whole thing out for yourself if you forget everything I say concerning it.

Mark well in the consideration of these words, "ye are my witnesses, both in Jerusalem, Judea, in Samaria." Mark well the historic circumstances under which the words were spoken, listen to the essential charge they made upon the early disciples and lay upon us even at this hour. Give careful consideration to the varying campaign as revealed in the Acts and in all church history from that moment until now, and finally listen to the words anew, for this Christ is not one of the past and we need never speak in terms of the past of Him. It is not only true that He said that, it is true He says it here and now to every one of us.

I would look back and ask you to remember the historic circumstances, these are the central things to be borne in mind. The historic circumstances first concerning the Lord Himself and then related to that intimately; related but, nevertheless, to be glanced at in separation for a moment this evening, the historic circumstances concerning the disciples to whom the words were spoken. Remember when our Lord uttered these words He was risen from among the dead—there is no need for me to enter into any argument about resurrection; let me only say in passing this assembly and the whole catholic church is proof of the whole resurrection.

Now, follow me when I ask you to remember these words were spoken by our Lord after His resurrection. As a matter of fact all the commissions under which we serve—and I advisedly speak of all the commissions, for we have made great blunders in our missionary propaganda in failing to understand there are five distinct commissions in this New Testament—four, one in each gospel. I say in all these commissions, all the commissions under which we serve were commissions uttered by the Lord after resurrection. You know the difference between them and the earlier commissions. When His ministry began He had to say, it was necessary for Him to say, "in the fulfillment" of the divine purpose and economy, "not of any city of the Samaritans," but we are serving that God under that restricted com-

mission. All these were after resurrection.

What is the peculiar value? Remember that as we approach this charge of our Lord. Please remember that by the resurrection all the things He began to do, and which were verified and vindicated. Perhaps we shall understand this better if we merge these two thoughts into one another and get ourselves back in the place of one of the Apostles who had this commission and all these commissions, if we can put ourselves back and stand where they stood. I know I am taxing you a little, but follow me patiently if you can compel yourselves away from Winona for a moment and compel yourselves away from this twentieth century, back and back, until you get into the very atmosphere and feeling of the early days and stand with those men around Christ, then we will begin to understand why I insist it is the risen Christ in His living word.

We were born again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from among the dead. All things that He began—all things He began to teach, verified to that little group of men who stood about Him by the fact that He was risen from among the dead. The risen Christ. Remember then He was the reigning Christ, Master of death, and consequently Master of all things that made for death and culminated in death. Master of all the forces that were against God's humanity. Having broken the power of every foe, He stood in the midst of this group of disciples the risen and the reigning Christ before He uttered these words; but with that statement in mind, let us note the circumstances given in the experience of the men who listened to Him, and here we get light for the first consideration more clearly. You have often considered, remember with me again this fact, that the resurrection is the supreme matter in the whole history of the Christian church. I would like to put the affirmation in this very superlative fashion: If there were no resurrection there had been no Christian church. Remember not the cross but the cross illuminated by the resurrection is at the center of Christian faith. What did the cross for these disciples of our Lord? The cross scattered them like chaff before the wind. I am not criticising them—I would have been of their number and would have fled among the earliest of them. Oh, go back into your gospel and mark the movement. Remember this: Our Lord never talked to those men about His cross until Ceserea Phillipi and Peter's vision. Two of the evangelists are most careful to declare that to us, both Matthew and Mark, indicating the fact at that time of the vision of Jesus at Ceserea Phillipi.

From that time began Jesus to show His disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer. They were afraid; they durst ask Him no questions. You know the story. Let me tell it you, superlatively: Coming from Ceserea Phillipi to Calvary our Lord again and again, if I may use these human terms, attempted to draw these men into sympathy with Himself as He walked via doloroso that culminated in the cross. You cannot find me a single instance in which He told them of a cross but that they broke in upon His sacred foretelling of His cross with practically the same question. Do you know what the question was? It was nearly always his: "Master, who is the greatest man among us?" Oh, the tragedy of it all. I mention

it simply to emphasize this fact, that the cross drove them away, scattered them. The whole tragedy of it is compressed into one burning, flaming, awful word: Then! then! His own inner circle of friends and disciples all forsook Him and fled; that was the cross.

They began to look back through the glory of resurrection and the cross and began to understand it had some profounder meaning than they had ever guessed, and began to know that they must explain the cross through the resurrection, and so in the Epistles you have concerning the great teachings of the cross and the great doctrines of our redemption. When these men saw Jesus die they had no doctrine at all which is the doctrine of the Christian church today. But I look back and see them regathered by the fact of His resurrection, loyal to Him, perfectly loyal, but artists entirely unprepared for the work they had to do. May we catch the meaning of this still, in spite of His wonderful life, His glorious teaching, the wonder of His death and the triumph of His resurrection, in spite of the ignorance of the meaning of His vision. The proof of the meaning is found in what I read; the fact that they had no conception of what His mission really meant. They said: "Lord, doth thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" In great gentleness He said to them, (and I would to God we could have this thing believed by some people today), "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath within His own authority." On the other hand, do not misinterpret me; He did not tell them God would never restore the kingdom to Israel, but He did tell them that it was not for them to know times and seasons. We have brought this whole doctrine into more disrepute than in any other way by not understanding it. And He said to them: "It is not for you to know the signs and season," but He said, "Ye shall be endued with power not many days hence, after the promise you have received of me, which is come upon you, then ye shall be my witnesses."

This proportion is for consideration very briefly of the actual and essential charge that Jesus laid upon those men, a charge they were not able to fulfill. Then he distinctly told them they must wait—but that has nothing to do with you.

What were they to wait for? The coming of the Spirit you say—must we not wait for the coming of the Spirit? You have no right to be waiting for the Spirit. The Spirit is come; and if a man tells me today he is waiting for the Spirit I say: "No; my brother, the Spirit is waiting for you."

Historically they were to wait, they couldn't begin their work; but when the Spirit is come, what then? Now mark the charge He laid upon them: "You shall be witnesses unto me." "You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, to the uttermost part of the earth." Oh, so wonderful the word, so clear, I need not tarry. Mark only these facts: The charge He laid upon them toward Himself. There He stands in the midst of those men and He said in effect, what Jerusalem needs is to know me. What Judea, with its hills and valleys lying about her, these lands I love so well, what Judea needs is to know me. Look at Samaria there, over the border, what she needs is to know me. Then, with a matchless and final sweep of the canvas, He included the whole earth. The ends of the earth are waiting for me. Listen to a prophetic voice

of the past: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. Then after the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, in Judea and in all Samaria unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Brethren, there is another way to put it. Not merely that the world needs Him but that He needs its people to get to the world that is waiting for Him. Mark the nature of our work. That is the great subject. "Christ for the world we sing, the world to Christ we bring."

Witnesses: I pass it over. In all probability I will have to come back and speak on it another evening. A witness is not one who talks; a witness will talk, but if a witness only talks, a witness is not a witness at all. A witness, an evidence, a sample, a revolution. Then mark the extent—Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria. Oh, blow thou wind of God upon our hearts and make us hear these things. Listen! The furthermost part of the earth. We are not there yet. Nineteen centuries have run their full course and we are not there yet. Don't deceive yourself, don't talk any nonsense and tell me the gospel has been preached to the world. It is not true. The gospel preached in China while millions have never heard it? That is not the evangelization of the world. Nineteen centuries have run it way and the world has not heard the evangel. That is the extent.

Now, taking up the thought at that point let me come to my third line of consideration for a moment. I pray you trace the varying campaign. You see it focused in the Acts of the Apostles when you come outside that it is a larger outlook, and I shall be only able to touch upon it by the second crisis, but in the Acts of the Apostles we have the whole movement focus. Those of you who are sudents of the Acts of the Apostles know perfectly well you can take that book and divide it around that verse of Jesus: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." Mark first the failures, and secondly the victories as revealed in this book of the Acts of the Apostles.

Now we see this: Obedience to His command. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem." I begin to read chapters two, four, five, six and seven. Witnesses in Jerusalem. The chapters are the first things, the first preaching, the first impression made, the first martyr, all the first things of the Christian church, the persecution and victories, all of those chapters to chapter seven—they are fulfilling the injunction, in Jerusalem witnesses. Then chapter eight we have a movement: "Throughout all Jerusalem and Judea." Luke does not give us any details, but when you have read those five and twenty verses you see the movement. Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria. With unction right there in that 25th verse of the same chapter of Acts begins the foreign movement. How did it begin? I will tell you how it began. An evangelist who was not an apostle was having a great and gracious work in Samaria, and, my brother, God picked him out and sent him away to deal with one man who was down there. It is a great lesson to learn that sometimes God takes us away from the crowds and makes us deal with one man, the Ethiopian eunuch. What was the result of it? Notice toward Africa? That's the first movement. What next? Toward Asia. After processes of preparation this man is sent out from Antioch. Separate me Barnabas and Saul, and they laid hands on them and sent them forth. Don't be

nervous, I am not going all through the missionary journey. I would like to.

Then we see him start again and there is this difficulty, first, with Barnabas and Saul. You may have your private opinion, but I am always on the side of Barnabas in that quarrel. There's that difficulty.

Now Paul starts with Silas. It is a wonderful piece of history that. He is profoundly anxious to go west and preach the gospel that way, and he is driven to the northeast (I think by sickness.) Hold this. Presently he moves again and he wants to get up north into Bethany, and he is driven west. Presently he comes to the lands last limit of Troas. Now, there is the explanation of the hindrance. The man of Macedonia is begging him. We are now toward Africa, when Philip took the message to the eunuch; towards Asia, when Paul was apprehended (to use his own great word); and now toward Europe, as he takes his way across the sea until he lands at Thessalonica, and away to the little town off the way, Berea, and on and on toward Europe until at last the book ends with this man, this missionary at Rome—at Rome, the strategic center of the world—a prisoner, but there receiving all that came in, teaching them all things concerning Jesus, preaching the kingdom of God; and, mark this, there is an ecclesiastical value in this—even though he is a prisoner in Rome, and Rome ought to take care of him when he wants to preach the kingdom, he pays the rent of the house to do it. There is the campaign. Victory after victory. Look back again over the book and mark the failure. Failure began in Jerusalem. I need not dwell upon it with all the details, but let me put the whole thing boldly: Because that church at Jerusalem so far failed to fill the missionary commission to witness beyond her own borders and God had to move His base of operations from Jerusalem to Antioch, had to take a man born out of due season—not another of the twelve, but another, in order that His work might be done. Take the book of the Acts of the Apostles and watch the movement through and illuminate the Acts of the Apostles by the pamphlet that reveals the conflict between Jerusalem and Antioch, taking the two places now and staying for the two ideas I read the letter to the Galatians and you will understand the measure of the church's failure and the reason of it. There are the lines that hindered the church in the doing of its work as revealed in the acts of the Apostles, the victories and failures, the varying campaign. Step outside of the Acts of the Apostles and now we have to leap by centuries. Remember where you end, the chief exponent of Christianity is in in prison in Rome. You know the things that followed. You skip over these centuries and look! Look! Brethren, the victory of the church is such that they come again where we have Rome under Constantine. For personal reasons, I believe, he thought it would be a good thing if he could capture that great power called Christianity and harness it to the purpose of his own ambition. I am not discussing the relation of that to the church. I simply want you to see the growth of the tremendous victory of these men, all witnessing for Christ, had become such a power in the world as that.

I pass over centuries again and come to within 100 years of where we are tonight, and I see the period in which there was another degeneration, of decay, of apparent loss of power, and then there burst like

smouldering fire into flaming fire the great evangelical revival of one hundred years ago, and, as you know, all the missionary societies of today have been born within a little more than a century as the outcome of that evangelical revival.

Mark the failure and take the same epochs and mark the success. It was a dark hour for the church when she consented for a moment to be patronized by the constraining to consent to the help and work of the Emperor for the doing and the work of the church.

Then the Reformation, and then with a new peril and a new failure. What was it?

Now brethren, what next? One hundred years ago the evangelical revival and the birth of the missionary societies. And what today? Thank God I believe new light and new hope and new motive!

The most difficult thing in the world even yet is to take your one church, dear fellow pastor, and train it to missionary vision and missionary work. It can be done and it will always be done if the minister gets the vision; but there it is. Thank God for this great movement sweeping over your country, than which there has been nothing more remarkable in the history of the world, the laymen's movement.

Now what. The present compulsion. Sometimes one wishes one could get out from memory past history. If instead of listening to this voice of the Lord Christ, as coming faint and far from Calvary, we hear Him speaking now, what would He say? It depends upon where you live—upon where you live. He would say something in every case in vital and essential principle, but will you let me say what you would say to me, in order that you may change the pressing phrasing to meet your case. This, Lord Christ, would He not say to me today: "Ye shall be my witnesses in London. Put in the town where you live or where you work. It is for you, the members of the Christian church. You shall be my witnesses in London, the town in the midst of which you live. If you cannot witness in the town in which you live, God Almighty has no use for you in China. If you cannot begin on your own doorstep, with your own brains, in your own college, in your own office, God cannot use you in India."

Where next? In Judea. Your own land—and your own Judea is greater than that of those disciples.

Where next? Your own city, your own land. And then where? Among those people that you are not particularly fond of. I am not going to name them—I don't know them in your case and I am not going to name them in my own, but the people you call "foreigner." Do you know that word foreigner ought to be cancelled from the vocabulary of the Christian church? But we have it in our national life.

Where next? Samaria. But the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Certainly not; but the Christians must or they will die. In Samaria, and where beyond? The whole beyond until the whole world has heard. That is our immediate compulsion. My brethren, Christ is the same. I cannot, I dare not, I will not insult your spiritual intelligence and experience by arguing that Christ is the same. The charge is the same that I have attempted to argue.

What next? The perils are the same. What hindered the onward march at the beginning? What has hindered the onward march over and over again? The same thing—bondage to flesh, bondage to the law,

bondage to self. Bondage to the law of the means and the methods by which your fathers did the work of God.

George Stuart (I have never even shaken hands with the man, but when you look at him you cannot call him anything else but plain George Stuart) said the other night here the greatest word was adaptation. He is quite right; it is a greater word than "Mesopotamia." Bondage to law, and bondage to law in the sense of putting yourself outside the freedom of the Spirit of God by trying to be obedient to the principle of every man that lives next door to you. Freedom in Christ is the law of life and the only law for us, and where there is that then the witness becomes powerful, individual—at home, abroad and everywhere. Bondage to law is the peril we have to fight against, bondage to the world, bondage to the flesh. There came a day when Paul wrote a thing that when I first really noticed it startled me. He wrote, "Henceforth let no man trouble me." What is the meaning of this independence of Paul? Hear him out and you will know: "For I bear in my body the brands of Jesus." What were the brands? The scars, the stones, the buffetings and the weakness of the flesh. You and I do not begin to touch (why should I say it to you, I want God to say it to me.) I don't begin to touch the sphere of fellowship with Christ in this business until I do so at cost. Until you and I are prepared to put into this business blood, sacrifice, shortened lives if need be, we are not in the business, and what the church needs today is a reformation to the pattern of her sacrificed and crucified Lord in order that she may be a vision of the pattern of her risen and reigning Lord.

My last word is this, brethren, that the power is the same, blessed be God! The Holy Spirit given upon the day of Pentecost was given as the Lord said to abide with us forever, and now let me be done with my argument of the Christ Himself and of the world that waits for Him. Let Him have His way and so make us His witnesses.

THE SOUL-WINNER'S EQUIPMENT

By DR. JOSEPH CLARK
General Secretary Ohio Sunday School Association

I am here to speak upon "The Soul-Winner's Equipment—Two Visions and a Baptism." In the phrasing of the theme is presented the outline of the address.

When Bishop Janes came down to his dying hour he said: "If God would permit me to lead just one more soul to Jesus Christ I would be willing to live a million years more." If you have never won a soul to Jesus you have in store one of the greatest experiences God gives His children. I can scarcely realize how the life of a Christian can be complete and well-rounded unless into it he has come the joy one experiences when one leads another to the Master.

The Vision of Inspiration.

What is the "Soul-Winner's Equipment?" It consists, at least, of two visions which Jesus Christ had, and a baptism with which He was baptised. First. The soul-winner must have the "Vision of Inspiration." The light of victory must be in his eye. His heart must be buoyant with the thought that he is engaged in a victorious conquest. He must glory in the fact that Jesus Christ is leading His church on to ultimate triumph. He must possess a spiritual stamina that will cause him instinctively to throw back his shoulders and joyfully press toward the future. His face must be illumined with the radiance that comes from that future day when Jesus Christ shall have won His last victory; when every knee shall bow before Him, and every tongue shall confess Him to be the Christ. He must have the "Vision of Inspiration;" the vision that will remove the word "discouragement" from the Christian worker's vocabulary and send him through the years inspired with the thought of triumph. That is the vision I would have you see.

Traveling as a Sunday school specialist thousands of miles every year, and addressing large numbers of teachers every month, I have come to believe that I have been speaking, more largely than I have realized, to a class of discouraged or disheartened workers. I have detected beneath the surface an undertone of pessimism. It is not easily discovered. It must be sought for; but it is there. And this impression is due more to what I hear than to what I see. I am not finding in the average Christian worker—be he interested in the Epworth League, in the Christian Endeavor, in the Sunday school or in kindred organizations — that thrill of victory which causes one to feel that the church of God is inspired with the thought of triumph. In our Sunday school conventions superintendents are asked: "What is your most difficult problem?" Almost invariably the answer is: "The teaching problem; what shall we do for teachers?" The pastor who is asked to name his greatest problem answers: "What shall I do for workers?" I have noticed wherever I go throughout the church that many of those who are already working as well as those who are newly invited to work are asking to be excused. The expression most familiar to the ear of the pastor, and

also to the ear of the superintendent, is: "I pray thee have me excused." There seems to be an almost universal tendency to withdraw from the work.

There may be before me just now some teacher who is intending soon to step out of the work. When the teachers are next appointed or elected this teacher intends to "withdraw." She is saying nothing about it at present, for she does not wish to discourage the superintendent, but she is eagerly anticipating the time when she will step aside—"withdraw."

Or perhaps there may be some superintendent here who is looking forward to the end of the year as the beginning of a "vacation." He has said nothing to his pastor about it; but if we could hear his soliloquy we would hear him say: "I know what I'm going to do when the end of the year comes; I'm going to get out. It is no easy thing to report at Sunday school fifty-two Sundays in the year at nine o'clock in the morning. I have 'had my nose against the grindstone' long enough. My neighbors can spend Sunday as they choose. The can go for a walk, or visit neighbors, and have a good time. I intend to have some freedom now, and I am going to withdraw."

Not only is this tendency noticeable among superintendents and teachers, but also among county and township officers. I may be speaking to some county officer who is anxiously looking forward to the time when he will "step down and out" and "let some other fellow carry the burden." Oh! worker, if this is your purpose, I pray that God may forgive the thought of your heart. Is it possible that you are asking to be excused from work which angels long to do? Would it not be a very proper thing for you rather to kneel before God and ask Him to enlarge your sphere of usefulness?

I think I have discovered the cause for much of this wide-spread spirit of disheartenment: It is the natural outgrowth of the times. Were I at home tomorrow morning, just before breakfast I would read the morning paper. It comes to my home every morning, except Sunday. I take the paper to my room and read it. What do I find in the average daily paper? Chiefly a long catalogue of crimes committed during the last twenty-four hours. Almost everything in the paper is in some way related to sin—murders, suicides, divorce cases, police news and court news—a long catalogue of the glaring crimes of humanity. That is my literary diet every morning; a sort of "appetizer" for breakfast. It is not surprising that I am tempted to lay the paper aside with a sigh and say: "Well, the world is getting worse." Doubtless you have had the same experience ; but I want you to know, dear friends, that the daily papers do not chronicle the ten thousand times ten thousand deeds done yesterday in the name of Jesus Christ. They do not record the work of the deaconesses, and nurses, and Sunday school teachers, and Salvation Army lads and lassies, and ministers of the Gospel, and missionaries of the cross, and the hundreds of thousands of other workers who every day are sincerely trying to lift the world nearer to Jesus Christ. The deeds of that noble army, so quietly doing its work, are not heralded daily in the papers. No; the world is not growing worse.

Away with pessimism! for the sun never shone upon a better world than it shines upon today. Today is a better day than yesterday; this year better than last; this century better than last century; and tomorrow will be a better day than today. If not,

then the Word of God is not true; if not, then let me seek some other calling and forever abandon the work of the ministry; if not, let me never again tell the gospel story. The Kingdom of Christ is coming! Everything is moving toward victory; and the day comes on apace when every knee will bow before Jesus, and every tongue will confess that He is "The Christ." The time is surely coming when all sin will be overthrown. I wonder if you believe the time is nigh when the intoxicating liquor saloon shall be no more in this country? There can be no doubt of it! Christ is greater than all sin; and the day is speedily dawning when the "Glory of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the deep."

Did it ever occur to you that when Jesus Christ came to this world He was born in the darkest night the world had ever known? He was. For four hundred years—from Malachi to Jesus Christ—there had been no prophet. When the angels were singing their glad song on the plains of Bethlehem the wise men of Greece were peering into the future for some token of encouragement, but they saw not a single ray of light that harbingered the break of morning. The future seemed to hold no promise of day.

But when Jesus looked away into the future His eye, with infinite vision, penetrated gloom, and mist and fog, and down through the ages He saw Himself, not the despised and lowly Nazarene, but rather the conquering Christ; and that vision inspired Him. Think not, because Jesus is portrayed as a "Man of Sorrows," that His heart was never exultant with joy. The soul of the blessed Jesus fairly thrilled with delight over the coming victory. Are we not told in God's Word that He "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God?" It was the "Vision of Inspiration" that lured Jesus on in His work; and this is the vision I would have you see, that you, too, might be charmed by a glorious future.

Seldom have men become of large value to God as "Soul-Winners" who have not exultantly believed in the coming of the Kingdom; who have not seen the "Vision of Inspiration." When one gets that vision the word "discouragement" disappears from one's vocabulary. There is no such word as "discouragement" in the Christian's vocabulary; neither has it ever been there; for since Jesus came Christian work has always been hopeful.

Born in New Jersey, I have naturally been interested in the spot where General Washington crossed the Delaware river. You have seen the picture of the scene painted by the celebrated artist of his time. Washington, standing in the bow of the boat, surrounded by his oarsmen and spikemen, working their way through the floating ice across the Delaware. You know what took place a little later. Lives there an American citizen who will ever forget the story of the winter at Valley Forge, when patriots left their bleeding footprints upon the driven snow? Why? Simply because they hoped! That winter was the darkest period of the Revolutionary war. The patriots suffered, and bled and died simply because they hoped that the time might come when England would withdaw her soldiery and sail away to England, and leave them to establish a republican form of government. I have frequently wondered how much more those heroes of the Revolutionary times would have willingly endured had they been able to look into the future

two or three years, and could have seen the history which was to be, in the picture of Cornwallis passing over his sword to General Washington at Yorktown.

It is ours to have a vision of a triumphant future. As all prophecy has been fulfilled, so all prophecy is to be fulfilled; and the time is surely coming when Jesus Christ will reign supreme; when His last enemy will be under His feet, and He will be crowned "Lord of All!" This is the vision I would have you see. The vision that will inspire you, and send you home with new spiritual stamina—the vision that Jesus saw; the vision that Paul saw; that Savonarolla saw; that Wyckliffe, Luther, Calvin, Wesley and Alexander Campbell saw; and that all have seen who have been of large value to God in winning souls to Jesus—the "Vision of Inspiration."

The Vision of Peril.

Not only must the soul-winner see the vision that lured Jesus Christ on, but also the one that drove Him on, for not only was He lured but He was impelled in His work. What was the vision that drove Jesus on? "The Vision of Peril!" The one thing that brought Jesus Christ from heaven to earth—from the throne to the footstool was a vision! He saw the world lost in sin; and having seen that picture He could not stay upon His throne. The vision drove Him from heaven to earth, and from Bethlehem to Calvary. No man ever becomes of large value to God as a soul-winner unless he has seen this second vision, "The Vision of Peril."

Speaking as I am in the presence of many ministers I know I am expressing not only the truth but the thought of each minister before me when I say that no man is truly called of God to preach if he has not seen "The Vision of Peril." It is the realization that he is living in a perishing world that sways the young man away from medicine or law, or pedagogy, or commerce, and drives him into the ministry. That vison makes him cry out: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" He is simply compelled to preach. The man who sees the "Vision of Peril" will never again be as he was before.

This message is brought to you that you may be awakened to a sense of peril. We have so often and so long seen men go out into the future hopeless that we have become accustomed to it. Many of us do not realize that to die without God is to die without hope. Yet this is so, and I would seriously ask if you realize that the boys and girls in your class, having reached years of accountability, should they die before they have made their peace with God, will go out into the dark? Do you realize that they are lost without Jesus Christ? Your son, your daughter, your husband, your wife, the members of your family, those about you who are unsaved, will be lost forever should they be overtaken by death before they make their peace with God. This is the plain teaching of God's Word. "The Son of man is come to seek and save that which is lost." I fear that we are not impressed with this awful truth as we should be. We have heard the cry so often we have become accustomed to it, and our ears are dull and our hearing heavy.

There are some things most familiar to me to which I never become accustomed; the oftener they are repeated the more they impress me. This is contrary to a law of mental philosophy. Mental philosophy teaches that the oftener an experience is repeated, the less its impression. A few illustrations will prove this philosophical statement. Do you remember the first time you used a tele-

phone? I well remember my first experience. When I heard a voice ten miles away as distinctly as though it were at my side, I had an uncanny feeling. I was amazed at the mystery of it all. Now I have a telephone upon my desk and use it fifty times or more each day. I do not stop now to marvel, for the oftener the experience the less the impression. Do you not remember the first time you saw an electric car? Then you felt as did the Chinaman when he said the car had "no pushy and no pully, but goie like evlythling." You were amazed! Now the cars pass your door day and night; your amazement has ceased; for the oftener you see them the less you are impressed by them.

Do you remember the first time you ever saw an automobile? When your astonished eyes watched it go down the street and around the corner, you said: "Well; I never expected to see anything like that." Now automobiles are almost as common as other vehicles, and one scarcely turns to notice them.

There are some things, however, that impress me more and more the oftener I see them. They are the exceptions, and "the exception proves the rule." One of the experiences to which I find I cannot become accustomed is the number of people I meet in the world. Everywhere I go I find them. They hurry along our thoroughfares in great throngs; they crowd upon the railroad trains; people, people, people, everywhere! And as I look into the faces of these multitudes and wonder as to their relation to God I am forced to a conclusion that would depress me were it not for the "Vision of Inspiration;" for the majority of all who are living today and have passed the age of twenty-one without surrender to God will doubtless never be saved. They are moving on toward the future and perdition with a fixed destiny. Not that they need to be lost, but that they choose death rather than life. Do not misunderstand me. Do not quote me as saying that no person can be saved beyond twenty-one. I thank God that "Whosoever will may come;" but, if we are to judge the future by the past, the great mass of men beyond twenty-one will not come. They could be saved would they but yield to God. They will be lost, not because they cannot be saved, but because they deliberately choose not to be saved. The opportunity for the church of God today is with those who are under twenty-one years of age.

Mr. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, in a conversation with Mr. Marion Lawrance, once said: "To save a man is to save a unit; to save a boy is to save a multiplication table. To save a man is to save a soul; to save a boy is to save a soul, plus a life."

(Dr. Clark here displayed a chart to illustrate the truth of the last statement. It was an exhibit of life expectancy, based upon the tables used by insurance companies. The chart showed a row of fifteen candles, each candle representing a life. The first candle stood for the life of a boy ten years of age. It was long and only slightly burned away. The length of the candle represented the length of life yet remaining to the average boy of ten years (46 years.) The second candle stood for the fifteen-year-old boy. It was shorter (42 years' expectancy.) The third, for a twenty-year-old youth, was still shorter (41 years' expectancy.) By intervals of five years the illustration was continued to the age of eighty years.)

The only hopeful part of this chart is the exhibit under twenty-one. Ex-

perience teaches that beyond twenty-one not only are the souls of most of the unsaved lost, but their lives with all their possible influence for God are likewise lost. If the church would do it most hopeful work it must be done here; (pointing to the three candles representing the ages of ten, fifteen, and twenty) for when it saves a boy ten years of age it saves a soul plus forty-six years of life for God; a boy saved at fifteen means a soul saved plus forty-four years of Christian influence; a young man saved at twenty means a soul plus a life of more than forty years. Beyond twenty-one there is little to encourage, for comparatively few surrender to God after reaching the years of mature manhood.

This truth is more forcibly impressed in the light of the revelation of psychologists during the past few years. These psychologists are reverential scientists. They have been searching for a law which will apply to the age of conversion. They have probed into the subject by systematically approaching several thousand Christian people with numerous questions bearing upon early religious experiences, and especially upon the phenomenon attending conversion. The answers to these questions have been carefully tabulated and studied, and out of these investigations have been born some facts long suspected but never so startingly stated as now. What are these facts?

These reverential psychological investigators tell us that the period of conversion is included in the years from nine to twenty-one. That, so far as tested, comparatively few report conversion before nine or after twenty-one. The great mass of Christians are won to Christ and come into the church during the years included in what is known, in the science of child-nature, as the "adolescent period." The investigations show further that during this period there are three distinct crises when decisions for Christ are early made—three periods in the development of the life of every boy and every girl when the soul cries out for God as the "hart pants for the water brooks." No child ever born—be he born in Central Africa or in Christian civilization—has grown to maturity without experiencing three distinct inclinations to seek a conscious fellowship with God. The Hottentot in his ignorance may not be able to define his heart hungerings, but he will confess that during his youth he experienced great soul longings for that which the world could not satisfy.

This period (when nature combines with grace to draw the soul Godward) parallels the period when the body and the mind have their greatest development. Just as there is a quickening of the mental powers and an awakening of the physical nature, so the spiritual nature reaches out for the Infinite. When the child leaves its toys and its playthings; when the boy no longer cares for his tops and his marbles, and the girl no longer finds companionship in her dolls; when these physical and mental changes are occurring, there seems to be, at the same time, a cry of the soul for spiritual strength and guidance. This brings me to the second chart which is simply a record of these psychological investigations.

(At this point Dr. Clark displayed a chart which revealed the increased and the decreased tendency of boys and girls at given ages towards conversion. It revealed that before nine years of age very few professed conversion. Between ten and thirteen years the largest number of conversions are recorded. At fourteen—the restless and giddy age—the tendencies toward conversion wane, but

rapidly recover at sixteen where they reach their supreme climax. After sixteen the natural tendencies toward conversion steadily decline (with the exception of a third slight climax at eighteen) until at twenty-one the line of spiritual inclination falls to the level of the record of childhood.

Do you not see that the great harvest field of the church of God lies between the ages of nine and nineteen? If a boy enters the Sunday school at seven and leaves at seventeen he has spent ten years of fifty-two Sundays each. The teacher has had five hundred and twenty opportunities to lead him to Jesus, at a time when nature as well as grace are doing their utmost to win the soul to God. If he is not saved during that period, is there not something lacking or wrong in the teacher or in the school?

I am very glad, indeed, to note that the chart records some conversions before nine years. Will you permit a personal reference? Years ago I remember hearing my father say to a friend: "If my children are not won to Christ by the time they are nine years of age I am on the 'anxious seat' in their behalf." The lips that spoke those words have been silent in death for many years. When I received the message to hasten to the east that I might see father once more before he died, I hurried to the home city as fast as the fastest train could carry me. But when I turned the corner that brought our home into view two long streamers of black hung from the door and told me I had reached home too late. As my brother welcomed me he said: "Father died a beautiful death. Next to the peace he had in Jesus was the comfort that came to his heart from the knowledge that every one of his five children had become Christians before twelve, and they were all active workers in the church of God."

Then, lest I should forget, God taught me the lesson anew in my own home. I shall always thank God for the experience that came to me in the first year of my ministry. Seated one day in my study I heard the cry of my little eight-year-old girl upon the stairs. I rushed to her side, fearing that she had injured herself, and said: "What's the matter, darling; have you hurt yourself?" "No, papa," said the little girl, looking up into my face through her tears, "I'm not hurt, but I want to give my heart to Jesus! Will you please go into my room and pray with me?" That was the sweetest music ever heard in our home up to that time. I took the hand of the little girl, led her to her room, shut the door, knelt with her at her bedside and offered a prayer. Then the little tot prayed a prayer, so simple, so direct, so trustful, that I buried my face in the clothes and cried to my Heavenly Father to teach me to pray as a little child prays. Soon the little head was lifted. The tears, by the wonderful alchemy of the Divine, had been transformed into pearls. The face was radiant with a heavenly radiance; and with light heart she joined her dolls to play with them under the rose bush on the lawn. Never has the daughter lost sight of that hour. Grown now to womanhood, for years a sufferer, she has been an angel of mercy in our home, a benediction to all who meet her. Never has she doubted her acceptance with God, and through all of the years she points back to the little prayer with "Papa" in her room at her bedside at eight years of age as the time when she gave her heart to Jesus and first recognized Him as a personal Savior.

I am so glad the children can know Jesus as a Savior. My heart aches

for boys and girls whose parents discourage early conversion who say to sons and daughters: "Not now! Wait until you are old enough." Old enough! The child is old enough to love mother; may it not also love mother's God? Old enough to obey father; is it not old enough to obey the Heavenly Father? Many a parent has instructed his child, who has been impressed by the Holy Spirit, not to think of salvation now. But in later years, when the heart is hardened, when nature is not assisting grace, the now anxious father will plead with the same child, older grown, to find inclination gone and the period of most favorable opportunity past. Beyond twenty-one the impressions of the Holy Spirit realized in childhood rarely come again. Those who wait for the return of the feelings experienced when God called them as boys and girls will in all probability never have such feelings again. If they yield to God when grown to maturity they will do so because impelled by a sense of duty; not because it is natural, but because they are prompted by principle.

Do you not see, friends, that the great golden harvest-field of opportunity for the church is during the years of childhood and early youth? When we come to realize that truth—when we realize that beyond twenty-one the great majority of the unsaved will be lost—then we will throw ourselves into the field as never before.

A Jew, a police judge in New York City, was once approached by one of his countrymen who complained that the Salvation Army was making too much noise upon the street and he was implored to use his official authority to stop them. "I'll never do it," said the judge. "Why not?" said the complainer. Looking him squarely in the face, with most serious expression, the judge earnestly said: "My friend, if I believed what those people believe, I'd make lots more of a fuss about it than they are making." If we really believed that the world is lost in sin, I am sure we would plunge into the work of soul-saving as never before.

When I look out upon the church and note its ease and indifference I am led to believe that the church is simply playing at Christianity. Before the world can be saved the church—individual Christians—must realize that without God the world is lost; they must see the "Vision of Peril," which once seen will create in them a passion for soul-winning. Jesus saw the "Vision of Peril." It was the version that Paul had. Polycarp saw it; so did Jerome, and Savonarolla, and Huss, and Luther, and Wycliffe, and Tyndale, and Coverdale, and Cranner, and Wesley, and Whitfield, and Moody. It is the vision that comes to every one who is to be of large value to God as a soul-winner—the "Vision of Peril."

The Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

I have time only to barely mention the last and the most important equipment. For the soul-winner must have not only the "Vision of Inspiration" and the "Vision of Peril," but he also must have "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit." Without the power of the Spirit the soul-winner is "making bricks without straw."

On the twenty-eighth day of June, 1902, Mr. Marion Lawrence stood in the Denver convention in the presence of 2,000 people. As he lifted his eyes to the Illinois delegation in the north gallery he recognized the face of Mrs. William Reynolds. He said: "I see in the Illinois delegation Mrs. William Reynolds. May I ask Mrs. Reynolds if she will be kind enough to stand in her place for a moment, that all in this convention may look upon her face because

of the love we have for her husband, now gone home to glory?" That was a very embarrassing moment for Mrs. Reynolds. She stood in her place and looked down upon a vast sea of faces while the convention greeted her with as beautiful a chautauqua salute as was ever offered as a tribute. That woman in black was the wife of William Reynolds. Forty years before Mr. Reynolds was a pork packer in the city of Peoria, Illinois, and superintendent of the Calvary Presbyterian Sunday school.

One day when the pastor was to be away the pulpit was to be supplied by an old worn-out preacher who had spent his days in the rough mission fields of the Rocky Mountains. When Mr. Reynolds came home that night his wife said to him: "William, we are to have a new preacher next Sunday, an old worn-out missionary. Wouldn't it be a good thing to have him stay with us and occupy our prophet's chamber?" "Certainly! When is he coming?" "At four o'clock Saturday." "All right; I'll meet him."

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon an old man made his way up the steps of the residence and rang the bell. Mr. Reynolds answered the bell. "Good afternoon, brother. Are you the preacher for tomorrow?" "Yes, sir," replied the old man. "Come right in. We always like to have preachers come to our house." Scarcely had the old man gotten into the hall and unbuttoned his threadbare coat before he said, "Brother Reynolds, what are you doing for God these days?" "I'm helping a little, I hope. I'm an elder in our church, and I'm superintendent of our Sunday school, and I also teach a class." "Is that so? Teaching are you? That's good. What kind of a class?" "A class of girls," replied Mr. Reynolds. "And how many?" "Thirteen." "Are they big or little?" "It is a class of young ladies." "And how long have you been teaching them?" "About five years." "Bless the Lord!" said the old man, "and how many have been converted to God?" Mr. Reynolds hesitated, and slowly replied, "I scarcely believe I know." A shadow passed over the old man's countenance as he looked Mr. Reynolds in the face and said: "Mr. Reynolds, do you mean to say that you have been teaching a class of thirteen girls for five years and don't know how many are converted to God?" "I'm sorry to say I can't tell," replied Mr. Reynolds. "Let us pray," said the old man as he dropped on his knees in the hall. He prayed that Mr. Reynolds might have rolled upon him the burden of souls; that he might so teach the girls that they would be converted to God, and that he might have the power of the Holy Spirit to win them to a Christian life. Mr. Reynolds didn't feel much like praying, and at the conclusion of the prayer he ushered the old man into the parlor. Then he went to find Mrs. Reynolds. "Well!" said Mr. Reynolds, "I don't like that preacher." "Why not," said his wife. "Why," said Mr. Reynolds, "he hadn't been in the house five minutes before he had me on my knees in the hall, praying for me just as though I were a sinner." "And why did he pray for you?" asked Mrs. Reynolds. "Just because I couldn't tell how many of the girls in my class were converted," replied Mr. Reynolds. Then, after a moment of silence, Mrs. Reynolds said: "William, perhaps the old man is right."

Receiving no sympathy from his wife, he went out in the yard to cool off. When supper was ready the family were seated at the table, and Mr. Reynolds requested the old man to ask the blessing. Leaning for-

ward, the old man placed his hand on Mr. Reynold's arm and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Reynolds, but ever since we had our prayer in the hall I can't get rid of your thirteen girls. Mr. Reynolds, do you know that God can use you as an instrument to lead every one of those girls to Christ, if only you have faith to believe it?"

"Can't you believe it?" "No," said Mr. Reynolds, "I can't have faith whenever I want to have it." "Well, let's pray once more," said the old man; and pushing his chair back from the table he fell to his knees again, and prayed that God might help Mr. Reynolds win his entire class to Jesus tomorrow. The meal that followed was a very formal and quiet one. At its conclusion Mr. Reynolds excused himself to do a little errand down town. He really wanted to get away from the old man. He remained away until nine o'clock, thinking that the old man would retire early, but when he returned there sat the old man in the parlor with Mrs. Reynolds. They had enjoyed a very pleasant social evening together. Bed time soon rolled around and Mr. Reynolds took down the Bible for the customary evening worship. He passed it to the old man, who turned to a chapter in Mark and read until he came to the following verse (11:24): "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." He stopped there and said: "Mr. Reynolds, that verse is for you; let us make the thirteen girls the burden of our prayer tonight." Mr. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds and the old man knelt together in earnest prayer that night. The old man retired to his room and slept sweet sleep, but Mr. Reynolds restlessly tossed upon his bed. In the early morning he knocked at the old man's door. "Who's there?" "Mr. Reynolds." "What can I do for you, Mr. Reynolds?" asked the old man. "I want you to pray for me," said Mr. Reynolds. "I have had no rest all night. It seems to me that I will almost die if my girls are not saved today. Please pray for me." "Bless the Lord," said the old man. Mr. Reynolds and the old preacher were soon kneeling side by side praying for power to win souls; and there they waited until God answered. (Teacher, did you ever go into your room, and shut the door, and there wait until God Spoke?)

That morning at nine o'clock Mr. Reynolds started to Sunday school a different man. When he reached the school he found his class of girls all there. He began to teach them in the usual way, but a strange lump came into his throat and the tears so dimmed his eyes that he couldn't read the text. He soon laid the Book down and said: "Girls, I can't teach you today! Won't you please forgive me? I have been teaching you for five years and never asked one of you to give your heart to Jesus. Jennie, how about you? Aren't you ready to become a Christian?" Jennie said: "Mr. Reynolds, I have been thinking of that matter for some days. Yes; I wish to become a Christian." "Mary, how about you? Ought you not to give your heart to Jesus?" said Mr. Reynolds. Mary burst into tears and said: "Mr. Reynolds, I've been waiting for years to have you ask me that question."

Thus one by one Mr. Reynolds interrogated the class to find that God had prepared them all for that very question, and before him soon sat thirteen weeping girls. "Girls," he said, "let us go over to my home where we can talk this matter over, and be alone with God." That morning at 9:30 o'clock Mr. Reynolds led a little procession of girls out of the

Sunday school, down the street, up the steps climbed by the old man, over the spot in the hall where the prayer had been said, into the parlor where the evening devotions were held, and shut the door; and that morning before half-past ten o'clock thirteen souls were born into the Kingdom of God.

O friends, what God gave William Reynolds He is willing to give to any one of you. Thank God, there is no monopoly on the gift of the Holy Spirit.

This is the equipment I beseech you to crave. I would not have you seek some strange physical emotion; not some supernatural, comfortable feeling or blessing to expend upon yourself; not a "blessing," not some neuter "it." Seek Him!—the third person of the Trinity—the blessed Holy Spirit—for, "when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth," and "ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit has come upon you."

The "Soul-Winner's Equipment"—Two Visions (the Vision of Inspiration and the Vision of Peril), and one Baptism, (the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.) May God grant that they may be yours.

SPECIALIZATION AND CHRISTIAN PROGRESS; OR, ORGANISM AND LIFE

By BISHOP WILLIAM M. BELL

I. Christ's Purpose Through the Church.

1. To Christianize the World.

Our Lord's program was comprehensive and simple. While He evidently reckoned upon the church in every age having an adequate wisdom for organization He disclosed as the supreme emphasis the project of making Himself known to the whole race at the earliest possible moment. He anticipated the serious problems of the process but He certainly laid upon the disciples of each and any age the task of the complete publication of the good news. Beyond that definitely assigned task the ultimate results of the evangel were to come in continuous and constructive processes.

2. Christ the Cosmopolitan.

All other teachers were given to provincialism but He saw only a race in need of deliverance. His mind was absolutely free from prejudices as in favor of or against any part of the race. All classes and clans had an equal claim on the fundamental message for all human betterment and progress. He was the one World Citizen and His Saviorhood was in behalf of every child of Adam. He knew no political boundaries and no social caste. Distinctions which men exalted He wholly ignored in the burning love of His universal heart.

3. Christ's View of World Duty.

Without withdrawing attention from interest in secondary good of every kind incident to the development of the race our Lord gave one great, central and dominating commission to the church and that was to make disciples of all nations. Every generation would have enterprises of unquestioned but subordinate import-

ance. He would have it understood that the one duty towering above all others was the duty of giving to each generation an adequate opportunity to accept the provisions of redeeming love and grace. He foresaw the intensive development of civilization incident to the establishing of His kingdom on earth, but He made it plain that the supreme duty of diffusing the good news to all mankind was to have first right to all the resources of men and nations.

4. Aliveness to His World Vision.

It has seemed impossible up to this present hour to get the church to Christ's viewpoint. The complete mastery of the disciples of a generation by a vision of the world as Christ saw it has been strangely delayed. The delay has been costly in a measure that may not be easily estimated. To see the race through the eyes of the ascended Christ is the supreme objective for the follower of the world's Savior and Leader. The aliveness in mention can only come by genuine experiences of spiritual renewal in the Holy Ghost and appropriate educational methods throughout the church. It is eminently fitting that emphasis be placed upon the experience of the Holy Spirit as the plan of God with all the disciples of Christ. The ministry of today should direct the quest of the church membership toward this gracious illumination and transformation. Let us hold for the definite here and we shall be richly rewarded. The highest type of Christian experience must be supplemented by a systematic and thorough education of the church, especially the church-to-be, on the whole field and scope of missionary conquest. This aliveness of the church will release upon world conquest an adequate devotion.

5. The Commission and Challenge.

As fresh as when originally given the commission to make disciples of all nations is to the church of the present age. The first generation of disciples were commissioned to do this gracious work and each generation since has confronted it. Up to this hour no generation has been equal to the task. As an appeal to love and devotion it has challenged the believers of every succeeding age and the task is yet undone. The duty so long postponed, the consummation so much to be desired, the projects of all projects, the one supreme goal central and vital in human elevation and betterment is yet to be achieved. Who can appreciate what the present status of the race would now be if this achievement had been consummated centuries ago? It is certain that human progress has been retarded and great constructive processes held back on account of the delay. God works in ways we do not comprehend, but we know there is good and sufficient reason in the urgency which He has always associated with the task of the evangelization of the race.

II. **The Delayed Consummation.**

1. Organization and Provincialism.

When our Lord was unfolding the doctrine of responsibility under the descent of the Holy Spirit and making plain a program that was world-embracing, the dear disciples lingered in a strange concern for their own ecclesiastical organization as indicated in the words, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" Anxiety for a consummation well-nigh effaced by sectarian and provincial concern, interest and attention absorbed in a misplaced emphasis. These were Jewish Christians with the emphasis on the Jewish. A narrow provincialism has always been the enemy of human progress. It seems so dif-

ficult for the average man to rise up to a cosmopolitan sympathy and interest. It is easy for the average man to absorb and satisfy himself in an impoverishing zeal for his sect or cult and miss the commanding and divine objective.

2. Pentecost, Peter, Gentiles.

The Pentecost was the divine method of correcting an undue emphasis on organism as related to the life which was now to indwell and empower the disciples for world-wide propaganda touching the risen Lord. It was the operation of a universal presence on provincial minds. It was both a mental and an emotional upheaval. It was a blow at sectarian and national narrowness. It was the effort of the Holy Spirit to move the disciples from the provincial to the universal viewpoint. As a psychological experience it presaged a kingdom without frontier, a new international community. Provincialism dies hard and in the case of Peter it required yet the vision of the housetop to overcome its lingering control. At the last he was ready to admit that Christ was for the Gentiles as well as for the Jews.

3. Greek and Latin Christianity.

In a short time comparatively the followers of Christ were divided into two great parties known as Greek and Latin Christians. The simple program of the Lord and savior was almost forgotten in the conflict between these two sects. The missionary emphasis was displaced by an emphasis on questions divisive and subversive. It was not so much a matter of making Christ known to the entire human family as it was the maintenance of distinguishing theories and institutions. Zeal and resources that should have gone into the execution of the great commission were consumed in competitive activities and contests. The lines of demarkation between the divided disciples of a common Lord were allowed to become more and more pronounced and irritating. The holy fires of evangelism burned low and a waiting world perished for want of light and salvation.

4. Rise of Mohammedanism.

Who dare say there was no relation logically as well as historically between a recreant and divided church and the development of its greatest and now most formidable foe? The fallow fields of all the centuries have invited the seeds of kingdoms other than the Kingdom of God. The Christian missionary today meets the stern fact of centuries of preoccupations by the forces and fancies of false faith. Such is the nature and constitution of man that in the absence of the truth he absorbs the error, destructive though it may be. Mohammedanism is in some sense a chastisement for the church's delay. The forces that contend on mission fields for supremacy as against the church are the forces that have grown and flourished while she was asleep.

5. Conventional Christianity in Europe.

Christianity was almost driven out of Africa and Asia. It survived in Europe, but because so weakened by formalism as to cease for most part its missionary activity. Organism has no right or power when life and love have perished. The forms of Christianity are but solemn mockery save as they are transcended and fulfilled by the rushing tides of spontaneous life. Adequate and appropriate life alone can support and utilize organization. Continuity of organization is incidental but the existence of life is fundamental. Conventional Christianity in Europe failed

of power and passion for the evangelization of the race and the perishing world must wait.

6. Revival of Learning and Exploration.

It is worthy of note that when the church has languished certain so-called secular movements have appeared on the scene having great possibilities of good and evil. These secular movements have offered themselves to the church for utilization. They have had origin primarily in the deep potencies of the Christian gospel but have not always been appropriated for the work of evangelizing the world. It is always the duty and privilege of the church to master the world forces for the progress of the kingdom. Learning as the handmaid of religion may always be conserved in the advancement of the welfare of humanity and the furtherance of Christianity. The exploration of all the habitable globe marks an epoch in human progress, for it has opened all lands to Christianity and civilization.

7. The Jesuit Movement, Inquisition and the Sword.

The Jesuit movement was the outburst of a high degree of devotion with defective ideals of Christian conquest. It was weakened by political intrigue and ambition. It looked upon the Roman church as an end rather than a means of serving Christ and humanity in unselfish human betterment. It was handicapped by the strange deception that persecution and the sword were legitimate methods of Christian propaganda.

8. The Protestant Reformation in northern Europe.

The protest of a spiritual Christianity spread throughout northern Europe, but the missionary program of Christ was not accepted or undertaken. The movement exhibited virility and far a time promised much for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ among men, but it fell short of a worthy and commanding efficiency. Its special defect was inadequate missionary vision and passion.

9. Conflict of Schools and Sects.

Dissension among the Christians with the result that they were divided into many contending sects and schools of faith bore fruit in the usual obscuration of the great commissions. Fundamentals were forgotten in the strife about non-essentials. Evangelistic zeal disappeared while subordinate issues were given an undue attention.

10. Rise of Military Commercialism.

If not the conquest of the spirit of peace and good will, then the conquest of war and commercial aggrandizement. The mighty energies of a Christian civilization must find outlet in some direction. If not under the ideals of Christ then under ideals less divine and worthy. The church is always responsible in a large degree for the ideals that dominate civilization. If the lust for military conquest is in command of the resources of civilization it is because religious and spiritual ideals have not been brought into effective contact with the people. Military power has its place in certain stages of human development, but the need for it disappears in proportion to the prevalence of religious ideals and control. The extension of commerce by the exercise of military power is not the expression of the highest potency in the keeping of a Christian civilization. Commerce has its place and value unquestioned. Christianity only asks that it recognize the moral control, that it shall not presume to represent the highest quality or the supreme concern of enlightened peoples.

11. Pietism in Germany, Wesleyan Momement in England and America.

The above spiritual movements calling the age back to real and genuine piety came like floods of light and tides of power. They afforded illustration of the inherent tendency and power of Christianity to survive all human handicap and re-establish essential life and tendencies. American Christianity to this hour is under tribute to these representative movements of the Old World. These movements transferred across the Atlantic have left their impress upon our church life. They are asserting themselves to day in the renewal of effort to carry out the program of Christ.

12. Sporadic Efforts.

During the time that has elapsed since the inauguration of these great spiritual movements in Europe and their accompanying movements in the United States there has been manifest in certain groups of Christians, and, indeed, among practically denominations of Christians, earnest though unsteady efforts to carry forward the missionary enterprise. These efforts have steadily increased in numbers and intensity. Within the last century almost all the existing missionary societies have been organized.

13. The Modern Awakening.

The first decade of the twentieth century has witnessed some remarkable quickenings of interest and attention to the world task all too long delayed. The very civilizations of Christendom seem to be taking a more serious view of responsibility to the undeveloped races. The policies of diplomats and statesmen are having reference to the duties which powerful and enlightened peoples owe to those less powerful and less enlightened. Governmental administrations are more than ever taking the temper and viewpoint of universal human betterment. The burden of the whole race is coming upon the more favored portions of the race. The result is here in an unprecedented uprising of human interest and effort in behalf of a better world all around, and here and now.

III. **The Present Status.**

1. Our Specialization Has Made the Task Complex.

Missionary administration today lacks unity and comprehensiveness. The plans and purposes of one board are modified and sometimes embarrassed by the operations of another. One cannot refrain from the feeling that missionary agencies duplicate one another at some points needlessly. The missionaries on the foreign field have felt impelled to cry out for co-operation, comity, and even unity, where it may be without destruction until we who administer for the churches in the homeland have found it best to heed the cry. It is most significant that this demand for the simplifying of religious organization, creed and administration should come up from those on the firing line. In the face of the overwhelming need of a perishing world they see the importance of the fundamental in Christianity and they can but have a diminished interest in those specializations that have been our pleasure as demnominational enthusiasts and leaders.

2. Organization and Institutional Equipment.

Already many of our missionary leaders are in harmony for co-operation in the institutions that shall be needed to train a native ministry in the non-Christian lands. Co-operation in colleges, hospitals, printing plants, etc., are now common as features of missionary administration. I recall when journeying to Porto Rico in company with the representa-

tives of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches that on shipboard we agreed to allotments of territory for the operations of the missionaries of our respective churches, and to this day this agreement has been largely if not entirely respected. We are now in council for an educational institution to be equipped and operated jointly by the boards operating in that field. Why not thus simplify the missionary program and exemplify the real unity of Protesant Christianity.

3. Extending Our Specialization and Christianizing the World.

Whether your denomination or mine shall be perpetuated as an organization of believers in foreign mission fields is a matter of at least secondary importance. Our denominational distinctions are not vital, but the essential essence of Christianity is vital. We must all be aware how easily mischievous emphasis may be made. The continuity of organization is not the point for the supreme emphasis by any means. Our specialization has a marked possibility of diminished emphasis on the fundamental experience and power of Christianity. There is an unfailing similarity in the experience of all genuine Christians of all sects and of all lands. In proportion as we magnify our specializations we are certain to diminish the authority of our Lord's message. The wrong emphasis results in diminished evangelistic efficiency. So many of our local churches of all denominations are reporting an evangelistic result that should compel the most unsparing quest for the cause of such fearful unfruitfulness. Under the right ideals and experiences no church can be a decadent force.

IV. **The Logic of Homogenous Faith and Experience.**

1. A Christian Equals a Christian.

No matter of what race and nationality or of what denominational identity, a Christian is a Christian. Because of our specializations and the prejudices that may result therefrom this fact is often overlooked and almost forgotten. We often hear the inquiry as to whether one is a Christian followed up with the interrogatory, "Of what persuasion?" The answer sometimes creates a barrier to communion which all crave in these days of growing fraternity. Apologize as we may for our segregation into groups, it is nevertheless true that the universal Christian heart is always longing for the fellowship of all God's dear children.

2. The Unified Expression of Faith and Experience.

This is the get-together age and the organic unity of Christendom might be far more in evidence than it is if we would but think so. Why not the more unified expression of an identical experience?

3. Fractional Existence Forbids Great Enthusiasm.

The most fruitful revivals of the present hour are those that are conducted under the union of all the churches of a given locality, when differences are forgotten and all press forward in the appeal for repentance and faith in Christ. God's blessing on all forms of interdenominational activity is of deepest significance.

4. Large Formal Union as the Outgrowth of Deep and Genuine Christian Experience Encourages the Development of Befitting Leadership.

The leadership of the Christian forces in any generation is always a matter of prime importance. Small groups of believers are sometimes brought into isolation from other Christians solely because some would-be but incompetent leader is deter-

mined upon a following be it ever so small, just so he can dominate it.

5. Isolation is Perilous and Dwarfing.

There is a profound reason for the growing desire on the part of all Christians for fellowship with the whole body of Christ. God is preparing the church for the conquest of the world, for undertakings which will be beyond all precedent in the history of Christianity. He would have every disciple gathered to the great task that He might count in the day of battle.

6. Large Enterprises and Heroic Tasks.

These are right ahead for the universal church. High Heaven give power and wisdom. Pronouncement prompt and timely in advance movements of every sort befit the church of Christ. She is to be in the vanguard of all human progress. The complete social message of Christ must be given to this age with promptness and alertness.

7. The Call to Re-adjustment and New Alignment.

He must be blind who does not see this imperative demand and who does not cultivate the temper and spirit that will make response hearty and constructive.

8. Gigantic Foes, Incomparable Tasks and Opportunities.

These all unite in a mighty appeal to the Christian leadership of this age. We need to lay our emphasis on the Christian progress rather than the specializations that keep us apart even though these be dear to our hearts. Forty millions of people in America who have no connection with any church appeal to us for a great united evangelistic campaign that shall stir the nation from center to circumference. A great faculty of lay and ministerial speakers making an appeal to the cities of the nation with special reference to awakening the men of the nation to the Kingship of Christ and the claims of religion. Millions of money on the altar for a great simultaneous, nation-wide, evangelistic movement by pastors and evangelists. A follow-up campaign in behalf of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in the cause of world evangelization. The churches can well afford to federate for these and other nation and world-wide activities. All together and forward on the main line is the call of the hour. Oh, servants of the living God, give heed. Heaven help your speaker, and you, and you, and you.

THE STORY OF SOPHIA

By MELVIN E. TROTTER

The boys think it would be a good thing—we visitors have been coming here so many years and telling nothing but our story—if I take the time tonight to tell something about our work. Very few it would seem do really understand what our work is. I am perfectly willing for the sake of the rescue mission cause as a man who lives in the down-town district to take this time. I will get out of the reach of George Stuart for his 7:30 meeting, so don't any of you worry about that; if I cannot get out of it fast enough, I'll trot out—that's the advantage of being a t(T)rotter.

You know the tendency today is for the church to move out of the down-town district. Where do they go? Into the residence district, because the crowd lives there that can support a church. But what about those who are left down town that cannot support a church? The down-town folks do not seem to understand how to support it and the folks that can support it, and want it, want their church a little nearer home. In most of our cities they are forsaking the down-town, selling their property at a great price and moving out into the residential district. They seem to forget that the crowd down town ought to have a chance to hear the gospel. I always like to preach to them. They are the best people to talk to in the world because every one of them wants a way out of their sin, and if you can show them an attractive Christ they will go to Him every time. The trouble is they are slaves, the most of them. Every drunkard in the world is a drunkard because he cannot help it—not because he wants to be. He's a drunkard because he cannot help it. You say you don't believe it? I don't care whether you do or not—it's true. No man in the world ever started out to be a drunkard. He took his first drink, and it's always the first drink and not the last that makes a drunkard. Very few ever take their first drink in a saloon. Where do they get it? Up in moral homes, places where you would expect to find different things than that.

We say when we get below a certain line it is sort of a dead-line. Every city has it. When I was converted they would not allow me above the dead-line. About 20,000 live below the dead-line in Chicago. Excell, you can remember well when a man was hardly safe in Chicago in 1896 and 1897, below Van Buren street, and the Harrison street police station was full, they couldn't find room to put them, and they slept on the floor. I knew a man named Detrick who went to sleep in the window of the Harrison street station; they had no room for him on the floor. He fell out of the window during the night on to a lot of fellows who were sleeping on the floor, and they nearly killed him before he could get away. If you got above the dead-line they would "hot-foot" you. If you have never been "hot-footed" I'll tell you what to do. Get a "shillaly," borrow one of those little "persuaders" that the policeman carries and uses with such great effect. If you don't believe it ask Card—he knows. The reason

they are down there is because they cannot help it. You say it must be very tough? Yes, it is tough enough, but it is not the dangerous place of the city or the dangerous crowd at all. I have practically lived in the slum from the time Jesus saved me, thirteen years ago. (Yes, I lived in it before that)—Silloway's home is right down town among the bums; and we seldom if ever find that the saloon and the tough joint, as you are pleased to call it, ever makes a drunkard; they simply take care of the drunkards that are made up town and in the homes. You don't find your son going in a dirty, tough saloon with sawdust on the floor; it takes about five years to get from Randolph street in Chicago down into Van Buren street. All the slum does in the world is to take care of the drunkard that is made up town. A worse curse than a slum saloon is a home that has got booze in it. I might say another thing that will surprise you: We don't have any trouble down there with girls being ruined for life and at last murdered. You don't find that in the slums. You don't find a girl taking her first drink in the slums. She has learned that long before she gets there. What we are trying to do is to go into that crowd and rescue her. We go wherever we find one, although she may be clear down in the very depths of sin, and I say to you that some of the sweetest women on earth have been pulled out of that crowd. Jesus Christ gave His life on Calvary for them. The language of their heart is the language of the man in this fifth chapter of John. "Yes, sir, I would but I have no man when the water is troubled. I have no one to love me or care for me." You say to a girl: "Would you not like to get out of this life?" and she will shake her head and say: "You're talking foolish, there's nowhere for me to go, there's no one cares for me." The church seems to be getting further and further away from that crowd every day it is in existence. They are there by the hundreds, by the thousands and by the hundreds of thousands. You have got to bring the Gospel to them if you fulfill the command of Christ to go into all the world and preach it to every creature. Many are trying to do it, and there is not one of them that does not deserve your prayer and support. You will find the Army doing a great work; they will march out in the rain and when it doesn't rain. They do everything they can do. Help them all you can; but I say to you again, don't you try and shift the responsibility that God has put upon you as His bride and expect the Salvation Army to do your work down there, they have troubles of their own.

What I have been trying to do under God since Jesus Christ gave me a vision is to take the church down town. My mission and my work is altogether different than you have any idea of. I am trying to take the church, not the Presbyterian church (I am an ordained long-faced, Presbyterian preacher, if you please), but I am trying to take the whole church down town and preach the Gospel to that crowd and let them know the church is doing it. We go in an interdenominational way and make them understand that Jesus Christ loves the poorest and weakest sinner down there. You can fool your preacher and some of the folks, but you can't fool that crowd and make them believe you love them when you don't. Wherever the devil met Jesus Christ he knew Him. You heard something like this whenever the folks who had the devil in them met Jesus: "I know who thou art." "Torment me

not." Wherever you find a man possessed of the devil you can always make up your mind he knows Jesus when he sees Him. And when you go down there and try and imitate and say you love them and don't, they'll give you the laugh. We throw our doors open in the name of your church. We take your Christ down town. We have no membership, but we stand there day and night, in season and out of season, early in the morning and late at night, we stand in the jail, we pick them up in the street, we are about the Master's business. Every scene nearly that we see is a dark one, everybody that comes to us is in trouble —when they have money they come to you; when they have troubles they come to us, but I would not trade places with anybody in the world. That is the greatest job God ever gave a man. (I just borrowed this clean handkerchief from Bruce. When I was converted I only had three changes; off, on and without. Now I'm waiting for my trunks to get here, they haven't arrived, and I borrowed the handkerchief from him.)

After we get hold of our folks and they come in to see us, with their hearts broken, we have the same remedy to offer for every one of them. We don't have a great big medicine case, but we give the same dose to every man and woman, black or white, no matter what they are, we give them the same thing—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." We tell them Jesus loves them. They say: "You've got to show me, I'm from Card's state," (Missouri.) Somehow or other we don't have to go out of our way to show them Jesus loves them if we love Him. Then when we get a very anxious seeking and almost weeping Savior in touch with an anxious weeping sinner, somehow or other there is something that takes place there that spoils them for the old world. You get a man or woman in touch with Jesus Christ and just one glimpse of His face and whisky has lost its power forever. He has never disappointed me once. I have often had storekeepers say to me: "If you'll get a man that needs work I'll give him a job," and then they have turned around and gone back on me, and I have had men say they would give me money to carry on my work and then go back on me, but I have never taken a man to Jesus, I have never gone to Jesus myself and been disappointed, and somehow or other He is never too busy to stop and meet me. Sometimes it is early in the morning and we have no other place to go and just get by ourselves and shut the door and it is only a moment when we get to Him.

Dress and Feed Them.

I wish I could tell you how we dress them. We get old clothes that are sent in, not bad ones, but those you are tired of. Instead of sending them down to some rummage sale, send them to the mission man so that he can give them to some little one or fit out some father or mother with a set of clothes so that they'll be presentable. You know there is nothing will get hold of a man like getting hold of his family for him. They come in and we say: "What's your name?" Sometimes they give the right one and sometimes a fellow will give me a "bum steer;" but we find out where the family lives and tell them the "old man" is saved—wife consents to have him come home —and the "kids" are mighty glad to see pa. Poor folks might be "short" on a good many things, but they are always "long" on a family; they've got them from a red pepper-pod up to a barrel-stave. Over in the Psalms the other day I noticed the Lord said:

"I will set the poor on high from affliction and give him families like a flock." I said: "Gee! It's the first time I ever saw it in the Scripture, but it's there." We get them fixed up and sort o' fit for publication and then get them into the Sunday school. Do you know we have the largest Sunday school in the state of Michigan? We get the old man a job. Sometimes I have gone so far as to rent a house, put in furniture and get the whole thing started over. It maybe takes two or three months, but the funny thing about it is, I never lose very much by it. We never turn them down, they come to us and we know they're "working" us, but we don't say a word. One fellow came in and said: "Do you remember the time you gave me a dollar and I told you my wife was dying and I wanted to get a prescription filled?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Did you know I was lying when I did that?" I replied, "Yes; I knew it." He asked, "When did you know it?" and I replied, "When you lied." "What did you give it to me for?" "Just to get you back here." And so it goes. When the wife cannot come to the mission because she has no clothes to wear, we send down and get them fixed up. Then we send our girls down while they are over at the mission and fix the house up. Then we have a great thought along the line that "the redeemed of the Lord shall say so." So we get them to testifying and coming into the mission every night and telling how long Jesus has saved them, one, two, three, four, five, six days, a week, month or a year—they can tell you to the hour, 1,046 hours, some of them. When they get so that their testimony shows they are soundly converted, I get them alone and say: "What church do you belong to? What church do you like?" And we tell them they must get into some church. Now that they are converted and belong to God and are living clean, able to take care of their family, and ought to have a little money left if they tithe like they should, we believe they should join some church. They make wonderful church members. As far as I can see, the greatest church member in the world is a Christian. Get them converted and they make great church members. They become useful citizens.

But you ask what we are doing with the rest of them? We are doing very little. We have towns and cities in our country where there is not a single door open in the name of the church. You go to that crowd and say: "Jesus loves you," and they'll laugh at you. We have a man in our Presbyterian church who is trying to solve the problem of the working man and the church. This man says that the breach gets greater and greater. It is true with the church and men down town.

I wonder if you could do Mr. Silloway's work. You would have to have a splendid right-arm punch if you did. I wonder if you could do Mr. Card's work.

Once I was telling about a family of a man who died. He was going home drunk one night and fell over a wagon box—he was too drunk to get up and went to sleep. It turned cold during the night and he nearly frooze to death. In about four days he died, but before he died I led him to Christ. The next day I spoke in one of our down-town churches in Grand Rapids, the largest in the city. That morning when I told about it, I got money enough to bury him. Pretty soon a lady came up to me, she was one of those ladies that carried her glasses on a pole. I know she was a splendidly good woman, however. She said, "Mr.

Trotter, will you please tell me where that family is?" And I told her—'twas the biggest fool thing I ever did; but, I said to myself, if she goes down there and takes care of them, I won't have to. She went down; it was a sad looking place. They had a little fire in the stove and they did not smell very good. I guess they had no ventilation because it was cold. The mother was there with her five little children and the corpse of her husband in the one room. The lady said to her coachman: "Thomas, this cannot be the place, why that's a stable." He said, "No; that is the number." She finally got out and went up to the door, standing off, like this, pushed it open, then she got a little closer with her pole, looked in, and she got a little whiff of it. For ten minutes you never heard a greater lecture on cleanliness in your life. She just stood there with the door wide open and nearly froze the whole crowd while she lectured on cleanliness. She came back and said she didn't want anything more to do with my work or with me if that was the kind of people I took care of. I said: "You can just go to—dinner, and I will go down and take care of them myself. I just thought to myself if she had slipped $2 into my hands I could have gone down there with two "bucks," heated them, clothed them, fed them. We never feed them all they want—we never give a family like that all they want to eat; we just sit them six inches from the table and let them eat until they touch. I often wonder if you should not get hold and help us to do the work that we are called and fitted to do. You couldn't do that work, but shouldn't you help us to represent you in the work down town? I am sorry I ever sinned as I did against my Christ. I am sorry I ever became a drunkard and literally lived in the gutter. I am sorry that I neglected the family that I loved like I love my soul, that I might drink whisky. I am sorry; but since I did, and Jesus saved me, I am going to do just the best I can with the tools I have to glorify Him, until He shall take me up higher. When the church began to grow at Antioch there was a great crowd in the church, and one night while they were praying and fasting and worshipping God, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate unto me Barnabas and Saul for the work I, the Holy Ghost, have called them." I don't know how He spoke to them, my Bible doesn't tell me—some of you people who know more about your Bible than I do may know. He spoke and said: "Separate unto me these two men." I believe they were the best He had; because they did great work. I know they were great men. The church waited upon God again to be dead sure that there was no mistake in the call, and then they went back and laid ther hands upon them and sent them out to be missionaries to the Gentiles.

In the old dispensation when they were going to make a sin offering they reached over and put the hands on the head of the lamb that was to be slain, becoming identified with the lamb that was slain. So the church at Antioch said: "We will send Saul and Barnabas, we cannot do the work that you are called of God to do, preaching unto the Gentiles. We don't know how; but you go, our hands are on you, we are going with you, our prayers will follow you, our money will we give to you, our sympathy will also go with you, and our love. It was solemn business. They laid their hands upon them and sent them forth. Tonight reach over

and put your hands on the mission men. I know we don't do things like you do. If you will believe me, I am spending more prayer about it and time than you are. This is the will of God concerning the down-town problem. Take my word for it until you know better. Rescue mission is the will of God concerning the work down town. This is the will of God. Get over and get your hands on them. Every $1.60 we spent in Grand Rapids the first year we had a man or woman standing up and praising God for salvation. (Mr. Silloway, of Milwaukee, interrupted at this point, and said, "I'm one of them.") Fifty-three of them of that first year's work are out working for Jesus Christ in the vineyard today at $1.60 a head. Get your hands over on us for that much. I am not appealing for my own work alone—God knows it needs help—but we want your prayers, your sympathy and your encouragement. Of all the places I like to say this thing, it is here—to many ministers and Christian business men. I believe you want to know about it, but you never can know until you get over and get your hands on us and become identified with us. Help Card, help Silloway, help Bruce, help Callahan, help Monroe, help these men. If you have no mission in your own town, find some mission man and get him to tell you how to start one. I can seat 1,800 in my rescue mission and when it is finished I can seat 3,200, and we are packing it to the doors. How do you do it? Give suppers, and hold sociables? No; we preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. You say what class are they? Every class under the sun. Sometimes rich, sometimes poor, sometimes they are way up and have to come down, sometimes they are way down and have to come up. It don't make any difference, they all look alike to the Lord and they all need to be cleansed from sin.

I want to tell you about Sophia. She came into the mission heartbroken; family gone; home broken up. She had intended that day to end her life. She was the picture of despair. We went through the service and everything we did seemed to be directed right at her, all praying and hoping God would save this poor, unfortunate woman. When I gave the invitation, her hand went up for prayer and I believe she was converted before she got to the altar. She stood up and testified, and the next day she went to work in a restaurant. She got $8 a week, I think, and has been there six years now. She never misses a night at the mission. Every year she pledges $100 to the mission—and pays it. Then she gives $25 for the picnics for the little folks, because she is interested in children. Then she gives $25 for Christmas time.

Not very long ago, it was just this spring or summer, she found out through some one who used to be a friend of hers, where her baby was, and she slipped away on a train up to a little town outside of the city of Grand Rapids, and she sat in the school house park, or yard, waiting for school to let out. In a little while the children came tripping down the steps and with her heart nearly in her mouth she asked herself, "Will I know my baby?" Soon a little black curly haired girl came running down the steps and Sophia said, "That is my baby." She got out on the sidewalk in front of her and when she came up Sophia fell on her knees and taking the child in her arms, she said, "Would you give a strange lady a kiss?" The little one said, "Yes, ma'm," and Sophia took her in her arms and for five minutes she smothered her with kisses.

She noticed that she was attracting the attention of the other children as she talked and wept over the child, so she slipped a coin into the baby's hand and started for the depot.

When she reached Grand Rapids she came at once to the mission and walked up to the old bar that we now use for an office desk. She was certainly the picture of despair, and I said, "What is the matter with you, Sophie?" And with her heart nearly breaking she said, "I have found baby today." I said: "Now, Sophia, you have no business to—," but she interrupted me saying: "Oh, don't worry. I lost her fair and square and I didn't let anybody know who I was, but I want to ask you a question. Do you think Jesus is going to let her be my baby when we get to Heaven?" I said, "Yes, Sophia, of course He will." She brightened up and said: "Alright, I am willing to live alone and work for Jesus the rest of my life if she can be mine there."

I don't know whether you preachers believe in that kind of doctrine or not, but there are not enough of you in the world to make Sophia believe I lied to her when I said that.

She went out on the street the other day and found a colored man dying. She knew him and called him by name, and told him Jesus could save him. He had no room to go to and she rented one for him, and in company with another Christian went up and prayed with him and led him to Christ, and he died trusting God.

She talks to every one, black or white, it makes no difference to her, always about Jesus. Sophia prays with men and women both and leads hundreds of them, I believe, to Christ.

Do you know the down-town district is full of Sophias if we would only take the Gospel down there to them. If you think this kind of work pays, reach out tonight and put your hands upon us.

ROBERT BROWNING'S SEARCH FOR THE TRUE CHRIST

By W. H. W. BOYLE, D.D.

"Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am."—Matt. 16:16.

Like Bunyan's pilgrim, Browning's seeker dreams. In the vision of his dream he is seen to be seeking for a religion which will answer the questions of the human heart and satisfy its spiritual demands.

On Christmas Eve he finds himself in a Dissenting chapel—a meeting place of some humble yet earnest followers of the lonely Nazarene. The room was bare and unattractive; the service, if it had form at all, lacked dignity; the sermon had the severity of Sinai in it and something of Calvary's self-denying love; the whole atmosphere of the place lacked the warmth and sympathy he sought, and, whispering to himself,

"A loving worm within its clod
Is diviner far than a loveless God,"

he flung himself out of the chapel into the storm, and there, under the infinite depths of the night sky, he reached up through Nature to Nature's God, spoke of it all as "power ruled by love" and half despised the "narrow shrine" of the worship from which he had escaped.

But like many another who has tried to force an answer to the heart from the dumb oracles of nature, the seeker is not satisfied. The "vision splendid" still attracts but rebukes—rebukes him for his hasty judgment of the chapel and its service, and turns away the face which he knows to be the face divine. Whereupon he begs forgiveness, begs in faith:

"What is it to Thee who curest sinning,
Am I not weak as Thou art strong?"

And, "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," the seeking soul was a finding soul, and, finding, was forgiven. In Browning's wonderful figure of the discolored soul and the sunshine which changed it:

"So lay I, saturate with brightness."

The seeker, guided by the spirit of the vision, next appears at the door of the Basilica at St. Peter's in Rome. In contrast with the simplicity of the chapel, with its sincere though colorless service, he is here, face to face, with a splendor of outward worship that dazzles him, but does not satisfy him. He watches the multitudes prostrate themselves at the sign of the cross, but in gorgeous ritual he finds no relief. The appeal to the senses is a part of religion—but not to the seeker a vital part. To admire is good; to serve is better, and, turning from St. Peter's, he beholds not "the crucifix" but the cross of Him, who, though "very God of very God," came graciously near to the human heart in its sorrowfulness and sin—near enough to be leaned upon, personal enough to be loved. As Browning expresses it in one of his great passages:

"Earth breaks up; time drops away,
In flows heaven with its new day."

The seeker it next found in Gottin-

gen, the seat of German rationalism, where he enters a classroom and hears a lecture on "the Christ-myth." The professor who gives it brings the tribute of admiration to Him whom the Gospels declare to be the Savior and Master of men, and forthwith proceeds to tear down the edifice of truth by questioning the genuineness of Gospel record, by questioning the divineness of the Savior's character and the miraculous elements in His wondrous works. The seeker sits amazed as he hears him say:

"Go home and venerate the myth
I thus have experimented with—
This man, continue to adore him
Rather than all who went before
him."

And then, feeling the foundations of his earlier faith trembling before the insidious invasion of doubt, he is driven to inquire: If Jesus be great only because of superior mentality as a teacher of ethics, may He not have His peers in the realm of mind; or, if He be great only because of an exemplary morality, are there not others whose lives have been lived at the loftier levels? If He be not what He claimed to be, divine in His power to forgive and comfort and save, why continue to mention His name as supreme in worship—why "bid Him rule His race?"

Carried by the genius of the poet along the successive steps of a very real experience—from the half-fanaticism of the chapel, as he understood it, to the great cathedral with its form, to Him, overshadowing the Spirit; and, later, to the despair of destructive criticism, offering the "stone" of heartless negations instead of life-giving bread—the discouraged seeker relapses into a mood of indifference and reasons, as thousands before him and since have reasoned, what matters it what one believes if he but lives, as though belief, ever in the simplest things of life, were not fundamental in action.

Rebuked by the Spirit for abandoning the search at any point short of rest, he touches once more the luminous garment, which in the beautiful thought of the poet has been his "pillar of fire" to guide, and finds himself back in the Dissenting chapel with its only form, simplicity, and its holiest sacrament—love at work. With self out of sight and his ear attuned to the music of the Word, the man at the desk whose bluntness he before despised, is now God's prophet with a direct message to God's people. However plain the place, there was fire on the altars of its faith, and written on its walls by no brush of artist was "Holiness unto the Lord."

Browning's sense of the deeper spiritual puts upon the lips of his seeker his new appreciation of that which is real in religion. It is not found in form or formula, though it may be expressed through both. It is the spirit behind the letter; it is the singer in the song; it is the petitioner in the prayer; it is "the water of life" for the thirsty soul, whether it flow through "earthen vessel" or "golden ewer," with the question of the seeker at any shrine supreme in this—

"Is there water or not to drink?"

Browning's Christmas Eve is a sermon in itself—a wonderful portrait of the world's Christ; possibly not according to the world's conception, but answering to the world's need. The final test of the reality of Christ was not in what He said or in what He did, but in what He was. Out of what He was flowed all else as sunshine flows from the sun—"In Him was life and the life was the light of men." The genuineness of a religion

which claims to be Christian is tested, in the final analysis, by the seriousness with which it takes Christ in the divineness of His personality and the uniqueness of His claims. Mr. Moody used to say in his own way: "I would not go across the room to find out what kind of faith a man has got; I would go across the world to find what kind of a Christ he has got."

1. Stated formalism as the seeker saw it may reflect some aspect of the glory of Christ or it may obscure Him.

Forms in themselves are not wrong. They may add both to the order and dignity of worship, but they are not essential. In the divine plan the organic body of the church has in all the ages been the sacred repository of truth—a candle set in a dark place, a visible representation of God in the world, with some sort of ceremony the expression of its life; the danger to the church, in its strength and simplicity, arises when forms degenerate into formalism. The church of Paul's day was a despised church, but it was dynamic in its life because its life was linked, not to an elaborate system, but to a simple fact of faith—Christ crucified and risen. The church of the second century was a martyr church, but the corridors of the catacombs still bear silent testimony that it was a victorious church. The mediaeval church was a weakened church because rigid dogmatism came to take the place of a witnessing faith; because meaningless ceremonial in the mere vestments of religion smothered the spirit. The church of any day, in Browning's apt lesson, which truly represents Christ, is the church aggressively right—the church in which the claims of orthodoxy and ritual observances are not the main things, but righteousness of life; the church in which the unseen altar is prevailing prayerfulness and the unseen paraclete is the Spirit in the Book; the church in which, in Tennyson's thought, "The hungry sheep look up," but not in vain. The picture of a banquet is poor comfort for a hungry man, and outward observance without inner fellowship means a starving soul in the house of a King. It was Henry Ward Beecher who said: "The ordinances of religion are to its real life what plows are to agriculture; the great thing in agriculture is not to polish the plows, but to get harvests."

2. Ethical idealism—the glory of Christ as a man among men, lifting up a pattern and presenting an ethical program more perfect than the world had ever known is good, but it is not sufficient.

The Gottingen critic was right as far as he went, but the trouble with him was that he did not go far enough. The seeker saw in the person he presented a faultless pattern, but what he needed most was a spiritual start in the direction of it. In every attribute of His unblemished being Christ is ideal and glorious. His life is the fleckless copy over which the biography of all true sainthood has been traced; in the nobility of holy men and the sweetness of holy women we hear but single accents of His voice. To the crusader He was the mirror of all true chivalry; to the schoolmen the prophet of an errorless philosophy; to the artist the model at once unreached and inspiring. To the humanitarian He is the beating heart of true philanthropy; to the social reformer the fearless leveller of fictitious distinctions; even to the frenzied mob in the days of the French Directorate He was, in a Frechman's words, "The first real gentleman that ever lived."

Childhood clings to Him, old age reveres Him, all life looks to Him.

True religion is the consummation of mankind after the example of Jesus; and yet no pattern of mere manhood, howsoever perfect it may be, has the power in itself to fundamentally change him who looks to it. The prophet of an ancient cult is made to say: "I can paint the virtues, I am powerless to make men attain unto them;" the prophet of Christianity, standing among the broken hopes and the fettered aspirations of humanity said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly"—it is the spiritual start with the ideal beyond it. The disciples of Buddha caught this from his dying lips, "Betake ye to yourselves, there is no other refuge, be ye lights unto yourselves;" Nicodemus, coming to Jesus with his personal problem about life, heard this, "Ye must be born again"—it is the spiritual start with the ideal beyond it.

The seeker in the vision did not find rest in the philosophy of the Rationalist who had only this to commend his ideal:

"A man—a right true man, however,
Whose work was worthy a man's endeavor."

As Mr. Emerson once said, "A man must be on higher ground himself to lift another up," and, in line with his conviction, only the divine is sufficient to lift to the divine. When Daniel Webster was asked why he found it necessary to insist upon the divineness of Jesus, he replied: "Such is my sense of accountability to God and my consciousness of inability to recover myself that the deepest conviction of my life is my need of a superhuman Savior." And this fixing of the emphasis by the great jurist is not new. Christianity is humanitarianism plus the cross and the conquered grave. Leave that out of your thought of Christmas and what have you? Only a human mother with a human baby in her arms and no longer the "Emmanuel God with us." Leave it out of your thought of Easter and what have you? Only a human sufferer meeting defeat at the cross and the death of the hope that clings to this, "I am the resurrection and the life." Leave it out of your forecast of the future and never again will expectant love tread the mystic bridge between two worlds with this on its lips: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you."

"Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?" still rings out over the din and the doubt and the darkness as insistent as ever, as solemn as ever, and a personal question must have a personal answer. The Christ of history we need flinging the light of His influence across the centuries; the Christ of the cloister we need to whisper the calm of His peace over a noisy world; the Christ of the great picture and the great oratorio we need to touch the chords of our better natures and correct our ideals, but the personal Christ of a personal faith we need most of all—to pour out the wine of His own joy, to captain the ship when storms come up, to ease the tension when hot hands are lifted to hotter brows, to lighten the pathway when its steps are leading to "the moor and the fen."

The grandest thing on earth is not a star-lit night with its grand march of worlds, nor a garden swinging its fragrant censers in the spring-time air, nor the sweep of an all-conquering storm; the grandest thing on earth is Christ re-incarnate in man,

calming life's passions, beautifying its activities and sanctifying its loves; and, since the leverage of the cross has wrought its miracle a million times, it stands to reason that it shall continue to do it,

"Till all the ransomed sons of God
Are saved to sin no more."

THE STORY OF THE PINK ROSE

By MRS. W. E. WHITTEMORE

One rather sultry night in the early spring, May 25, 1891, a little band of workers accompanied me down to the slums in the lower part of New York. Before starting, a most beautiful pale pink rose was presented to me, and the thought came, while gazing at its purity and beauty, to take it along, and to trust God to use it for His glory. Accordingly, before starting, we knelt in prayer, and asked whoever it should be given to might receive a blessing.

From place to place we went, until we finally found ourselves entering a low sub-cellar in Mulberry street. Upon descending the room seemed somewhat crowded with a rather disorderly and excited set (mostly men), talking, smoking and swearing. The atmosphere was somewhat dense, and for a moment we did little but stand still and look at the motley group who closed in upon us. Some savage, cruel faces looked into ours, while others less interested stood aloof, or were so occupied with their own wretchedness as to pay little attention to the visitors.

A gang of thieves surrounded us; although unaware of it then, we could not but be forcibly impressed with the one regarded as "the woman of the crowd." She appeared to be spokesman, leader and all.

As she stood there, her wild, penetrating eyes were fastened on my face, and something I can never describe drew me to her in such love and pity that then and there I felt she must be saved.

As we turned, somewhat disheartened, to go up the street, she followed very closely behind. The reason I never knew until months later. It was this: That very day two of the gang she belonged to had been arrested, and the remaining ones were so incensed she feared they might revenge themselves upon some of us. Recognizing that we were Christians, and down there for good purposes, she determined to protect us, and if any one got hurt, as she said, when speaking of that night, they would have to strike her first.

When on the sidewalk she proposed going with us into some of the opium "joints" on Mott street. Knowing well it was not customary at that time for even Christian workers to enter such places without detectives, she peered silently into our faces for a moment, awaiting the reply; then, thinking possibly fear might deter us from accepting the proposition, she tossed her head disdainfully and said: "Ah, come along. I'm neither afraid of man, God, nor Satan."

It was from no desire of curiosity that we finally acquiesced, as our hearts had been sickened more than once that night by what our eyes had witnessed; but I had personally such an intense longing by this time to talk privately to this strange girl

that, for one, I would have been willing to have accompanied her almost anywhere for the opportunity of keeping close to her until this was accomplished.

All we saw and came in contact with upon proceeding in and out some of the "joints," as they are called, is too revolting to recall and, with the exception of this poor girl, we know not if aught else was accomplished, although a large number of tracts were distributed and many words were spoken for Christ.

Still, the recollection of what she was then and afterward proved to be, to the day she entered her heavenly home, certainly more than compensates for the losing of a night's rest and subjecting oneself to those awful sights.

Feeling assured if New York itself were searched no more dreadful looking being could be found, as a woman, I decided to make her the recipient of the rose, which up to this time had been concealed in paper, so as not to attract attention.

We could not refrain from smiling at her reception of it. She nodded her head and simply said, laughingly, "Oh, that's all right." Ah, she little knew—nor did we at that time—how all right it was! One of our small company of workers teased me a little, feeling sure the rose was wasted, and I had as good as thrown it away. There was such a conviction, however, in my heart that God had prompted the giving of it, that I answered: "He will use it in some way, because I asked His blessing upon it before I gave it to her."

Side by side for nearly an hour Delia and I walked together, only separating as we entered the different places. In real prayerfulness did I plead with her to leave this fearful life, but nothing seemed to touch her heart. She said she could get all she wanted to eat, and if she needed money all she had to do was to help herself from those who had it. She had yielded to every known sin, and so there was no use to do differently.

Nevertheless, the more we conversed together the greater became the conviction that she must be saved; and even then in the depths of that depraved heart could I perceive, with the grace of Jesus Christ, great possibilities of better things. This thought so took possession of me that for twenty-four hours no soul was ever held up much more persistently in believing faith before God than was the poor girl of the streets.

For three years she had been roaming about with these people, until she had become perfectly callous to everything good, bad, or indifferent.

As I listened to all this, and more that I would not care to repeat, the thought presented itself over and over again, if this girl was once established in Christ, God could so sanctify that fearlessness of disposition as to make her as widely known for Him possibly as was Jerry McAuley.

Her actions certainly gave no encouragement to these thoughts until just as we were about parting, when she promised to come the following night to Florence mission. As she did so, she quickly discerned the look of incredulity upon some of our faces and, in a rough but dignified manner, drew herself up and said: "I suppose you don't believe me, but when I say a thing I am a person to do what I say," and with some force added: "I'll be there," and then bade us good-bye.

The next evening I waited until nearly 11 o'clock at the place designated, but finally returned home with a sad heart and without seeing her. All the way up town but one prayer

arose over and over again from the depths of my soul: "O God, save her; use any one, but save her, for Christ's sake."

The following day I went as usual to The Door of Hope, and found the matron awaiting me in the hall with a small parcel in her hand and an unusually happy face. She greeted me with these words: "Oh, I have something to tell you; but look inside of your parcel first." I undid it with some curiosity and at the first glance at its contents my eyes filled with tears, and a peculiar feeling choked all utterance for an instant, accompanied with unspeakable joy, for I held in my hand the remnant of that once beautiful rose given in His name two nights ago. It had done its duty faithfully in silently speaking directly to her heart.

All that day, after parting with us, something seemed pressing upon her spirits, making her most restless, and at last she determined to drown it all through drink. Glass after glass was taken, but all to no avail, for the more she took the more sober did she seemingly become, and by the time evening set in she was desperate. Entering the same sub-cellar we first met her in she went over to the shelf where she had placed the rose in an old glass bottle for safe keeping. She reached forth her hand, took it down, and was about to pin it on her dress when its beauty attracted her attention for a moment, and she became very still when she noticed it was beginning to wilt, and some of the leaves fell off, on her hand, to the floor. Then something suggested the thought that once she was as pure as the rose, and the bright days of her early childhood flitted before her imagination, and the smile of her young, happy mother. With a deep sigh, which caused her hand to tremble and the rose to fall almost apart, something then seemed to speak in this way: "Delia, your years are dropping off in sin like the leaves from the rose." "That's so," she almost audibly replied. "And the end?" As the question arose, almost as quickly did her eyes become riveted upon the petals, which by this time were quite discolored, and the answer came, causing her to shiver at the awful word—"Hell!" From head to foot did she shiver, and began to feel as if her very hair had turned to wire, while the entire body seemed to be fast becoming petrified with horror when suddenly, as a rainbow of hope, the promise of the night before to go up to the mission came to her mind, and with it a way of escape seemed opened.

As quick as a flash she turned, and glancing at the many curious eyes watching her she said abruptly, with emphasis: "Boys, I'm going to leave you tonight!"

"And where are you going?" said one.

"Up to the mission, to meet that lady who talked to me last night," she replied, more decidedly than ever.

On reaching the mission she found I had gone; so, in a few moments, it was arranged that some friends should take her up to The Door of Hope. She was cordially welcomed, washed and properly dressed, then put to bed. In her hand she lovingly clung on still to the once beautiful rose, even carrying it to the little room where she took her bath.

That day a young lady, who was then acting as temporary assistant matron at the home, had received almost a counterpart of the rose mentioned and was so touched to see such affection for the now poor, withered flower, she felt prompted to present her with the one she had. In speaking of it further on, Delia re-

marked it seemed but an illustration of what she was to be, for in her own way she said: "I entered the home almost gone, body and soul, and then exchanged my life for a new one to bloom as the other rose, by the grace of God." How true it all was, and the fragrance of this wonderful life—full of perfume still.

Going into the back parlor I met Delia coming upstairs. Almost before I knew it, such a marvelous love was born in my soul for the girl, that my arms were around her in an instant, and I had kissed those poor, bruised cheeks with much tenderness. With a look of astonishment she drew back a moment, then her whole body quivered, and by the trembling lip and tearful eyes that hungrily looked up in return, I felt an entrance had somehow been made into her heart for my blessed Lord.

Poor, dear girl, undoubtedly that first pure kiss for years recalled some dear associations of the past, for in a little while she was sobbing convulsively. The matron and myself knelt by her side, placing our arms around her; and we were both so overcome ourselves that in silence we waited upon the Lord in thankfulness for answered prayer. After, a few sentences aloud, God gave me this simple prayer:

"Dear Lord, all this poor child needs is a little love; now help us both to so love her that we will love her into loving Thee."

That magic word "Love" thus spoken accomplished what all that had been said the night before failed to do.

"Oh!" she cried, "I never heard any one talk to God that way! You speak as if you thought He was real."

"Yes, indeed, He is, dear child," I replied; "as real to me as you are, kneeling here. And now I want you to pray."

Trembling and sobbing still, she finally said: "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake." And from what took place then I am confident there was general rejoicing around the throne of God by the angels, heralding the glad tidings of another washed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb below, and even though snatched as a brand from the burning, made most acceptable through Christ the redeemer to all on high.

On arising from our knees there was a bright look of triumph in her eyes, and notwithstanding all the disfigurement sin had made on that face, we felt satisfied of her salvation, if but from her expression alone.

Few in my experience have ever grown so rapidly in divine grace. Only the next day she requested permission to go to the Tombs to see one of her former associates—Dan by name. At first I refused, feeling she should become more grounded in the truth before mingling in any way with those she had just left and added, as we talked it over, I believed God would make her a power among them later on.

With tears in her eyes she turned away, saying quietly: "Well, of course, if you say no, I won't go." Suddenly something checked me and I asked why she wished to go so much.

Looking earnestly into my face, she quietly answered: "Oh, I want to tell Dan that if Christ saved me—and He knows what a wretch I was—He could save him; that's why."

At once I made arrangements for her to go; and upon going down there she said: "I'm going to ask God to let Dan be my first convert." It ended in bringing conviction to the heart of that lonely prisoner, and

when sentenced he had the arm of God to lean upon, and though shut up behind prison bars for many a long year to come his letters received from time to time proved the sincerity of his trust. He was her first convert.

A few weeks after entering The Door of Hope, requiring constant medical treatment, Delia decided to go to the hospital for a few weeks.

From there she wrote telling how God enabled her to speak to those with whom she came in contact, and how a number were led to the Master.

After returning to the home from the hospital she became very much interested in her Bible, and would spend every spare moment reading and commenting over it, until God so enlightened her understanding and enlarged her heart that she soon became capable of applying the blessed words in many ways of comfort and encouragement to those she mingled with. More than one dear girl can bless God today for what she was the means of thus doing for them when sorely tempted to return to the old, wild life again; how she would coax them upstairs and kneel by their side in prayer, doing, as she used to say, like Mother Whittemore would have done if she had been there.

At the end of three months we started forth together upon her public service, and began in the very place from which the Lord had so gloriously rescued her. That night will ever be lovingly remembered. It is difficult to do justice to such a service.

With much natural shrinking she descended those steps by my side, and when fairly standing in the midst of many of her former companions she perceptibly trembled. As I regarded her upturned face, so full of love and tenderness as she spoke, I could hardly believe it possible she ever could have been standing there as a member of that gang.

In great silence for a moment every one present regarded her. A motley group of men and women stood around, and when she began speaking no one could have had a more respectful audience. There were some with broken noses, black eyes, and arms out of joint, from fights, we were informed, to say nothing of their clothing, hardly fit to be recognized as such. A few, overpowered by drink, had rolled under the benches by the wall, too stupid to know what was transpiring until clubbed up by the keeper of the place to behave decent before the company; or, in other words, to get the cup of coffee they were only too glad to sell us, and which we always bought to treat all hands, in order to remain a while and talk with those who frequented the dreadful places.

This is what she said: "Boys, do you think I look like the same girl I did three months ago? Do you think I'm proud of the past and came down here to speak of it?" With a trembling voice, choked with tears, she proceeded: "I want to tell you, if I could be saved, you can. It's Christ that forgave my sins and made me what I am; and what He did for me He will do for you. Oh, won't you let Him, boys? Won't you?"

By this time there was not a dry eye in that sub-cellar, excepting possibly Italian Joe, who was as busy as ever fixing the coffee and seemed more intent upon how much was to be made that night than upon anything else.

It truly was a weird sight in that semi-lighted cellar and not one amiss for a painter to behold and would have readily touched even a heart of stone.

On and on fearlessly she spoke,

until quite overcome herself, she ended with almost a sob and said: "Let us pray," and leaning over as I knelt beside her she whispered, "And, mother dear, you pray." I felt, indeed, like praising God before them all, kneeling on that dirty sawdust next to her, for ever crowding the world out of my heart and giving me far more delight thus bowing before Him in all this wretchedness than I ever experienced in all the so-called pleasures of life we are apt to regard as so essential for one's happiness.

I believe that night about 2 o'clock I realized as never before the value of an immortal soul and the wonderful love of Jesus in being pleased to save just such as they, and even "unto the uttermost."

How quickly is God in others respected, even by those in sin, when the person is as honest and courageous as she was.

Another time they stopped her by saying: "See here, Bluey, give us a talk; won't you?" Some imagine it's hard to touch hearts in those quarters; it's because they haven't tried, or have not taken sufficient of the heart of Christ to do so. Many other interesting instances could be given, but time and space will not permit, so I must hasten.

Shortly after Christmas she went to New London, Conn., where for weeks she labored most faithfully and successfully in the dear Bradley Street Mission. One case especially who was brought to Christ through her influence—was for years given up to the use of drugs—will never cease thanking God for deliverance, and for sending her there. From there she went to Noank and Mystic, where God also owned her services in a most marked manner, not only among the poor and lowly, but among the educated as well, so there was general lamenting when she turned her face homeward once more.

While in New London, the following letter was received:

Mother Dear:—

Continual meetings here, and in the midst of them I had an earnest appeal to go to Noank. "A united call from the people," the deacon said who came and told me, adding, "The people needed awakening." I left saying, "Anywhere for Jesus." Instead of a few days it grew into weeks, and still the cry was "Go on."

I've had ten meetings a week. It seems at times as if my heart was bleeding when I looked into the faces of some of those men with the demon of drink upon their faces.

Noank is shaken up, thank God.

I've gotten a little quieter now in disposition; what do you think of it? Just ask God to make me what He wants me to be. I want to be humble for Christ.

God bless you, and although you did get me from Mulberry Bend, don't ever let it give you any uneasiness as to how I stand, for I am on the Solid Rock, Christ Jesus; and what is more I am not content to be there myself, but want to help others to get on there with me.

Just think, one year nearly, glory to God, in His service! I'm going to try another in His strength. I often think of what a young girl said in the hospital, shortly after being saved; she was one of my former companions: "That's Delia, and not Delia." No; praise God, Delia died, was crucified, and, as Jesus was risen, so is she in newness of life, the last part of May, 1891.

Your own daughter in Christ,

April 1892. DELIA.

All of her letters, written from different places, were full of this yearning after God and for souls.

Shortly after this she took a trip to Auburn, N. Y., to see a former friend, who was mentioned as awaiting his trial in the Tombs at the beginning of her Christian life.

All through the winter she had been looking forward eagerly and prayerfully to paying this visit to

that former companion and friend, Dan, and through self-denial had sent many a little gift to the lonely man in his prison cell; also had laid aside small amounts given her from time to time to purchase her ticket there and back. In order to develop the dear girl even more, I allowed this all to be, and before starting increased her pleasure by telling her I intended paying her fare all the time, so she could use her money for what she pleased. It is hardly necessary to relate that not one cent of it was expended foolishly or in gratifying self.

Again, on her return, to show the real character of the girl, she said, when referring to Dan: "I wanted to forget self and not forget the errand God sent me upon, so when I entered his cell I just said, as I wrote, 'Oh, good morning, Dan,' as if I had seen him but yesterday," and then she added, with her face lit up with holy love, "I just spoke as God gave me the words, and he dropped his head on his breast and was quite overcome. He said if God could keep me out of prison, in the world, surrounded by temptations, strong and true to Him, he, as a man, ought to be ashamed of himself if he didn't let God keep him in prison, away from everything."

I wrote to the chaplain requesting she might speak to the prisoners collectively, and accordingly on Sunday she addressed over 1,500 of them. I was told afterward that no pen could describe the scene which took place, as under the power of God that frail girl stood proclaiming the truths of the Gospel, and relating her past experience.

Large numbers present knew her personally when living her wild life, while others had only heard of her, and so were doubly interested.

During her stay in Auburn she met many delightful people in the place, and God raised up several friends for her.

That same night this dear child spoke in one of the largest churches there, and filled the hearts of all who listened with awe. She wrote that, as she ascended for the first time in her life into the pulpit, her heart beat so loudly she was afraid she couldn't speak, but, she added. "I did as you say you do, mother, dear—I just bowed my head in prayer and got lost in God, and when it was time to speak all fear was gone, and it just seemed as if Jesus Himself was standing close by to give me the thought to express what He most wanted."

She gave very little account of herself when she returned, but was continually filled with delight to see what God did through her and gave Him all the glory, as she said, with eyes full of tears: "I know it's not me at all, but Jesus who did so much for me, for surely I can never forget the awful past, it helps to keep me in my right place; nothing at all, but Jesus is my all in all.

On her way back she stopped at Syracuse and one or two other places, when finally her health broke completely down, and a few days later came home to The Door of Hope. She awoke with a fearful hemorrhage that night, and for days afterward lay very white and still, but so patient and gentle.

Never can I forget the first impression of her coming departure; it seemed as if my heart would break. By this time she had grown to be very much in my life, and it seemed as if it could not be. Standing beside her bed one morning with similar thoughts, the tears began to come, and, although for her sake I endeavored to control them, she

noticed the sorrow on my face and at once put her thin arms around my neck, drawing me very close to her side, said most lovingly, as she wiped the tears away: "Mother, dear, Oh, don't you cry, it's all right if God wants to take me; and just think, mother, dear, if He does," she went on to say, with a triumphant look of glory, "I will go to heaven rejoicing in nearly one solid year of blessed service; just think of that now!"

"Yes, my precious child," I lovingly replied, as I stroked her brow, "and such a service many a Christian might be envious of."

Friends, do you know what it was? Over one hundred souls brought to Christ within a year, inside of eleven months, through her earnest, fruitful efforts, and no one can estimate what that really means, or how many more she may have touched.

How many have you, dear one, been instrumental in leading to your Savior during the past eleven months, yes, in the last eleven years? Shall one such girl, washed in Jesus' blood, get ahead of us and cause us to hang our heads in shame by and by, or will not the recital of what she accomplished but stimulate us into more earnest action for the cause of our divine Master?

As the day approached her first anniversary—just one year saved—she had such a longing desire to gather together the people of the slums somewhere and plead with them to come to Christ that a few of us and herself prayed most earnestly together that strength might be granted; and she was wondrously raised up for that night's work, to the astonishment of many.

Through the kindness of the pastor of the Five Points Mission Chapel, consent was given to use that building, and about five hundred men and a few women were fed that night with quantities of good, old-fashioned sandwiches, finishing up with ice cream and cake, which latter was donated by a kind friend.

The order of arrangements were as follows; in the first place some friends scattered far and wide in the slums a little card which had printed upon it:

> DELIA,
>
> Formerly known as the "BLUE BIRD," invites you to
>
> A FREE SUPPER
>
> Monday Night, May 30th at 63 Park Street.
>
> Come and Bring Your Friends
>
> No Children Admitted.

At each of the three doors of the basement of the church we had two men stationed, my husband superintending.

The crowds that assembled for hours before were most orderly at first, but toward the hour of admission swayed back and forth until there was great danger of some being crushed or seriously injured.

We only let one hundred and fifty men in at a time. As they entered Delia and myself greeted them, then they took their stand at long tables. When through we requested them to go out the other door. At that door they were ushered upstairs, to their surprise, and there they were met by two other men, who showed them into a chapel. With dubious looks at one another at first, they finally decided to make the best of it and enjoyed themselves, judging from the remarks made upon the entering of the next number of men similarly

dealt with. In half undertones they greeted one another with: "Caught, boys!" "We're in for it!" "Got the best of us!"

After all had been fed we could possibly make room for we sent ever so many sandwiches to the crowd outside, and if the exclamations of delight could have been heard—as they were handed around—by some idlers in the Master's vineyard, surely their hearts would have been roused into activity to see what further could be accomplished.

One man as he entered said, looking admiringly into Delia's face: "Bluey, I didn't show myself for what I could get tonight, but out of respect to you I came down here." Another, bowing to her, said: "Keep at it, and God bless you, Blue Bird."

Quite a number of women managed to force an entrance to the supper, and they, too, remembered others who couldn't manage it.

With a smile and a word of welcome for each, the dear child looked round the room, with glistening eyes, more than once, which was most expressive of the thoughts of gratefulness being entertained for all God had done in her and was doing for her. Others watched the girl with great interest, and more than once were moved to tears as they saw with what love she waited upon the poor outcasts of the street.

We came upstairs and went on the platform and formally called them all to order by singing and praying. Then Delia rose and made an address that will never be obliterated from the memory, I trust, of even the most degraded one present. During her talk several, in almost a whisper, in different parts of the chapel, called out: "Go it, Bluey." "You're right!" "God bless ye, girl."

She closed by pleading most lovingly for them to come to Christ. Many tearful faces looked into ours toward the end, and when she finished there was a murmur of applause until, quietly raising my hand, with one little word everything was silent again.

Several workers followed her with a few words of caution, love and testimony. Then the meeting closed by numbers kneeling in penitence around the altar in prayer and to be prayed with, while others looked gravely on in silence.

A short time after this she was again seized with a severe illness.

These people were upon her heart continually and during her illness she particularly requested they might be allowed to visit her, "for," she explained, "I wish to bring as many of them to Christ as possible." After they began coming she would often exclaim: "Oh, how good God is; He knows I can't go to sinners now, so He sends sinners to me!"

How faithfully did she labor with those who came, even when it was an effort to breathe. One afternoon I paused at her door, and looking in was greatly overcome at what was taking place inside the room. She was propped up in bed with pillows, and though fairly gasping for breath, with a face that would have touched even a heart of stone, she was expending the little strength possessed most earnestly in endeavoring to bring two ex-convicts to Christ.

Upon entering I looked from one to another and quietly said: "Let us kneel by Delia's side and settle this now," and as we waited before the Lord, He spoke to the hearts of those men in such a way as to cause them to arise with a holy desire to serve and love Him.

Some questioned the wisdom of allowing her strength to be thus ex-

pended, but if any other course had been adopted it would have lessened her happiness. What even if it hastened her death, was it not an entrance into heaven a little sooner? Anyway, I hadn't the heart to interfere, when, with pleading looks, she emphasized her desire to continue on to the end in this service of love.

A short time before the Lord took her to Himself, upon entering her room, she said: "As I feel a little stronger today — there's something upon my mind, and if you'll sit down a while, mother, dear, I want to talk to you."

Very calmly she then went on making every preparation for the funeral that was soon to take place. Everything was thought of, even to what she should wear, and, after giving messages for one another, and stating her wishes concerning a few of her little possessions she said, with such a fond look, gazing into my face: "Well, as for you, mother, dear, I — have — nothing — to — say!" She had repeatedly stated before she only wished she could put into words how she loved me, but every time she tried she couldn't. Ah, she little knew how loudly her actions spoke of that pure, true love far greater than anything she could say; and how she would watch my face, and, if she saw a look of concern upon it, how she would endeavor to dissipate it with some cheering word. For instance, once when almost choking in a paroxysm of coughing, she caught my eye of pity, and she whispered between the coughs: "Oh, if I wasn't coughing so hard, you know, I might be doing something worse, so don't mind."

Quite overcome, I hurried from her side, and though by this time I could truly say, "Thy will be done," the tears would flow, no matter how I tried to restrain them. She was then so entwined round my heart that more than one has expressed surprise at such affection, but it was God-given love, therefore unexplainable and all the more real, and I am convinced it is the only chord by which these poor wanderers can ever be drawn into the kingdom of heaven. It's not toleration, but love they require.

She called me to her bed in a few moments, and earnestly regarding me a second, entwined her arms gently round my neck, and in such a quiet manner, as she drew me to her said: "Mother, dear, please stop crying, it's not right; and see here, dear mother, I can be of far more service to you after I go than I can be here, a poor sick girl." As I was about to question how, she added: "You see, when I get to heaven I am going to ask God to let me be your guardian angel, and I am going to guard you every single moment. Now, won't that be nice, mother, dear? Now, there, don't cry any more."

After that morning she never shed a tear, and though she fully expected to live a short time longer, she was well prepared to meet her God when taken.

About a quarter to eleven, looking at the clock, she said: "Oh, Mother Whittemore must be almost home by this time; won't she be happy in the morning to find I have fallen asleep!"

Always thinking of others, she cautioned the trained nurse by her side, in case she fell asleep, not to forget the girl in the next room, who had gone to bed sick, but to warm a little broth for her and make her drink it.

Two hours later, putting her hand to her head, she exclaimed: "What is this strange feeling? What is it?" By the expression on her face the

nurse knew the truth, and hastened to have those of us who loved her come. In a few moments all was over. No struggle, no pain, simply a breathing out, into Christ. She was conscious to the end, until entering heaven, and only lost her speech five minutes before closing her eyes forever on earth. She was at first asked if Christ was very real, and she nodded a glad yes, with a face of trustful confidence. It was a most glorious and abundant entrance into the fullness of God; no fear, perfect peace and joy unspeakable toward the last, and full of glory.

By her request that body was tenderly placed into a spotless white casket, and in her hand was put one beautiful pink rose.

As she expressly desired no semblance of mourning should be around, I could not consent to the customary black crape on the door-bell, so was prompted to hang up a large bunch of pink roses, tied with a white ribbon and white crape. More than one heart was touched by this unusual token of respect, as they ascended the steps and entered the house, for the roses spoke of the simple little thing God so graciously used to speak to her heart, while the whiteness of the ribbon suggested the purity of the robes of Christ's righteousness adorning her then in heaven above.

She wanted her death especially to speak for the salvation of souls; also asked to have her body taken down to the slums, where her former companions might have an opportunity of looking at her face again, as some from time to time had sent up delegations to represent them, stating if it were not for their shabby clothes, etc., they would come themselves, as they longed to see her so.

On the morning of the 15th of November, at 11 o'clock, large numbers of people flocked to The Door of Hope.

"Not a vestige could be seen to remind one of a funeral, as far as arrangements were concerned, though the many tearful eyes spoke of the love she called forth.

"A few minutes after 11 o'clock the the services began by singing 'Trust and Obey,' one of her choice; and after an opening prayer, her testimony, as she always termed it, was sung, 'There is Sunshine in My Soul Today.'

"In the evening of the same day another service was held at 63 Park street, where she, as has been stated, held her first anniversary, May 30.

"Mr. Whittemore took charge, and after singing and prayer read her favorite Psalm (27th), and drew appropriate lessons as he read, which affected many present.

"Some others in the audience arose by request and spoke very sympathetically, and the meeting closed by a few words further from Mrs. Whittemore. As she stood by the open casket, pressing the truth home of all that had been said, many a tear was shed, and nods of approval from that strange crowd, who most respectfully listened in silence. A mere casual observer even would have had to admit that it was not such a difficult task after all to reach even such hearts.

"She closed in a great spirit of tenderness, and many hands were uplifted for prayer in the hall as she knelt.

"After that the most impressive of all sights took place, as one after another came forward to gaze at the upturned face of their friend. Old men, decrepit and forlorn, young men with bloated and cruel faces, miserably clad women—yes, they all came most reverently, and numbers

were so overcome that sobs could be heard throughout the place from time to time. Mrs. Whittemore gave to as many as she could, as they passed her, a white rose, and to all she gave the little book entitled, 'A Word from Delia.' It truly was something never to be forgotten by the people themselves or those looking on.

"Wednesday, in much love, her body was laid away in the grave at Marble Grove Cemetery, in The Door of Hope plot, and even there a word for the Master was spoken, a prayer offered, and a verse of a hymn sung: 'Just as I am, Without One Plea,' before the flowers covered the place where her remains will rest until the resurrection call of a Savior's love will quicken them into life and action for evermore.

"Surely such a life, when redeemed, was chosen and redeemed unto the Lord. And may God enable all who read this to accept of His choice and be sealed for His glory."

IN TUNE WITH THE AGE

By GEORGE R. STUART, D.D.

[Stenographically Reported]

The subject for this hour is the "Whence and Whither of the Southern Temperance Movement." Where did it start, where is it going to, and has it enough stuff in it to get there?

This is the question that every brewer and distiller in America is asking. This is the question that every saloonkeeper and barkeeper and professional gambler and saloon contingent is asking; this is the question that every good man and good woman, who has at heart the real development and perpetuity of our country is asking; this is the question that I shall try to answer tonight.

I have traveled over this entire country; I have been permitted to bathe my hands in both oceans and in the Lakes and in the Gulf. When I come up North they ask me: "What started that great temperance wave in the South?" I answer: "It is not a wave; if it were, it would die on the shore." "Well, what started the great temperance tide in the South?" I answer: "It is not a tide; if it were, it would recede." It is not a wave to die on the shore; it is not a tide to recede; it is a natural development growing out of our present Christian civilization, just as naturally as spring grows under the warmth of a May sun, and it will no more go back than spring will go back until seed time and harvest. It has come to stay. (Applause.)

The real truth is, my brethren, our present Christian civilization is too good for the abominable, rotten, demoralizing saloon to live in much longer. We have outgrown it. (Applause.)

I stood upon the platform in Indianapolis some time ago to speak to a great company of three thousand in the English theater; and as I stepped into the inside of the building a committee of gentlemen came up to me and said: "Mr. Stuart, we want to ask you one question." I said, "What is it?" "Well," they said, "isn't this great temperance movement in the South largely because you are afraid of the negro down there?" I answered

them. And when I came upon the platform I looked into the faces of that great audience and said: "That is a strange question for northern folks to ask a southern man." I said: "Didn't you-all come down South and set up with us four years in the Civil War and find out that we were not afraid of anything that wears wool or hair?" (Applause and laughter.) And I said, as my old comrade, Sam Jones, used to say: "If we had known that we had crippled up so many of you as the pension list shows, we would have rallied one more time and cleaned you all up." (Laughter.) Of course they laughed and cheered because they knew I was simply joking. The war is over and sectional animosity is dead. The flowers and the vines clamber over the cannon's mouth; the sword is in its sheath, and that old musket is kept as a relic. We are one people, of one country, and have one flag, and love flows from heart to heart. From ocean to ocean, from lakes to gulf, we are one today. (Prolonged applause.)

But I want you to know that we are not afraid of the colored man; that is not what started the temperance movement. I want to say to you, my brethren, we are living in the best civilization the world ever saw. Some fellows are like an old switch engine; they carry their headlight on the tender and throw all the glory behind; but they rarely go out of town; they just run up and down on a side track. (Laughter.) This is a great age—the best the world ever saw. I am glad I am living in it. When you look back to the old ox-wagon, and next to the horse team, and next to the railroad train, and next to the "Twentieth Century Limited," and next to the interurban, and next to the automobile and the airship—I'd just like to live one hundred years to see this old country hum. (Applause.)

Sam Jones used to say: "My chin and nose would come together, but I would spit out of the side of my mouth just to see it git." We are going some. (Laughter.) Of course, you have heard where that expression "Goin' some" originated; but sometimes an old joke with a new application becomes a little freshened, and, on that ground, I am going to give it over again, just because it fits so well. The Swedes, you know, come to this country in great numbers—and, by the way, they are among the very best population that come here. They go out here in Wisconsin and Iowa and settle down, in a tent, on a piece of black land and go to work. First thing you know they own the land. Next thing you know, they take down their tent and build a house. Next thing you know, they own the whole situation. One of them put up a little tent and started business, and an Iowa cyclone came along, picked up him and the tent, carried him about three miles and set him down in an old countryman's farm yard. The old farmer came out and exclaimed: "How did you come here?" "Dis har wind blow me har." "Are you hurt?" the old farmer asked. "No, me no hurt." "Well," the farmer said, "my brother, the Lord surely was with you." The Swede said: "If he were, he were goin' some." (Laughter and applause.)

I want to say to you, "We are goin' some," and the Lord is with us. The breeze of heaven carries us along, and the hand of God guides us. (Applause.) Brethren, this temperance movement is a divine movement in a Christian civilization. Christianity is just coming to her fruitage in

this country. You know what Christianity is? This is the condensed statement: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy brother as thyself." This is the greatest home-loving, women-loving, brother-loving, child-loving, country-loving age the world ever saw. It is Christianity coming to her fruitage. (Prolonged applause.) They say to me: "What has broken loose down there in the South?" I answer: "Nothing broke loose; it is a natural movement."

One of our colored boys never had heard of an automobile, had never seen one. He came up the streets of Vicksburg, and just as he stepped upon the sidewalk a big automobile came whizzing around the corner. The boy opened his eyes wide and exclaimed: "My goodness, dem horses certunly wuz gwine when dey bust loose from dat carriage." There was nothing "bust loose;" the power was in the thing that made it go. It will keep going. Nothing has "bust loose," or anything of that sort; the power is within our temperance movement, and it is going to keep going. (Applause.) And I will tell you something else; we are not going back, you needn't be alarmed about that. There are a good many Methodists down there, but we are not going to backslide on this question. (Laughter and applause.) We are not going back. A fellow was driving down the road at forty miles an hour in his 40-horse power automobile; an old man started to cross the road and the machine ran over him; and after the machine had passed over him and gone, the occupant of the automobile leaned back and called to the man in the road: "Look out!" The old man raised himself and said: "You ain't coming back, are you?" We are not going back. (Applause.)

I have put my three illustrations together, and link them up: "We are goin' some;" "God is with us;" "There is power enough in the movement to keep it a-goin';" and "Thank God, we are not going back." We are going on and on—and on and on and on and on! We are going on, remember, we are going on, brethren, we are going on. (Prolonged applause.) And I will tell you why we are going on; because it is the divine development; it is the spirit of our Christian age; Christianity is coming to her fruitage. (Applause.)

Why, a few years ago we were locking our insane people in dungeons. Today our insane asylums are beautiful palaces and the yards elegant parks. A few years ago our blind people were being led about by little dogs, and begged from door to door. Today our blind asylums grace the landscape of every country, and the blind are taught useful employment, even to read the Word of God by the tips of the fingers. A few years ago our little orphans were begging their way from door to door; today we have our orphan homes in every country. Our orphan homes are so well conducted and so well handled that when we see them we are half minded to go and steal the little children from their no-account parents and put them into these orphan homes to get them properly taken care of, and properly educated. (Applause.) A few years ago our old people were neglected. But now our homes for the aged and infirm are met with on every hand. I was driving over a city in an automobile some time ago, when we came up to a beautiful colonial house and my friend who was with me said: "George, what do you reckon that is?" "That is the home of some luxurious rich person," I replied. He said: "No, sir, that is the home for

our old neglected women." I said: "They may be old, but, thank God, they are not neglected as long as they live in a home like that and have the ministration and attention of kind Christian hands." Today we have our free hospitals; our free charity homes; our free clinics; our free medicines; our societies for the protection of dumb brutes; our homes for outcast children; our homes for fallen women. Well, my countrymen, we are working to lift the world up and help the world as never before, and that is the spirit that will down humanity's greatest destructive agency, the infamous saloon business. It is out of harmony with the age in which we live. We are getting too good for it. (Prolonged applause.)

A few years ago the dread diseases preyed upon humanity; we just stood off and looked at them, as we looked at the saloon. A few years ago when we saw a poor, drunken fellow staggering along we said: "Poor woman, poor home." That is all. When we saw a community dying off with the smallpox, we said: "How sad for that community, poor folks." That is what we said. Poor, pale folks going South for consumption; my, how sorry we were for them. We pitied them and said: "Poor man, poor woman." But we are getting out of that. We are expressing our sorrow in living action. Note the study and money we have put on the five great diseases—smallpox, yellow fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and the hookworm, in the last ten years. Why, a few years ago when people in a community got the smallpox, what did we do? We shut up the place, put a quarantine around it, put ropes for a long distance around the house or the houses, closed the fellows up and wouldn't allow any one to come out or go in. We put a man with a shotgun on the quarantine line to keep the poor, unfortunate people back in the circle of disease and death. We would close them up, quarantine them and let them die like hogs. What do we do now, brethren? We have free physicians and we send them to the public schools and to the homes, and vaccinate the people and get ahead of the disease and save the families of the poor.

A little boy crossing the ocean some time ago was standing out on the deck of the vessel, smiling at the old storm as it gnashed its white teeth against the vessel, and some one said: "Ain't you scared?" "No," he said, "I have been vaccinated and baptized both." (Laughter.)

A few years ago we were paying very little attention to tuberculosis, but let me tell you, since the great conference on tuberculosis met in the East a short time ago, there has been a tuberculosis hospital built every twenty-four hours. Listen, gentlemen. In the last six weeks in the city of New York they have been raising funds for the unfortunates, and one woman contributed $150,000 to build a seven-story hospital. It will be furnished with little beds and other comforts; nurses will be employed, and good people will go through the poor sections of New York City and pick up the children and put them there to be cared for. Look at the drunkard's home; look at the poor drunkard's wife and little children. Why not go to that home and to the rescue of those little children? We will. (Applause.) Why, as sure as God lives and society moves, this traffic has got to die, because it is out of harmony with the age in which we live. (Prolonged applause.)

A few years ago we were eating tuberculosis beef and rheumatic beef and cholera hogs, and all kinds of corrupt food, and we were dying by the thousands. Why, ten years ago

seventeen cows out of every hundred in Wisconsin, the greatest milk and butter state in the Union, had tuberculosis and were scattering the disease like wildfire through that great state. Today this disease is rare. I have just made the rounds of the great packeries of the country, studying tuberculosis. I am a southern farmer; that is, I am an agriculturist. I work for a living and farm for fun. I wanted to see what the disease was doing, so I made the rounds of the great packeries of the country. You go to a great packery in this country and the first thing you will see is the little lane down which the oxen are going in single file to be killed, and right there in that lane is an expert government officer — inspector — who looks at those oxen and who inspects them to see whether they are diseased or whether they are fit for human consumption. He is a kind of government oxologist. (Laughter.) As the old ox walks along to the slaughter pen he looks him over to see if he is all right. If an ox looks suspicious he marks him. The ox marches down to the slaughter pen; a man stands there with a hammer and knocks it on the head and it rolls over into the pen and they swing it up on a chain and cut its head off and mark the head and body and bring the head to the inspector. They put them on a table, twelve of them at a time; there stands another government officer who cuts right into the head and examines the whole head—examines every gland for any signs of disease. If there is any disease in the animal it will be shown in the head. The whole body reports anything that is wrong to the head. And that government officer cuts through the head and if he finds a sign of disease in any gland of the head he marks it and sends it back to the body from which it was taken; and they take the entire body of that diseased animal and place it in a large iron trunk (there are only two keys in the world that will lock and unlock that huge box) and the man with the one key to it is the man who places the carcass in it and when it is placed there he locks it and then it is sent down to the furnace. Another officer has the other key, and he unlocks the box and stands and watches while the carcass of that diseased animal is placed in the furnace, where it is burned and converted into guano. Why all this precaution? Why do they go to such trouble and expense to see that no diseased animals are allowed to come from the packing houses into the market? Why, because our American homes and our American women and our American children are too good to eat tuberculosis beef any longer. (Applause.)

Near the city of Knoxville, Tenn., was one of the finest Jersey herds that was ever raised in the state of Tennessee. It was the pride of the whole state. Why, when that beautiful fawn-colored herd came winding over the lea they made a picture that surpassed Gray's Elegy. The barn looked like a female college. The whole state was proud of that herd. But, in an examination a short time ago, every cow in that beautiful herd was found to have tuberculosis, and an order was issued to burn them. Why? If you call that confiscation and appropriation of property, and injury and destruction to the owner of that property, we say: "Shut your mouth! Our women and our children and our homes are better than your death-producing property. Your herd of cattle, beautiful and lovely as it is, cannot be weighed in the scale against our women and our children and our homes. Your disease-spreading, death-bringing prop-

erty cannot be allowed to exist any longer." (Prolonged applause.)

This is what we are saying to these old brewers and distillers. We are going to stop your death-dealing, disease-spreading traffic. Our women and our children and our homes must must be protected. (Applause.) At Chicago, just a short time ago, one side of the city was attacked by typhoid fever, which took some members of the family from this home, some from that home, others from the other home, until you could see the black crape on almost every home in that vicinity. What did the people say? Did they say: "Oh, I feel so sorry for those poor unfortunates who are dying off like that. Oh, how sorry I feel." Did they say that? No. Somebody said: "Gentlemen, we have got to go after this thing." And they put the bloodhounds of scientific investigation on the track of that disease; they located it in the dairyman's milk, and they said to the dairyman: "If you ship another gallon of your milk to our city we will put you in jail." "Oh, you are confiscating my property, you are ruining my business. You have no right to injure my business. I have vested rights here; these are my cows and my barns; I have paid for them with my hard-earned money. You have no right to interfere with me." We say to such: "Shut your mouth; you are scattering disease and death and you cannot continue longer—stop! Our homes, our children and our women are above your business." That is what we are saying to the brewers.

Why, this movement against the liquor traffic is not a single movement which has just broken out, gentlemen. We are after all the things that are ruining our country. We are spending millions of dollars upon the virus that destroys disease. We are spending millions of dollars for the development of the anti-toxine that checks the diphtheria, and for the checking of scarlet fever and all diseases. We are working for the betterment of humanity. (Applause.)

I was standing down on the streets of San Antonio, Texas, some years ago. I had missed my connection there, and was waiting for a train to take me to a town where I was to deliver a lecture. In the meanwhile I just walked up and down "rubber-necking" the town. Just let me tell you a little story:

A woman was curling her back hair, when she dropped the curling iron and it fell on her neck and seared her neck. She threw it down on a table and threw it on a gutta percha comb that was lying on the table. Just about that time her husband came in, and as he entered the door he said: "Whew! I smell rubber burning." "Oh," said the little boy, "mamma just now burned her neck." (Laughter.) But I have found out that men are just as bad about "rubber-necking" as women.

Well, as I was going about town "rubber-necking" I spit on the sidewalk, and an officer walked up to me, took hold of my arm and said: "Come, go with me." I said: "Well, I guess you have got the wrong man. I can look through my life back to the cradle and I don't see anything for which I feel particularly guilty. You have the wrong man." He said: "No, I have not." "Whom do you think you have got?" I asked. "I have got you," he replied. "What do you think I have done?" "I saw you do it; I caught you in the act." "Well," I asked, "what did you catch me doing?" He answered: "I caught you spitting on the sidewalk." "Well," I said, "I just spit spit." And he said: "You cannot spit spit. I am going to take you down to the police headquarters and fine you five

dollars." I said: "Can't a man manufacture his own spit and spit where he pleases? I am a citizen and I have the right to spit anywhere." He said. "You can't spit on the sidewalks of this city. Come, go with me." I asked: "Why have you got a fool law of that kind?" He replied: "Stranger, thousands of diseased people come to San Antonio, Texas, for their health. They spit their disease upon the sidewalk; the winds gather it up and blow it with the dust in the faces of innocent people, children—little boys and girls. They take tuberculosis, turn pale and die. If your boys and girls walked these streets, wouldn't you think that a good law to stop the people from spitting when these diseases are scattered broadcast and become a menace to our loved ones?" I said: "Bless your heart, that is the best law I ever heard. Why on earth didn't we think of that before? Why haven't the people in other cities awakened to these dangers? Give me a hand, my friend. That's fine; but you will make me lose my train if you take me to the police station, and then I will lose my lecture this evening. Just take my five dollars down to the police headquarters and tell them there that you ran into a big fool who has been converted." "Who are you?" he asked. "I am George Stuart." "Are you Stuart, the lecturer?" I said: "Yes, sir." He reached out his hand and smiled, as he said: "Stuart, I have known of you for years. I know you would not have knowingly done wrong. I won't fine you—don't spit on the sidewalk of this city any more." I said: "No, sir, I will spit over the moon."

Listen, gentlemen, hear me. The laws that have taken care of these five great diseases preying on our bodies; the laws that have taken care of our homes, our public buildings, our sidewalks; the laws that have taken care of our milk supply so that we will not be endangered by tubercular cows; the laws that have taken care of our drink, of our food—have done so far what purposes? For the purpose of saving the homes, of protecting the people of our country. Those laws are for the purpose of saving innocent people, and this is the spirit that is going to knock down the greatest disease spreader, the greatest death producer, the greatest sorrow producer, and the greatest rest disturber that our civilization has ever known. Why, the liquor traffic has got to go; it cannot live in our present civilization. We are too good for it. That is the God's truth. (Applause.)

You needn't be afraid of our going back to tuberculosis milk, to cholera hogs, to tubercular steers, or typhoid fever milk, or spitting in public buildings. We are not going back; we are going on and on and on. And you needn't be afraid of the South going back on her prohibition laws. We are going on and on and on. (Applause.)

Hear me. There are eight money-making vices preying upon our civilization, just like the five great diseases prey upon our bodies; and our present civilization is after these eight money-making vices, just like it is after the five great destroying diseases. With our modern civilization we are lifting up the present mode of living. We are going after the germs of diseases in our human bodies, and we are going to make our body politic new with beauty, because we are after the germs of disease. We are going to clean them up. (Applause.)

I repeat, there are eight money-making vices, and when money is in it, it is mighty hard to stop. Have you two silver dollars, some one of

you? Somebody give me two silver dollars. (Two dollars are handed to Stuart.) Much obliged to you. I just wanted to see if anybody would give me two dollars. (Laughter.) Do you see these two dollars? I hold them up at arm's length, and when I do that I can see every woman in this building. I can see this preacher from head to foot. If the Bible were on the stand here, I could see it. I can see the light. Watch me. I am going to pull those dollars a little nearer to me. (Drawing the dollars close to his eyes.) Now, I cannot see just exactly as you see this thing. I differ with you. I think that you, Mr. Preacher, ought to preach the gospel. I don't think you ought to talk about the questions of the day. I think you ought to stick more closely to the gospel. I think you ought to stay at home, you woman, and take care of your children. I move those dollars up a little closer. (Putting dollars over his eyes.) I can't see a woman; I can't see a man; I can't see the flowers; I can't see the twining vines. I forget the home problems; I cannot see a sign of anything beautiful here. Why? I have just let the dollars get too close to me. They are too close to my eyes. I cannot see anything. The light has been shut off. Brethren, keep those dollars away from you as far as you can.

Hear me. Whenever a vice has money in it, it has got the devil in his biggest form. God Almighty said there was one root—one root out of which all evil springs. What is it? The inordinate love of money. I want to tell you that whenever a vice gets money behind it, it goes, it goes. Yes, this policeman will catch me or you and will fine us five dollars for spitting. But how about the policemen of our large cities who are in with the liquor crowd? You spit on the sidewalk and he will take you to the police station. Now, there is a blind tiger in your town. You say: "Let us go down and get the policeman to lock that man up. Let us get him after the blind tigerkeeper, who is openly violating the law. There are men coming down from his place even now, staggering from the effects of drink, which he has furnished them." You say to the policeman: "Go right quick after this." And he will say: "Hold on, hold on. I think that fellow is going to spit directly." (Laughter and applause.) Talk to me about putting policemen who have been elected by this liquor power after men who violate the liquor law. Talk about this kind of policeman arresting a blind tiger owner and carrying out our law. I would just as soon think of putting a hound with wax legs after an asbestos cat in hell. (As Mr. Stuart started into his next sentence, the audience saw the melting legs of the dog and broke into tremendous applause, and Mr. Stuart said: "You-all remind me of an old flintlock I used to have—it went off five minutes after I snapped it.")

Brethren, hear me. These money-making vices must be suppressed, and I will tell you where our hardest task is. We have to contend against hired agitators whom the brewers and distillers procure to fight our cause. Brewers and distillers of America in this fight can go out and hire every old broken-down politician and every old shyster lawyer (and when they hire these old politicians and these old lawyers to do their work they are pretty hard up.) When you hear these old politicians talking for liquor, and these little whisky editors writing for liquor and these little shyster lawyers appearing on the platform as advocates of the saloon and advocating its cause, you

may know that they are being paid for it. When you see a little calf wagging it tail right lively, you know that it is getting milk at the other end. Nobody can see the milk passing, but you can tell by the action of the little animal that he is getting it. (Great applause.)

Now, then, my fellow countrymen, the greatest power in this country is an inordinate love for money. And I want to warn you that this inordinate love for money is back of all the vices. Hear me. There are eight vices preying upon our civilization. Every one of them has the same motive. Very strange, but true. Every one of them has the same basis of action. Very wonderful, but true. Every one of them is the same civil crime. Every one has the same root in the last analysis. Very wonderful, but true. Think of all eight of the money-making vices, all having the same motive, all the same basis of action, and all being the same civil crime in the last analysis. What are they? As soon as I name them you will say, "Why, Stuart, that is so." I don't ask that you have two eyes and good sense. I can show it to you with one eye and half sense. Here they are: "House burglary," "train robbing," "counterfeiting," "kidnaping," "grafting among the rich and trick stealing among the poor," "gambling," "bawdy house keeping," and the "saloon business." Now these are your eight money-making vices. Is that right? Yes, that is eight. Now listen. All have the same base motive. It is hell-inspired and hell-born love for money. What makes the fellow rob the house? Because he wants money. What makes the fellow rob the train? Because he wants money. Why does the fellow pass his counterfeit money on you? Because he wants money. Why does the fellow kidnap your child and steal it from your house? Because he wants your money. Why does a gambler gamble with you? He wants your money. Why does the grafter play his tricks on big corporations and the little trader play his tricks on the common people? They want your money. Why does the bawdy house run? The bawdy house people have got to have the money. Why does the saloonkeeper sell the stuff to debauch his neighbor, ruin his family, deprive them of comfort and even of necessities and damn his own soul? He wants the money; that is all there is to it. And I want to tell you why the business man votes for the saloon; he does it as a money proposition. And I will tell you that any dirty scoundrel that will vote for the saloon because he expects it to create business for his account is as corrupt and bribeable a scoundrel as ever received money to murder a man in the dark and rob him. (Applause.)

I want to tell you, I have about quit making that old money argument. There are people who attempt to prove that in certain towns the saloon makes money for the town; that prohibition hurts business. Do you know any man that makes an argument upon anything of that kind reflects upon your citizenship and your character?

Take this as an illustration. I come to you and say: "I want to get you to kill that man." You say: "I won't do it, because it is wrong." "Well, there is money in it. I will tell you what I will do. I will make it worth $10,000 to you if you will kill him." If you accept that offer, why you are a $10,000 scoundrel. When I go to you and offer you $10,000, I have it in mind that you are a $10,000 scoundrel, and if you listen to me and accept

my offer, you are. "No, I won't kill him," you say. "Well, I will make it worth $100,000 to you;" and if you listen and accept, you are a $100,000 scoundrel. "No, I will not kill him for even a hundred thousand dollars." "Well," I state, "I will make it worth to you and your town $1,000,000 if you will kill him;" and if you accept my proposition, you are a $1,000,000 bribeable scoundrel. Hear me. Whenever you walk up to a man and make the money argument to him, that shows that you believe he is a money bribeable scoundrel; and if he listens to you, he is. And any man that will vote for liquor purely as a money proposition is as dirty and crooked a bribeable scoundrel as was ever hired to kill a negro and rob him. I want us to quit making that low-down finanical argument, unless we want to be lower than brutes. We are getting above it.

Listen. There is money. Yes, sir. I heard that prohibition hurt that town. Well, suppose that stopping thievery and robbing and counterfeiting and gambling and brothel-house keeping hurts the town financially? Are you going to let them run? Is that the kind of fellow you are? If you were a banker, I wouldn't put my money in your bank. I wouldn't trust you. You are crooked. You say: "Brother Stuart, that is mighty rough." Well, we are handling mighty rough folks.

I tell you this country has got to wake up to the most dastardly and damnable proposition that was ever made to an American citizen, and that is the proposition to let a saloon run because it helps the town financially—because there is money in it. What makes the fellow rob the train? There is money in it. Now listen. I say every one of those vices is based upon inordinate love of money. Again, every one of them operates upon some weakness of humanity.

This is an age of brotherhoods. I am going to say something that will startle you. More brotherhoods have been organized the past fifty years than were organized in the five thousand years that preceded them. The first, I might say, of brotherhoods, or one of the first, is the old Masonic order. Its chief purpose is to take care of the weaker member; to take care of him when he is sick; to take care of his helpless family, his orphan children, and bury him when he is dead. Can a liquor dealer join a Masonic order? I am not a Mason. I don't belong to anything, excepting the church and the temperance orders; but almost every man I meet presses my fingers or my hand, or pokes his fingers up my wrist, to see if I belong to his order. Why are these brotherhoods organized? It is to protect the weaker member, to guard him and to take care of his family in time of need. They stand with hand raised and say that you shall not crush out the weaker brother; you shall not wrong his family, you shall not wrong his children, you shall not wrong his home. Why can't a Masonic order take a liquor dealer in? I will tell you; the Masons' order is organized to look after the weaker brother, to take care of his wife, to take care of his children and his home, and the saloon is organized to knock down the weaker brother, to ruin his wife, destroy his children and break up his home. If the Masonic order should take a liquor dealer into it, it would cross every principle for which it was organized and make itself ridiculous before the world; and the Masons are too old to act that kind of fool. (Applause.) They have organized the Masons and the Odd Fellows and the Elks and the Eagles and the Foresters and the

Owls, and I think the Buzzards are going to organize. (Laughter.) I want to tell you that every brotherhood in America that takes a liquor dealer into it crosses every principle for which it is organized, and the brotherhoods of the world are waking up to the fact. (Applause.)

I was invited to speak to the locomotive engineers of Tennessee, in the city of Knoxville, some time ago, and there was present the grand chief, or high mogul, high cockylorum—I don't know just what it is—but, at any rate, he was one of the big fellows, one of the men high up in the brotherhood. I love the railroad men. I have been tangled up with them for fifty years. I have eaten out of their snips and tin buckets. I have been with them in hours of wrecks and darkness. I was talking with them; and as I closed my address, I said: "Boys of the throttle, boys of the headlight, boys of the reverse lever, boys of the steel rail! Brethren, when you are in your cab and have a hand on the throttle and have a hand on the reverse lever and drop your eyes on the tracks, remember our wives are on the train; remember we are depending on you boys for a clear eye and a steady hand. Boys, don't drink. Don't drink. Keep your heads clear and your hands steady. Don't drink. Don't drink." I sat down. The great chief rose up and said: "Brother Stuart, we are glad to have you present. Yes, sir, we are always glad to have preachers among us. But," he said, "your advice to the railroad men on liquor is ten years behind time." (I want to tell you that the traveling drummers and railroad men are regular traveling prohibitionists. They go up and down the country preaching prohibition wherever they go. The time is about played out when any great commercial firm will put a hilarious, drunken, spewing drummer on its list to go about the country representing it. They want clean men; they want sober men; they want moral men to do their work and to represent them in the field.)

The great chief said to me: "Many of us are members of your church, but I will tell you that the part of your lecture on liquor is ten years out of date. The time used to be when on a stormy or a rainy night we thought that an engineer might take one or two drinks of liquor to warm him and brace him up, but the drinking of liquor affects the men differently at different times. And the different kinds of liquor have such different effects that we have come to the conclusion at last that no man who holds his hand on the throttle can take a spoonful of the abominable stuff in his system and be a safe man." (Applause.)

I want to tell you that every brotherhood is organized to take care of the weaker brother; and the saloon is organized to knock down the weaker brother. You may talk about strong men who drink and who can take a glass now and a glass then and not be overcome by liquor. The Bible says: "Woe unto those who are strong to do evil." Some of the strong men who can take a drink and stop are the stumbling blocks over which thousands of poor men stumble into drunkards' graves. The brotherhoods are organized to protect the weak brother.

And I want to tell you that every single crime is based upon some weakness. The house robber bases his crime up on the fact that I go to sleep and get out of business while he gets into business. The train robber bases his crime upon the fact that I get scared when he drops his revolver in my face and says, "Hands up!" Mine go up and his go down.

I am scared, and that is a weakness. He bases his crime upon my weakness. The counterfeiter bases his crime on my ignorance. The kidnaper bases his trade upon the fact that I am loving; that I love my child and am uneasy and afraid that I will never see it again. You may say, "Oh, he will bring it back," but I get scared and plank down. They are playing on my weakness. The gambler is playing on the weakness that everybody wants to get something for nothing. Your bucket-shop and your bargain-hunting, this graft that tries to get something out of the other fellow, is a weakness that ought to be overcome. This is a little tree, and if you will take that little tree and pull it up you will find at the root a little seed; and if you look in Webster's dictionary for the definition of that you will find that it is spelled t-h-i-e-f. I have an abomination for folks that want to get something for nothing, and get it off of other folks. The devil is at the bottom of it, and that is the basis of the trickery and graft and all that stuff, based upon our desire to get something for nothing. The low, dirty bawdy-house plays upon the weakness of mankind, and the saloon business—listen, gentlemen—is based upon the fact that poor humanity can have created in it an appetite which will walk over the dead body of a mother and the form of a child and trample the home underfoot and go for the bottle with the blood dripping in their tracks from the bruised hearts they have crushed and stepped upon. It is based upon the weakness of humanity, and that is the reason it has got to die, because this is an age that takes care of the weak, the helpless and the infirm. (Applause.)

I was standing in a city some time ago when I saw an old horse drawing a heavy load and a fellow larruping him with a whip; a man stepped up to him and said: "Stop, sir; in the name of the Humane Society of this city, I command you to cease." The spirit that will take care of the dumb brute; the spirit that will provide for the widow and the orphan; the spirit that will watch over our aged and see that want does not overtake them—that spirit will no longer tolerate the liquor traffic. (Applause.) I said, as I stood there: "Thank God for this humane spirit; thank God for this age in which the poor horse has a protector." I thank God for the warm hearted men and women who will protect the dumb animals, and the warm-hearted men and women who will go to the drunkard's home and take the drunkard's family and provide for them. That is the spirit that is going to abolish the saloon. Sure, it is coming. (Applause.)

Listen. Every one of the vices is based on the love of money; every one of them operates on the weaknesses of humanity; and, in the last analysis, every one of them is pure, simple stealing. The train robber steals, for he gets what you have and gives nothing back. The house burglar steals, for he gets what you have and gives you nothing back. The counterfeiter steals, for he gets what you have and gives you nothing back. The gambler steals, for he wins what you have and he gives you nothing back. Listen. The grafter steals, for he gets what you have and gives you in return no equivalent. He says he is going to, but he doesn't. Listen. The bawdy-houses steal, for they get the money and give debauchery in return. And the saloonkeeper steals, because he gets what you have and what he gives you in return is worth less than nothing. Now, I am going to prove that of all of these abom-

inable, hellish crimes preying upon our civilization the saloon business is the most damnable and the most terrible slayer. It is the least worthy of them all. And I am going to prove that any man that slips into your house and steals your money is a better citizen before the moral law, before God, and ought to be counted a more worthy man before the civil law than the saloonkeeper. I am going to prove that the man who sells liquor is a great criminal and more unworthy than any of the others I have mentioned. Do you reckon I can prove that? I am not going to argue, because you might say that my premises are wrong, and, therefore, my conclusions are wrong. I am going to prove it by court evidence, like you hang a man. Human testimony is what I am going to prove it by. There is nothing higher than human testimony. I am going to take three witnesses and put them on the stand to prove my case. I am going to take you three gentlemen there in the second row. All of you have, as I have, streaks of gray. I think you will be competent witnesses. I will ask you each a question, which will determine whether you are competent or not. I am going to ask you all this question: "Have you a son?" (He asks each, and each says yes.) You all answer in the affirmative. You three men are competent witnesses. No man can see a question right until he can see all around it. A father whose son was down the slippery way went after him one night, found him in a saloon and said: "Come home with me, my boy. You are killing me and you are breaking your old mother's heart. Come home." He attempted to get the young man to come with him, and he appealed to him. He used the most earnest entreaty. A young man looked upon this old gray-haired father and said: "You can cry over a drunken rascal like that, but if ever I get into your position and a son of mine gets into the condition he is in, I will say to him: 'Get out, you drunken scoundrel; I won't have anything to do with such as you!'" The old man said: "Wait until it comes home to you, and then you can see all around it." That young man who had spoken to this father in that way had a son, and that lad grew up and went to drink, and that father looked him up and with his arms around him was taking him home. He was soft-voiced and pleading with him, and while taking his boy home he met the old gray-headed man, the father who had pleaded with his drunken boy long before. "Help me save my poor boy," the young father said. The old father said: "Ah, it has come home to you, and you can see all around it now. It has come home."

I am going to ask you gentlemen this question in support of my case. Which would you rather find in your boy's pocket for his own use when he is starting out in life, at the age of twenty-one—nothing or a bottle of liquor? Now answer the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. (They each replied, "Nothing.")

Is there a father here that would say he would rather find a bottle of liquor in his boy's pocket than to find nothing? If there is, stand up. I would just like to see a fool.

Now listen. Any man who will say that he would rather find a bottle of liquor in his boy's pocket when starting out in life than find nothing would not be fit to raise a dog—I have a little dog, but I would not turn it over to him. The highway robber slips into your house and takes the dollar out of your pocket and leaves nothing. The saloon-

keeper takes the dollar and leaves a bottle of liquor. Isn't the fellow that leaves the best thing the best fellow? Isn't the fellow that leaves the worst thing the worst fellow? (Laughter and applause.) The one who takes your dollar and leaves nothing is a better citizen than the one who takes your dollar and leaves the bottle of liquor. How much worse is the one who leaves the liquor? He is as much worse as the bottle of liquor is worse than nothing. Now, you young man there, and you other reporters, don't write that George Stuart said any man that would steal the dollar out of your pocket and leave nothing is better than the man who takes your dollar and leaves you a bottle of liquor. I did not say that. I say he is seven times worse. (Laughter.)

Now, I am going to prove that to you just the same way. Watch me, and I will prove it to you. The highway robber—well now, I said seven times worse, didn't I? Well, he is one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—I will say eight times worse. The highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your body just as good as it was before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your mind just as clear as before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your love for your wife just as strong as before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your love for your children just as tender as it was before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your interest in your home just as strong as it was before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your capacity for making more money just as good as it was before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your reputation just as good as it was before; the highway robber takes your dollar and leaves your immortal soul just as good—leaves you with just as good a chance for Heaven as you had before. Is that right?

The saloonkeeper takes your dollar and mars your body from head to foot. Did you ever see an old, bleareyed, bloated, rum-nosed fellow taken by the saloon people and exhibited at the fair as a product and as a result of their traffic? (Laughter.) The old farmer takes his hogs, his horses, his cattle, his wheat and his grain, but you never see an old, bloated drunkard brought to the fair and placed in a glass cage and exhibited by the liquor people to illustrate what the saloons are doing for the country and how their great traffic is benefiting the country. (Laughter.) The farmer doesn't take his plow; he takes his grain. He doesn't take his plow, but he takes the fruits that have come up as the result of using his plow. The old hog man doesn't take his corn; he takes the hogs that have been fed on the corn. The old horse man doesn't take his hay and alfalfa; he takes his horses. The old steer man doesn't take his cattle feed to exhibit at the fair; he takes his cattle. They don't take their tools; they take their product. The liquor dealers come to the fairs and they bring their tools; they say: "Here are the tools we work with. Come and see the tools we work with." But they never show the products that have come as a result of their use. (Applause.)

First, as I have shown, they debauch the body from head to foot. They debauch the brain and will make a man so lose his control over himself that he will murder his own mother. In Ohio, a short time ago, a boy came home drunk from a saloon, and walking up to his old widowed mother asked her for money, and she said: "My boy, I am saving

this money to pay for the rent. I can't give you it for drink." He followed her into the kitchen and struck her on the head with a hammer and crushed her head in and beat it into a pulp. He was taken into custody, put in jail dead drunk, and the next morning when he woke up and looked around him and said: "What am I here for?" And they said: "You have killed your mother." And he said: "Killed my mother?" They said: "You came home dead drunk and because your mother refused to turn over to you her hard-earned savings, you beat her brains out." "Oh," he said, "I have killed the sweetest mother a boy ever had, and I didn't know it. Can't I go and kiss mother good-bye?" And the sheriff put the handcuffs on his hands and brought him to the little cottage where the casket lay, and he leaned over, knelt down and put his mouth to the cold blue lips and said: "Good-bye, mamma. You were always good to me and I killed you, but I didn't know when I did it." What made him kill his mother? Somebody stole a dollar out of his pocket and made him kill her. That is a lie. I say the man who took his dollar and gave him the liquor that caused him to do what he did is an infinitely worse man than the man who takes your dollar and gives you nothing in return. The man who takes your dollar and gives you the liquor, brethren, is as bad as the murderer; and every fellow that voted for him has stock in the blood of the murdered. He debauches his brain. He destroys his love for his children. He destroys his love for his wife, for the woman whom he took to his heart. More than seventy per cent. of divorces are caused by liquor. He ruins his reputation, disqualifies him for all good work. The liquor dealer puts his black hand into his bosom and pulls out of it his soul and pushes it into hell—for you know God Almighty's statement that "No drunkard can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Any man that will give his neighbor liquor for his money is a worse man than he who takes his money while he is asleep and leaves him in good condition. There is no doubt about that.

But I am about where I am going to let you off. A big fat sister was going down a long stairway. It was a cold, slippery, wintery day, and she was walking very slowly, taking care of her avoirdupois—she weighed about three hundred pounds. Behind her was a bright youth—about 110 pounds—walking carelessly down. It didn't matter to him whether or not he slipped and fell—there wasn't much to come down. Coming carelessly down, his foot shot out from under him and he went shooting down the stairway and struck the fat sister and knocked her feet from under her, and they both went down together—down the stairway like lightning, he furnishing the sled and she the rider; they shot out into the street. She calmly sat there without making a move, and then a voice came from under her: "You will have to get off, this is as far as I go." (Laughter.) I am going to let you off in a minute. I am as far as I am going. A man got a telegram from his wife the other day; she said: "Come home soon as you can, for I am dying." He caught the first train and rushed home in an agony of suspense, and found her in her usual health. "Why, darling, what on earth did you send me a telegram saying you were dying?" "Oh," she said, "I was going to say 'Come home as soon as you can, for I am dying to see you,' but my ten words ran out." (Laughter.) I have some more to say, but my time has run out. So I can't say

what I was going to. (Laughter and cries "Go on.")

If I go much farther some of you would be like the fellow courting his girl. They were out driving one day, and he thought he would have some fun; and he asked her to have him, and she just accepted him right on the spot. They rode on for about a mile; he didn't say a word. Finally she looked at him and said: "John, why don't you say something?" He said: "Lord, there has been too much said already." (Laughter.) Let me tell you, we are just getting ready for victory. I wrote a letter to my wife, and I said: "Wife, as I looked upon this great body of intelligent, earnest people, gathered together to consult, I just jumped up in spirit and said, 'Thank God, we are going to get there.'"

I belong to every temperance order that ever "came down the pike." The old "Sons of Temperance" came in when I was just a little fellow, and I was one of them. When old Francis Murphy came along in Boston, I worked with him from Boston to Macon, Ga., and we hooked on the drunkards—pinned on their coats blue ribbons all the way from Boston to Georgia, and exhorted them to turn from the crooked path; but the saloonkeepers got them again. And then I joined the "Good Templars" and mrached with them and helped to get drunkards to sign the pledge; but the saloons got them again. And then the first crusade started against the saloon was by women—do you know that woman is the genesis for everything that is good—she starts nearly everything that is good. She is great on starting things, and when she gets started you can hardly stop her. Well, woman was the starter of the crusade against the saloons, and old Mother Stewart was the one. I went all the way to Ohio to see old Mother Stewart—I was glad her name was Stewart, though she was no kin of mine; and when I came up to the little cottage and she opened the door and greeted me, I said: "Mother Stewart, I have come all the way from the Southland just to look into your face before you die. I wanted to see the woman who started the first crusade against that curse, the saloon." I went into her home. I will never forget that visit. I felt that I had been associating for awhile with an angel of God.

And then the Woman's Christian Temperance Union came into existence. God bless you! (Applause.) There have been times when I wished I could wear a dress and be a woman just for their sakes, when I think of their work. But I can't be a woman —I can hardly be a man. I believe the little white ribbon will be the badge of honor in the oncoming years; as long as people live that white badge will be the emblem of purity and nobility. (Applause.)

Listen. And then the Prohibition party came along, and I joined it and went in and made speeches and voted and stayed right with them. I said: "Boys, I am afraid this old nag isn't going to win, because she's got too much harness on; but I will stick to her and help you feed her; she may bring a colt that will win the race." I want to tell you, my fellow countrymen, when you are bragging of the Anti-Saloon League and its work with all your might, you don't want to forget the mother of this movement. When I was walking with my mother away from the pulpit where I had been preaching one day (and I am the biggest preacher in the South, from my mother's standpoint) somebody walked up to her and said: "Sister Stuart, aren't you proud of your preacher boy?" "Well," I said, "her son is as proud of her as she

is of me, because if it hadn't been for her I would not have been." And I want to say, for the honor of these old temperance movements that have fought through thick and thin against the liquor traffic, it is their preparatory work, their pioneer work, that has made it possible for the Anti-Saloon League to do what it is doing today. And when you are bragging about the boy, don't fail to put a crown on old mother's head. My father was a drinking man; I have sat by the lonely fireside at night and waited for a step that did not come, and sometimes I think that out of our great sorrows God brings a little preparation as a compensation—as a preparation for the work we have ahead of us. I have seen the lives the drunkards live, the lives the drunkards' widows and the drunkards' children live, and I am willing to fight to save them. That came to me because I had experience in it myself.

I entered the fight in Tennessee, and they set fire to my barn and burned up my horses and sent letters with pistols and dynamite under them, and said: "We will put it in your house and blow you up next." I just kept going. And when the last struggle came down there in Tennessee they telegraphed to me to come to Nashville. They said: "Come to the great tabernacle and we will give you eight thousand people and both houses of the legislature to speak to." I said to the mountain boys of Tennessee: "You mountain boys, stand up for a clean state. Don't let the bribe money of this infamous traffic buy your honor and your mothers' chaplet. Vote for the good, for your home, for your state and native land, and God will bless you for it." Well, we won gloriously. (Applause.) And a liquor-dominated governor vetoed it, and they had to go at it again. I was in Texas making a speech, like I am doing tonight, when a little boy brought a telegram to me. I broke it open and read it; it was from my wife. "Both houses carried for state-wide prohibition over the governor's veto. Thank God, work on and take courage." (Applause.) And I just stood there and shouted like a Georgia negro in a camp meeting. When I got home my wife ran out and put her arms around me and said: "What did you do when you heard it?" I said: "I acted like a fool." "What did you do?" I asked. "I just wrung my hands and walked the floor and cried almost hysterically." God knows there are two people in the world that know how this victory came. And I wouldn't have a victory in my state without knowing something about it. For twenty-five years I spoke all over my state. I have made noise enough to create a thunderstorm, and I have made almost enough perspiration to make the shower. For twenty-five years I spoke in almost every town in our state, and wrote articles and did everything possible to push on the work. And I have for twenty-five years paid my own expenses. I didn't get the salary of one month in those twenty-five years.

And now I am going to tell you a little tale. I was raised on the farm. Raised pretty often, sometimes with a plow line, sometimes with a hame string. (Laughter.) I thank God for my raising. And when I reached the executive age I came to the age where I wanted to execute—every boy comes to an age when he wants to do something if it is nothing more than to blow up a paper sack full of wind and smash it with his hand. I wanted a gun, but they wouldn't let me have one. So I got a shingle, sharpened one end of it and made a paddle; and I walked into an old

clover field. The field was in full blossom and it looked as if there was a bumble bee on almost every blossom. I can almost see that old clover field tonight. I can almost hear the buzzing of the bumble bee through the distant years. I can almost smell the perfume of the clover.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to view;
The orchards, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And e'en the sweet clover with its bright crimson hue."

I walked up to an old bumble bee and said: "Well, I am going to fix you." Zim!—knocked him to the earth. I didn't want to crush him with my heel, because I was barefooted and knew he had a business end. I walked up to another bumble bee with my shingle and, zim! I got another one of them, and, zim! I got another, and, zim! I got another; and I kept that up until I was satisfied. I waved my hand over the field and said: "I am boss of the whole bumble bee situation." But ten days after that I saw an old bumble bee flying around a rotten snag. I said: "I licked a field full of you fellows the other day, and I was the boss of the whole field." Well, I went for that fellow and you ought to have seen the bees come out of that snag. I made a straight track for home with the bees after me. I wasn't the boss of that field. They hit me in the eye; they hit me here and they hit me there. I licked the whole ten-acre field, but I couldn't lick this little gang. Why? The other fellows were scattered; these fellows were organized. They had headquarters, and that enabled them to work their other quarters. We need to organize. There are more good people than there are bad people. There are more sober people than there are drunkards. There are more people who do not want the saloon, who at this time live in America, than those who do, if we get down to the very bottom of their nature. The trouble is, our crowd never gets together. I tell you, this is an age when we have got to get together and get together quick. They won't wait on us. Way back in the olden days you could get an old slow team and go to town and come whenever you pleased. When a fellow went to court his girl he would hitch up his old slow-going horses, ride over there and sit down by the old fire; and there would be the old grandfather's clock sitting over in the corner saying: "Take your time, take your time, take your time." When a fellow goes courting now he jumps in an automobile, and the room is steam heated and electric lighted, and there is a little French clock on the mantelpiece saying: "Get together, get together, get together, get together." Why, they are married and divorced three times now while we were getting married once. (Laughter.) If you see a right pretty woman now, you don't know whether she is coming or going. (Laughter.) We have got to get together, and I don't care what you say, that liquor crowd does hang together. In every fight you will see them sticking together. Brewers and distillers and saloonkeepers and gamblers, etc., when the fight comes on, drop all differences and get together. Here with us it is Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Prohibitionists and the rest of them all with their ideas and views. We must all join, drop all differences and unite in this liquor war. The liquor crowd hangs together. You can't make this a party movement. You can't tell how people are going to vote. A mind reader

couldn't tell a man's politics. Once there was a man who claimed he could tell any man's politics. Three men were lined up in front of him, and he was going to try it on them. He said: "That fellow is a Democrat." "Yes," the fellow said, "you are right." "That fellow is a Populist." "Oh," that fellow said, "you got that wrong; I have been sick. That is what made me look this way." (Laughter.)

I want the time to come, and I believe it will, when we will all unite in one great body for the fight of this great traffic, and I believe the Anti-Saloon League is the medium. I believe the Anti-Saloon League is the one divinely appointed. I believe it is divine; I believe God put it into the heart of Howard Russell and these others to do this great work. And all the other denominations will join in with us—Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Congregationalists, Democrats, Republicans, and the Prohibition party and everybody. We are going to get together in one great God-appointed league to down God's worst enemy and man's worst enemy —the saloon. (Long applause.)

I have one other point to make. The only point they make now is that prohibition don't prohibit. I say, if prohibition doesn't prohibit, one of three things is true. Your laws are inefficient, your officers are inefficient or your devil is bigger than your government. I say if our laws are inefficient, we have brains enough to make good laws. Old Alabama knocked out her inefficient laws, and Governor Comer called the legislature together and they made an iron-clad prohibition law in Alabama that has stopped the traffic as sure as you are born. The last election was a political election, not a temperance one; and the men who spoke on the other side never talked about liquor at all. The political situation in Alabama was a peculiar one. But they have the best state-wide prohibition in Alabama there is in the South, and they are going to keep it.

If you have efficient laws, you must have good officers or else you can't enforce the laws. If you can't elect officers who will enforce the laws, then the devil is bigger than your government. We can prohibit everything but that. Here is something we cannot prohibit. The devil is bigger than the government. Here is Old Glory. (He held up a white handkerchief.) You say, "Where are the stars of our acquisition?" They are all faded out. Progress doesn't amount to anything. We are scared. Uncle Sam is scared. He is going to the devil and he can't stop it. He can't prohibit it. It is too big for him. There is no use to make the laws. The devil is too big for him. "Where are the stripes, emblems of the blood of our heroes that died upon a thousand battlefields?" They have all faded out. We have got no more heroes. Manhood is dead. We are going to give in to the saloon. Uncle Sam is scared and we are going to give in to the organized, moneytized, politicalized, demonized saloon. I surrender old faded glory that has waved over the battlefields of heroes, and that every nation on earth used to respect; we found the devil to be too big and at last we surrender. (He drops the handkerchief before a chair representing the saloon.) You say "No." Well, I have something. This is different. (He draws from another pocket the flag.) (Long applause.)

"When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there."

And the saloon will never put them out. The blood of our heroes put the crimson there; the purity of our womanhood and manhood put the spotless white there; and the stars of conquest and the stripes of heroes' blood and the white of our national purity will war against the politicalized, moneytized, demonized saloon, and Old Glory will wave over a country, over a land freed from the saloon.

She has got to go, she has got to go, because Old Glory says so. (Tremendous applause.)

WINONA'S MORNING GLORY

MAJOR J. H. COLE'S MEETING

One of the many blessings of the Winona Bible Conference is Major James H. Cole, of Adrain, Mich. The Winona Review said one morning:

"Notwithstanding the heavy rain yesterday morning the 6:30 meeting conducted by Major Cole was well attended. The interest was very deep and all received an uplift. There is always the joy note of praise in the Major's meetings and never a dull moment. No two meetings are alike, for the Major does not plan the meetings but depends upon the leading of the Holy Spirit to direct in the conduct of them. They are full of surprises and the audience is in the varied moods of smiles and tears, but always in meditation. Winona without the early morning meeting would be like a garden without sunshine."

Major Cole has his own way of conducting a meeting and to give his exact words by a stenographic report would not do justice to himself or to his meetings, as it needs his personality to give the full strength of his work.

He has three favorite topics: "The Purpose of God," "The Power of God" and "The Pleasure of God."

The Purpose of God.

I. In Christ.

By Him to reconcile all things unto Himself.—Col. 1:20.

That He should give eternal life to all who believe on Him.—John 3:16.

That He might destroy the works of the devil.—I. John 3:8.

That also He should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad.—John 11:52.

That in the dispensation of the fullness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ.—Eph. 1:10.

II. In the Church.

That we should be to the praise of His glory.—Eph. 1:12.

That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.—Eph. 1:4.

That they all may be one.—John 17:2.

That He might present it to Himself a glorious church.—Eph. 5:27.

That now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God.—Eph. 3:10.

Say yes.

The Power of God.

I. In Christ.

Christ the power of God.—I. Cor. 1:24.

By whom also He made the worlds. —Heb. 1:2.

Upholding all things by the word of His power.—Heb. 1:3.

Thou hast given Him power over all flesh.—John 17:2.

All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.—Matt. 28:18.

The mighty God.—Isa. 9:6.

II. In the Church.

The exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe.—Eph. 1:19.

The power that worketh in us.—Eph. 3:20.

I give unto you power * * * over all the power of the enemy.—Luke 10::19.

Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power.—Col. 1:11.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.—Eph. 6:10.

I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me.—Phil. 4:13.

This power is yours in Christ.

The Pleasure of God.

I. In Christ.

Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth.—Isa. 13:1.

A sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor.—Eph. 5:2.

My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3:17.

It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell.—Col. 1:19.

The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.—Isa 53:10.

II. In the Church.

The Lord taketh pleasure in His people.—Ps. 149:4.

My delights were with the sons of men.—Prov. 8:31.

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzab; comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army with banners.—Cant. 6:4.

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.—Ps. 14:11.

How fair is thy love.—Cant. 4:10.

Enoch * * had this testimony, that he pleased God.—Heb. 11:5.

May it be your pleasure to do God's will.

The opening verse of the 51st Psalm was the dying cry of Thomas Forrest, the Scottish martyr.

George Wishard sang it before going to St. Andrews for execution.

As John Huss did near Constance.

It was the death song of the French Protestant martyrs.

It was Lady Jane Gray's last cry for mercy before her beautiful head was stricken off.

John Rogers repeated it on his way to Smithfield.

St. Augustine wrote the 17th verse on the walls of his sick chamber.

The 7th verse, "Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow," was found in a copper tablet in the eternal snows of Switzerland.

The last clause of the 12th as translated by Gegie: "Uphold me by the gift of a free spirit devoted to Thy will."

Wherefore be ye yet unwise but understanding what the will of the Lord is.—Eph. 5:17.

Not with eye service as man pleases but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart.

Our wills can destroy our souls. Jesus said: "Ye will not come unto me that ye may may have life."

Now, the last chapter in the Bible, 17th verse: The Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

Sing "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

Here is a promise for Winona with its pure spring water: Isaiah 49:20—"By the springs of water shall He guide them." Surely the Lord guided Dr. Dickey and his associates in coming to these springs of water and this beautiful lake and in organizing for physical, intellectual and above all for spiritual advancement. We can all say praise the Lord for

leading us to these refreshing springs of water and these spiritual gatherings, and surely they are needed, for some of the teachings of today are not in harmony with the Word of God, but are like a sign at crossroads in the country: "Four miles to Bunker Hill Run; if you can't read, ask the man at the next house." Thank God the leaders at Winona Lake rely on the promise: Prov. 3:6—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." And if they and we never waver we can say with David: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory." So as Paul says: "Whatsoever we do we will do it unto the Lord."

Even when we take a bath in the lake we can say to the Lord: "Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." And when we go a fishing in these waters, whether we catch any fish or not, we can think of and repeat what Jesus said: "Now follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Then if we land one soul in the gospel net we have accomplished more than to have all the money and all the honors of this world. How can we do this? The Bible tells: "Not by might or power but by my spirit saith the Lord." And if we are thus led what will be the result? Again the Bible tells us: "As many as are led by the spirit of God they are the children of God." Think of it, born again and of the Spirit—"partakers of the divine nature."

What does the leading end with? Up to heaven, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, forever with the Lord. Surely we can sing again "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

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